

GIANT 52-PAGE SIZE...BUY NO LESS!



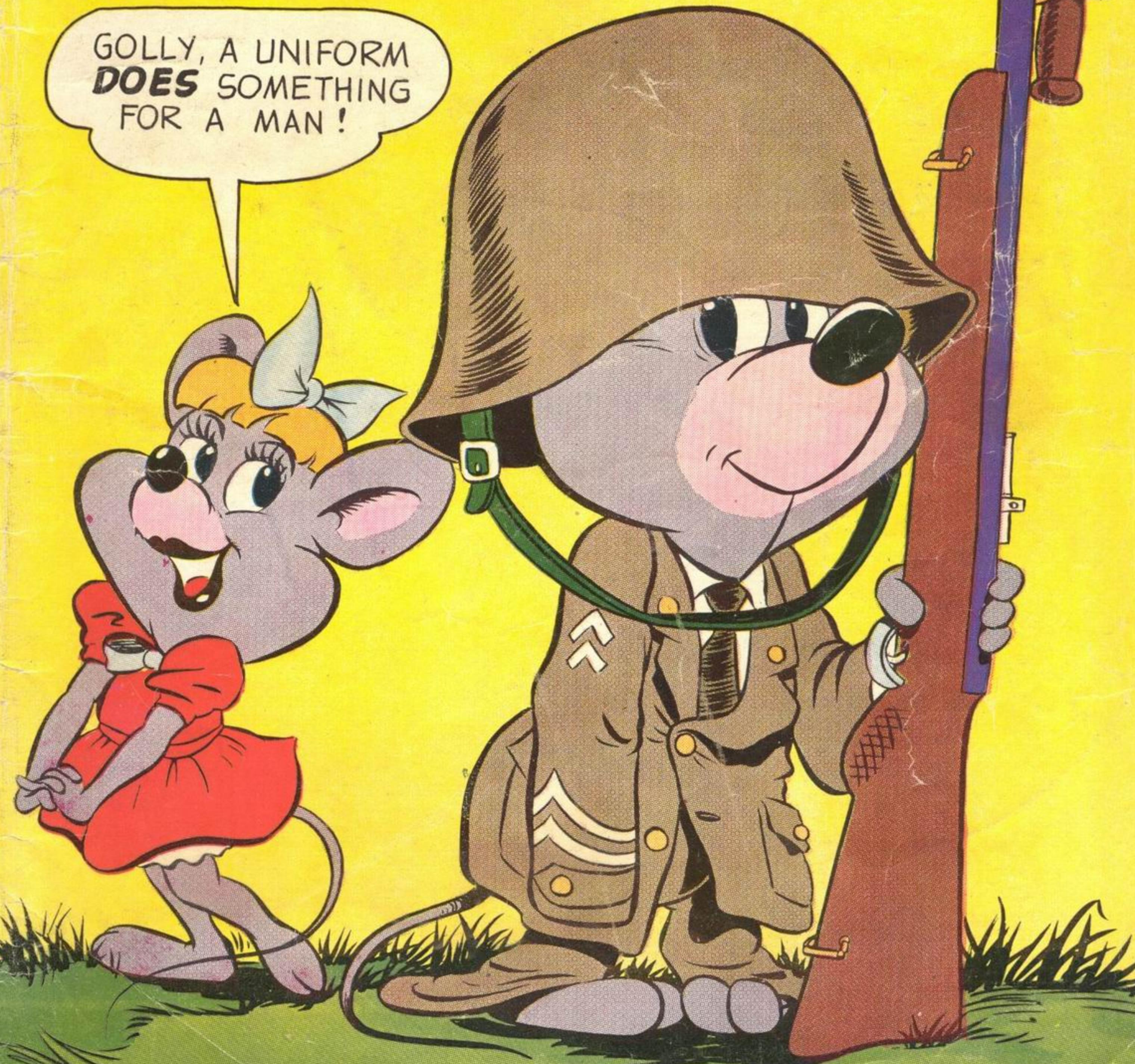
No 79 SEPT.-OCT.



GIGGLE COMICS

10¢

GOLLY, A UNIFORM
DOES SOMETHING
FOR A MAN!



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



The Magazine

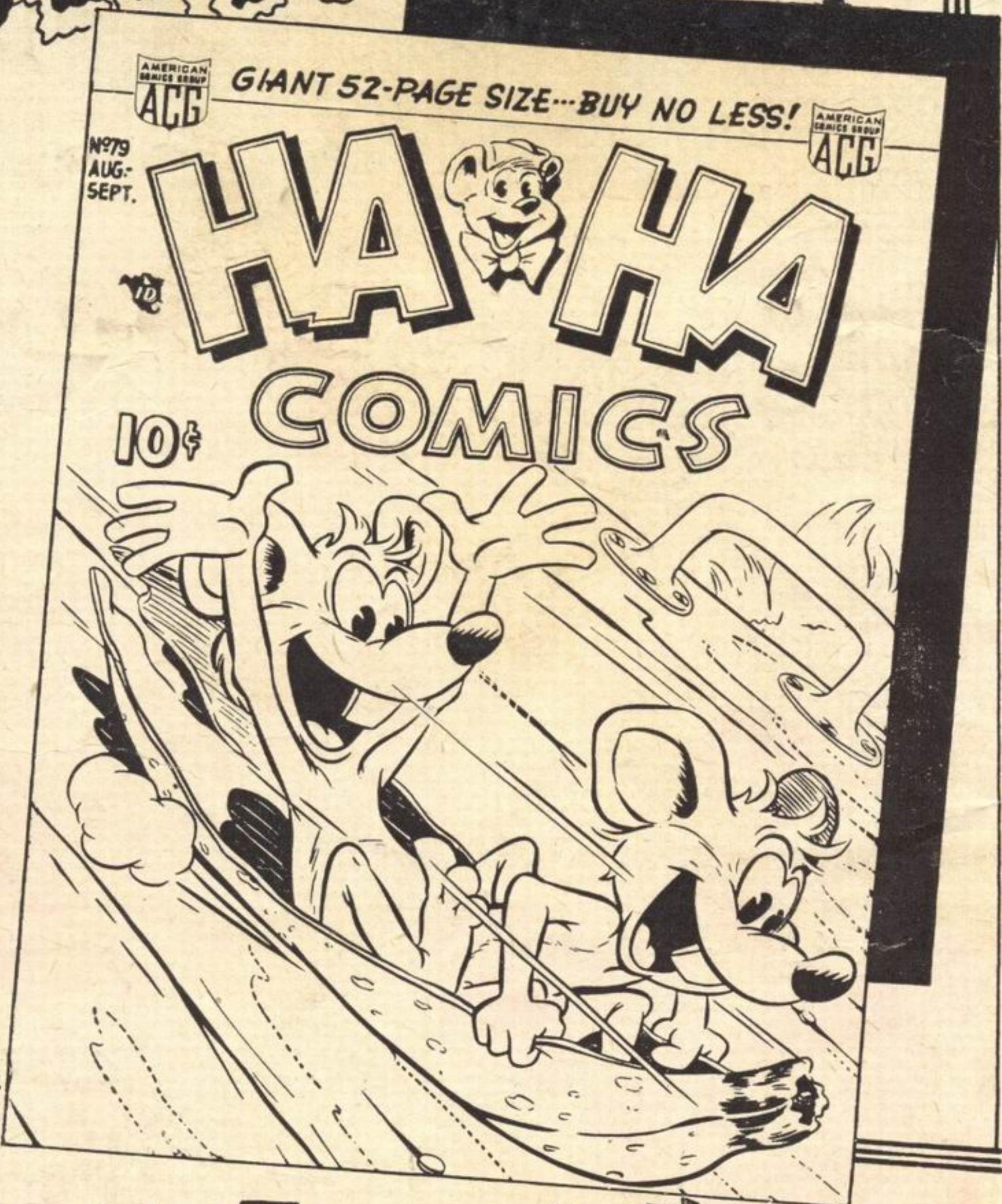
IT'S

MAKING AMERICA

HERE IT IS ---
A BOMBSHELL OF
BELLY-LAFFS --- A
SALVO OF SMILES
--- THE GREATEST
GLOOM-CHASER
THAT EVER HIT
THE STANDS!



THERE'S A SHRIEK
A SECOND WAITING
FOR YOU --- AND
YOU'LL LOVE IT!
SO RUN --- DO NOT
WALK --- TO YOUR
NEAREST NEWS-
STAND, AND
SAY:

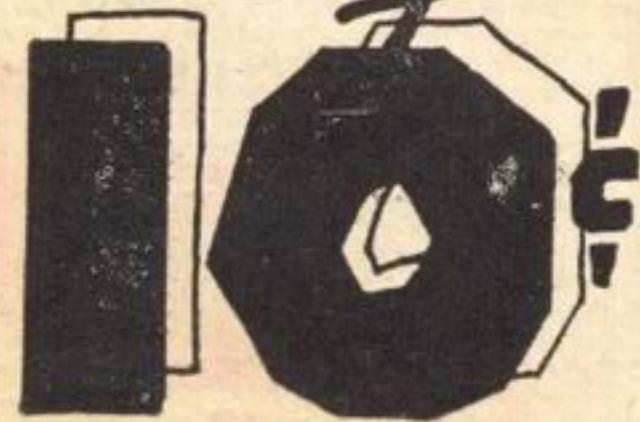


Giant

HA HA COMICS

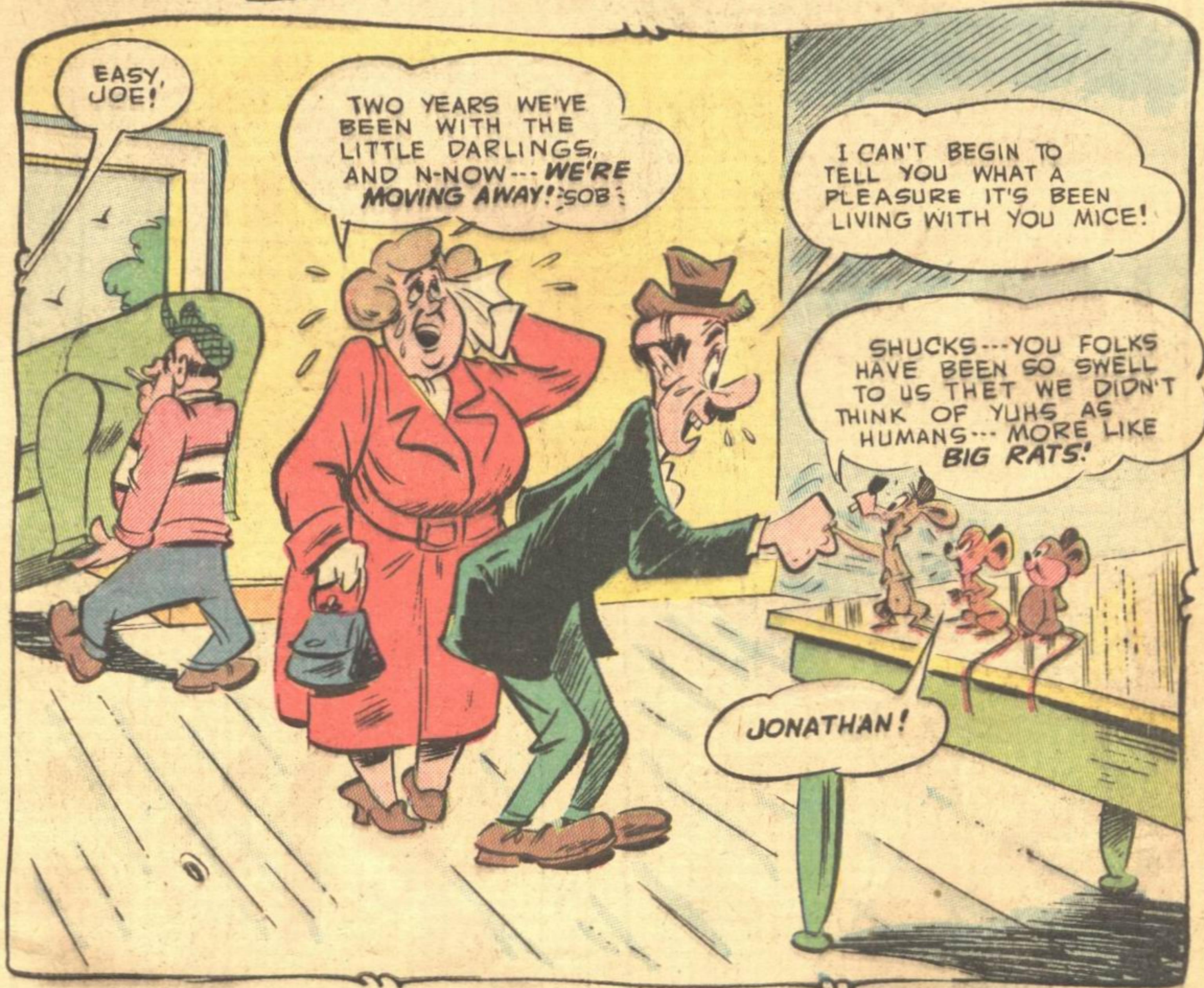


only



ON ALL STANDS ..

The MICE-KETEERS



WE CAN'T
MEET THEM
THIS WAY!

WE ALL
BETTER FRESHEN
UP A BIT!

C'MON,
JONATHAN...
LET ME SEE
YOUR FINGER-
NAILS!

AW, HECK! THEY
AIN'T GOIN' TO
SEE 'EM! ANYWAY,
AH'LL JUST CURTSY
TO 'EM WHEN
WE'RE
INTRODUCED!

THEY'RE
FILTHY!

SO MUH
NAME GETS
DROPPED
FRUM
PERLITE
SOCIETY!

LATER...

THEY SEEM
QUITE SETTLED!
LET'S GO OUT
AND INTRODUCE
OURSELVES!

HOWDY
DOODY,
MADAME!
MUH NAME
IS
JONATHAN!

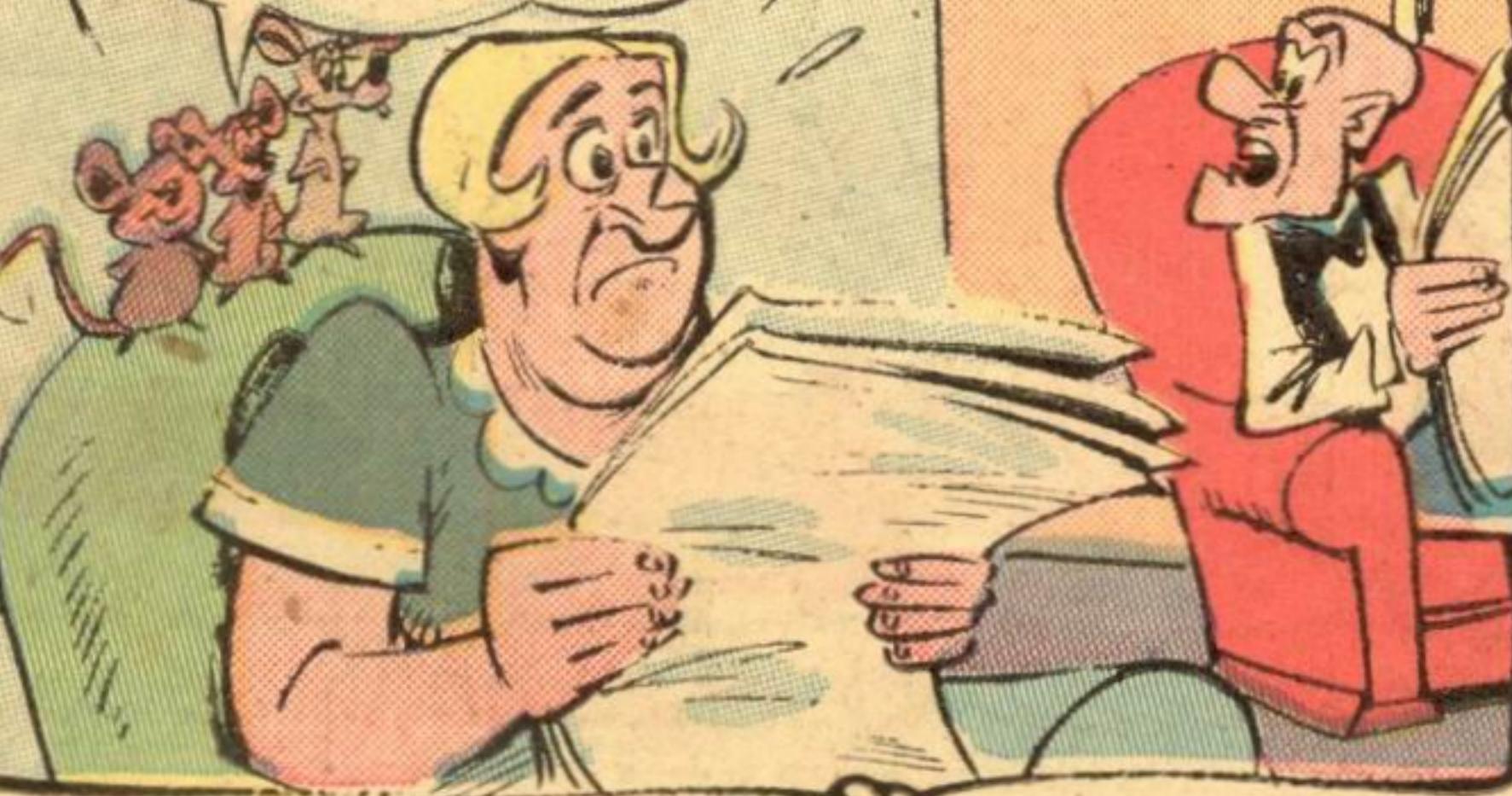
DON'T SPOIL-
ANYTHING
BY TALKING!

AHEM!

AH... PARDON
US... BUT WE
WISH TO INTRODUCE
OURSELVES!

LOOK, HOIMAN!
RATS!

ER, MICE,
MADAME!



OUR NAMES ARE
GABBY, SQUEAKER
AND JONATHAN,
RESPECTIVELY!

**GET YER
CONTRAPCTIONS!**

WE JUST WISH
TO SAY THAT IT'LL
BE A PLEASURE TO
SHARE THIS HOUSE
WITH YOU!

WHO'S
THIS
RESPECTIVELY?

RIGHT,
MOIT!

DA PLEASURE
IS OURS...

YOUSE WILL GIVE ME
HUSBAND A CHANC'T TA TRY
OUT HIS NEWEST STUFF! HE'S
A **MOUSE EXTRAMATER!**

EXTERMINATOR!!

DAT'S WHAT
I SAID--EXTERMONSTER!

NO! NO!
EX-TER-MIN-A-TOR!

SO YUHS
LOUSE UP
A MOUSE!

WHAT IS YOUR
BUSINESS?

HE'S A
MOUSE
EXTEER...
BLUB!

**I GET
RID OF
MICE!**

DO YUH SUPPOSE
IT'S SUMPIN'
YOU SAID?

TWENTY
YEARS WE'VE
BEEN MARRIED
AND I'VE BEEN
IN **THIS** BUSINESS--

--AND YOU STILL
CAN'T SAY
EXTRAMONTERP!

OHMIGOSH!!
NOW I'M
DOING IT!

OF ALL
THE PEOPLE
TO MOVE
IN!

AH'LL BE A
GLAD WHEN
YOU'RE DEAD,
YOU RASCAL
YOU!

QUIT
SINGING THAT
SONG!

MEANWHILE...

SO WOT IF
DEY DON'T
FALL FER
IT?

THE FRENCH
HAVE USED THIS
SYSTEM FOR
YEARS! HAVE
THEY COMPLAINED?

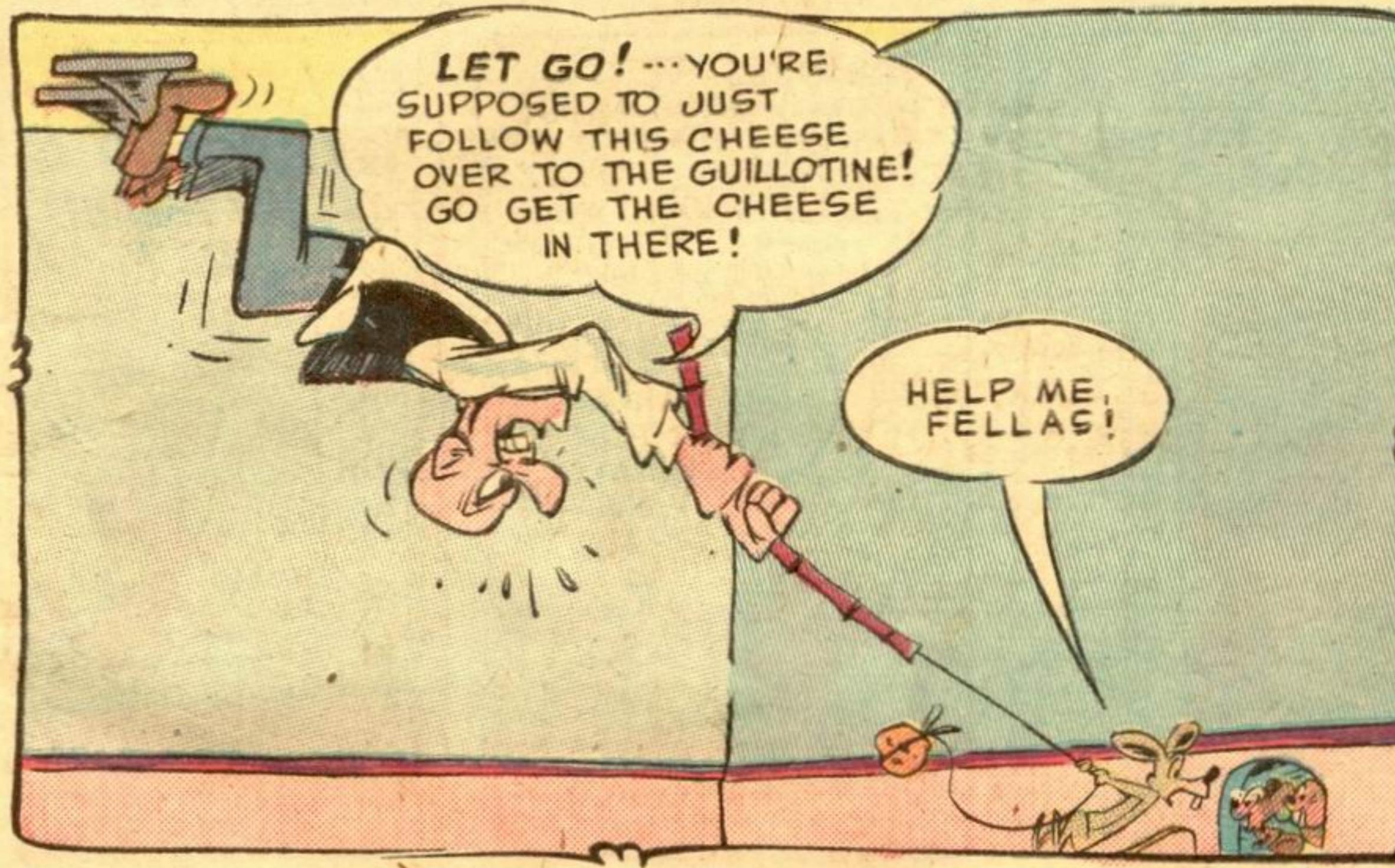
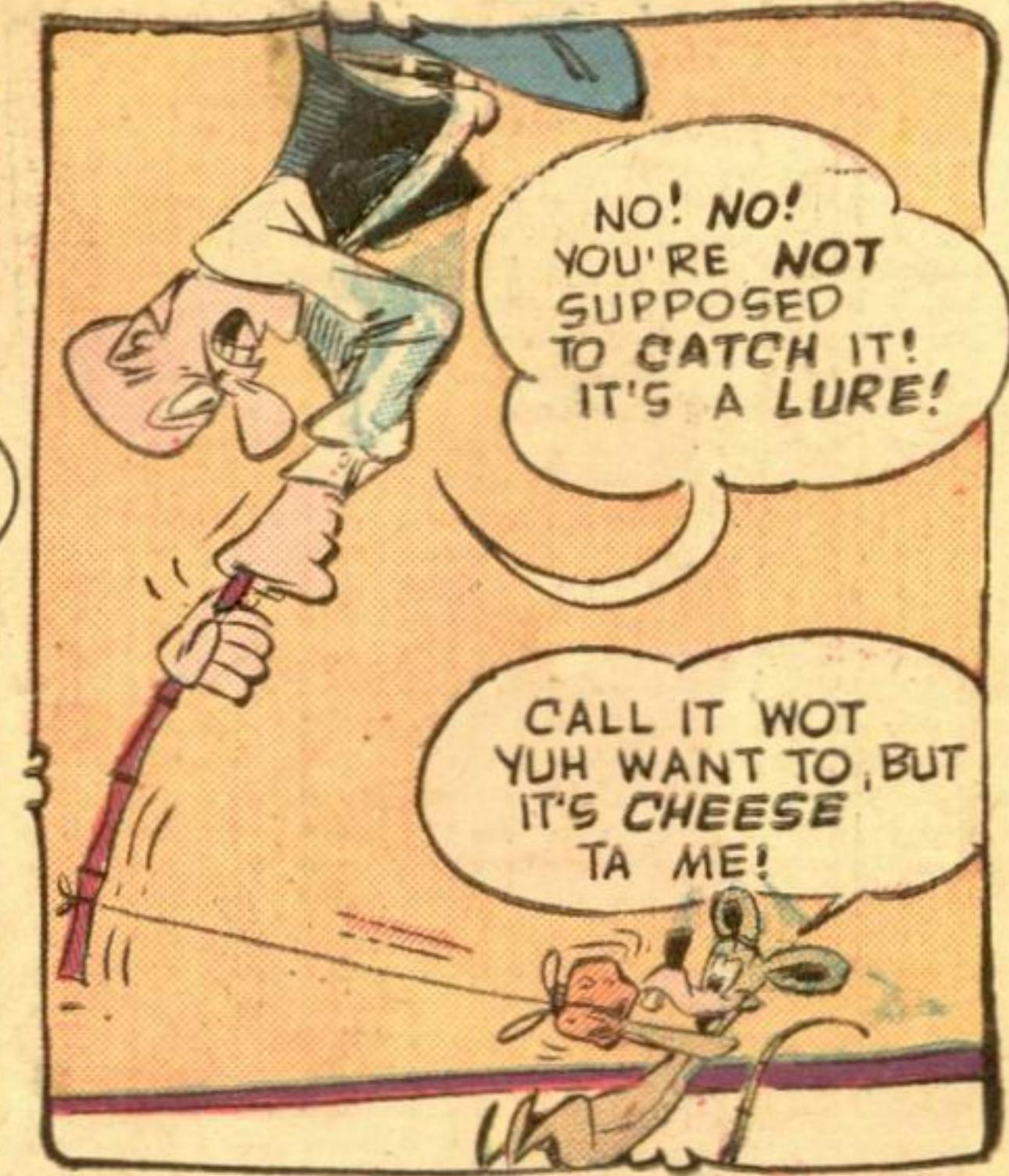
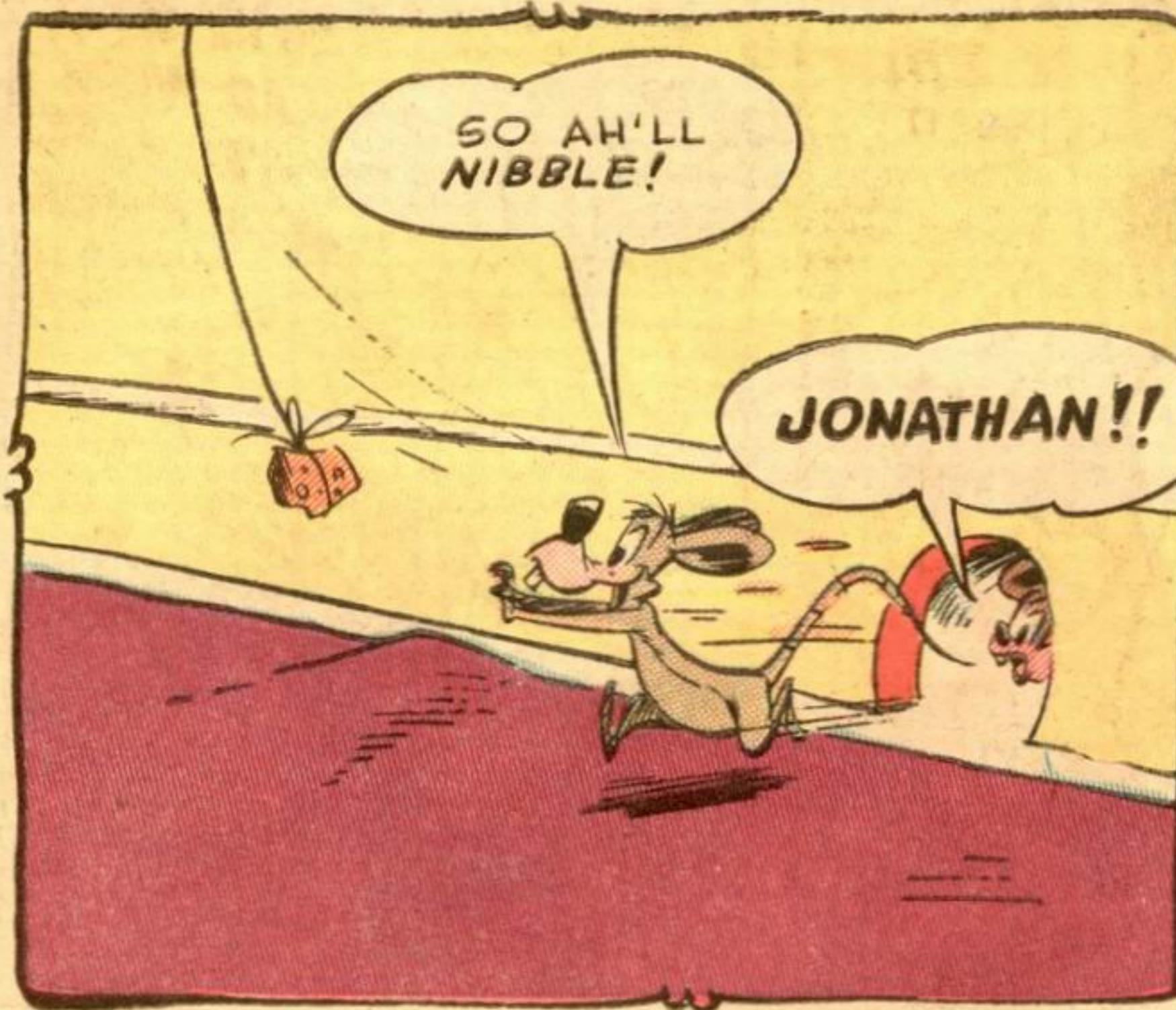
SO WHY ARE YUH
PUTTIN' ON THOSE
SUCTION SHOES?

WHY DO
I PUT ON
SUCTION
SHOES?--

--TO WALK
ON THE
CEILING,
OF COURSE!

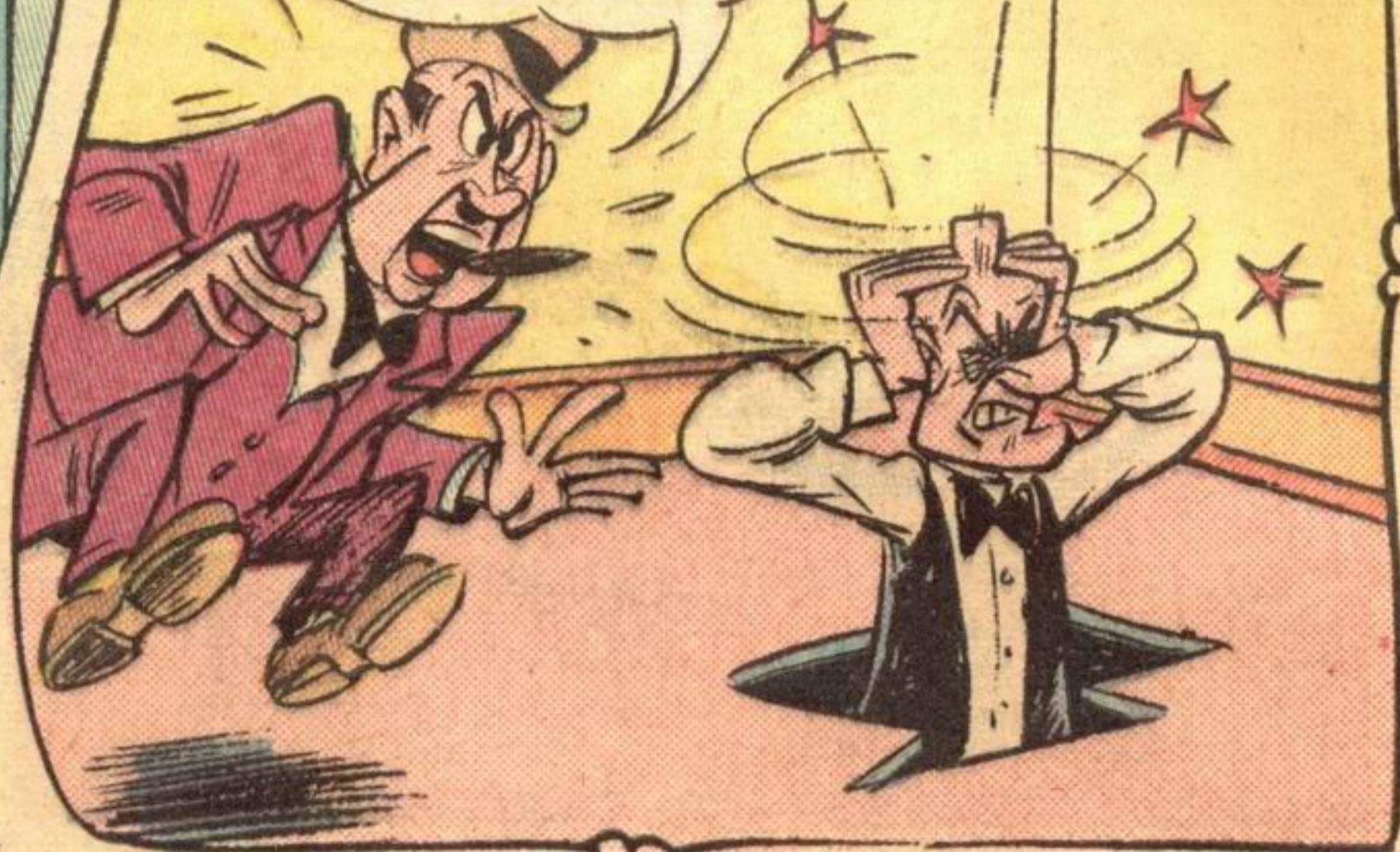
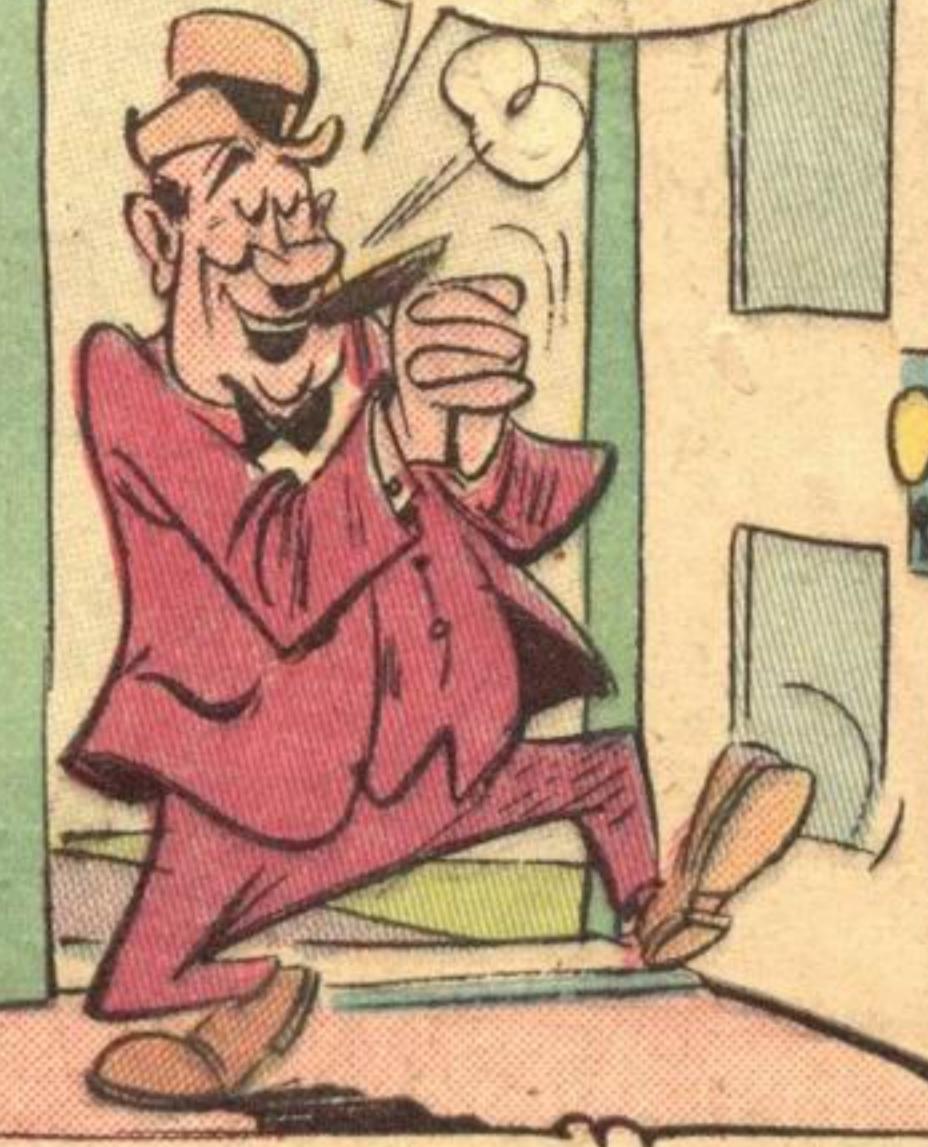
THIS WAY
THE MICE
DON'T SEE
ME!

WALL, WOT DO YUH
KNOW? THEY'RE
FISHING FOR MOUSES
THESE DAYS!



SO HOW ARE MY NEW
TENANTS THAT PAY
ME TEN DOLLARS
MORE A MONTH
TODAY?

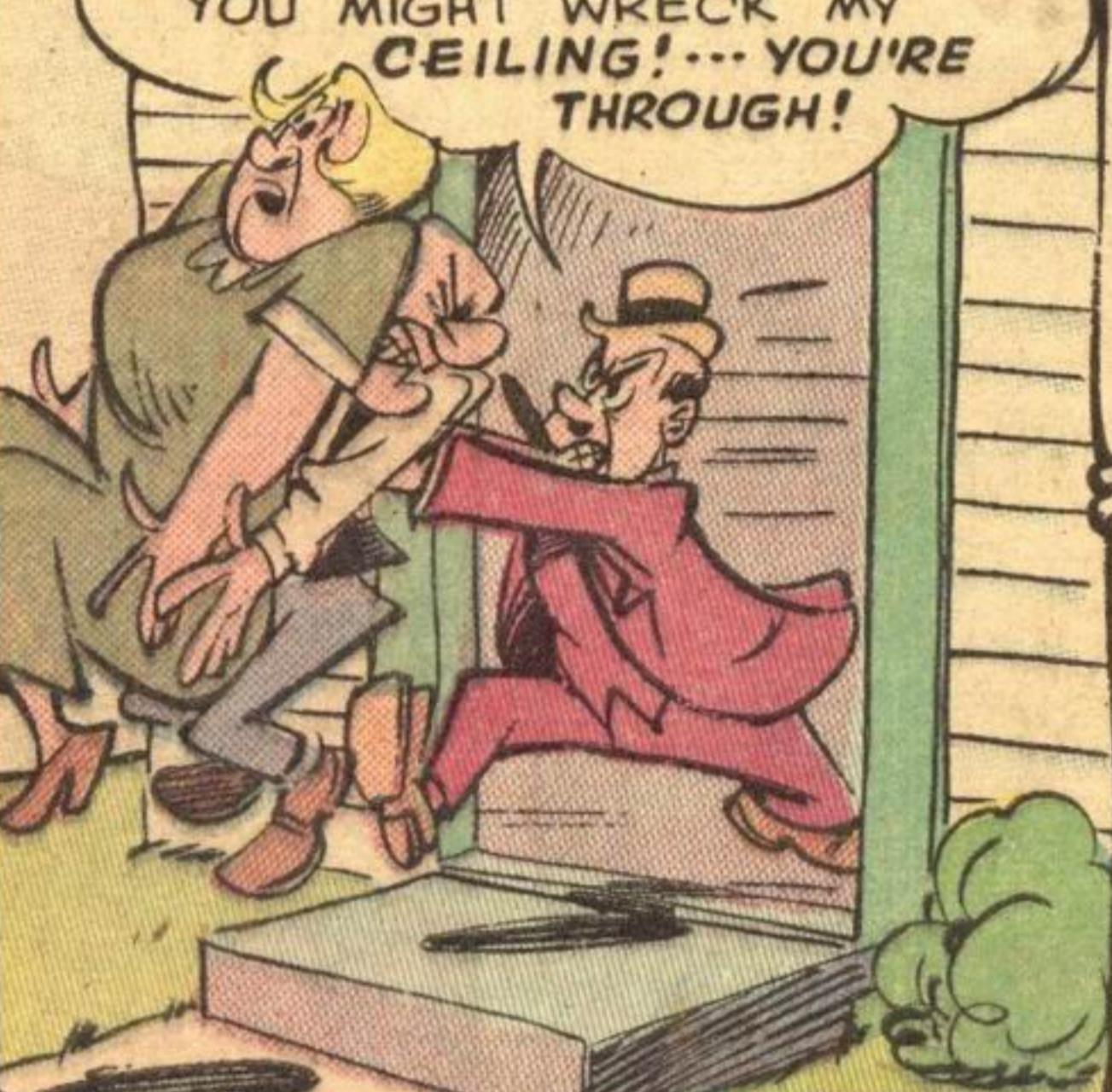
HUH?? THE
FIRST DAY
YOU MOVE IN
YOU WRECK
MY FLOOR!



SO THE SECOND DAY
YOU MIGHT WRECK MY
CEILING!... YOU'RE
THROUGH!

NOW ALL WE
GOTTA WORRY ABOUT
IS WHAT KIND OF
PEOPLE THE NEXT
TENANTS WILL BE!

HEY, FELLAS!
GUESS WHO
THE NEW TENANTS
ARE!



THAT NIGHT--

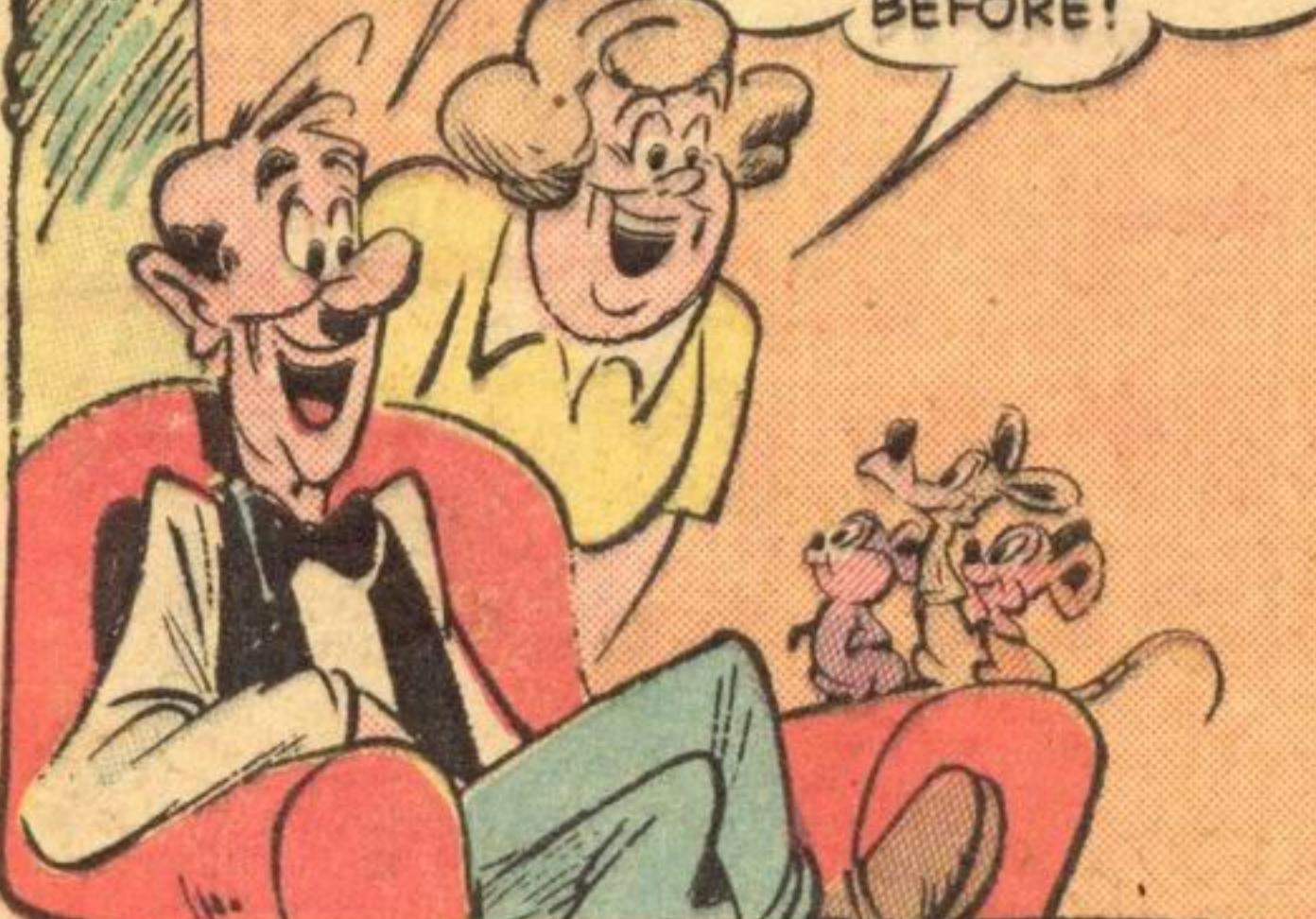
WE WERE FORCED
TO MOVE WHEN HE
RAISED THE RENT!

WERE WE
SURPRISED
WHEN HE FOUND
US AND TOLD US
WE COULD HAVE
IT FOR THE SAME
PRICE WE PAID
BEFORE!

EXTERMINATE??
EXFERMONATE??
EX-ZERMONATE??
WHAT IS THAT
WORD?

EXTERMINATE!
NOW GO TO
SLEEP!

MEANWHILE



PHIL RIZZUTO
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER AMERICAN LEAGUE

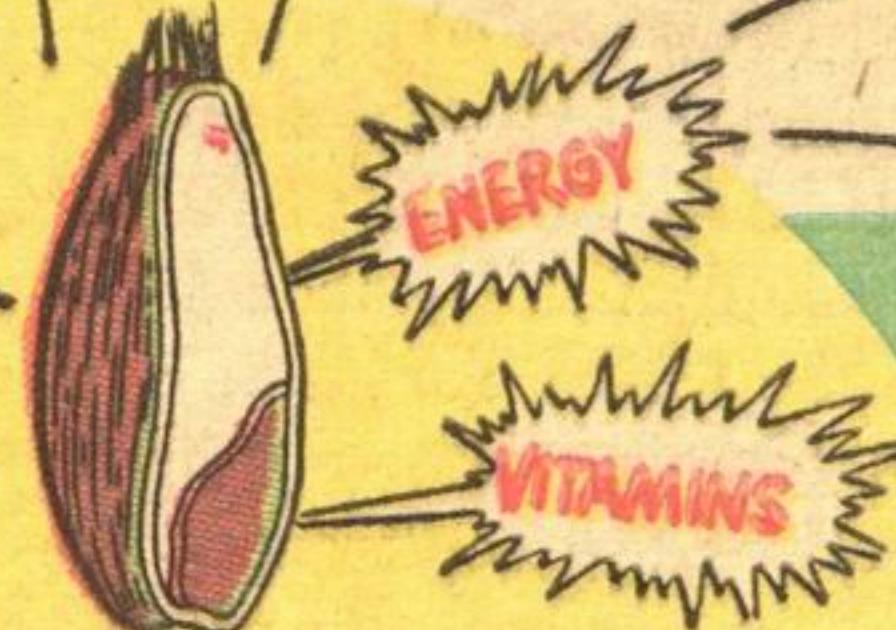
WHAT BUILDS A CHAMPION BUILDS **YOU!**



CUTAWAY VIEW OF WHEAT KERNEL

THERE'S A
WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT
IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!

See that wheat kernel bursting with dynamic power? There's one of those in every WHEATIES flake—already to spark you every day.



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COMIC BOOKS!
ALL FOR 15¢ AND 1 WHEATIES BOXTOP

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"WHO'S to KNOW?"

PINKY PIG'S MAMMA had just baked an enormous batch of cookies with plump, juicy raisins inside and rich chocolate icing all over the tops! There they were, right on the kitchen table, set out to cool in two big cookie sheets, smelling so delicious that Pinky could hardly stand it!

"Hmmm..." he said thoughtfully, looking at the beautiful cookies. Then he said, "Gosh!" Then he said "Whillikers!" Now, although that doesn't seem to make much sense, it was perfectly plain what Pinky Pig was thinking. He was thinking, "Hmmm...they're the nicest cookies I've ever seen! Gosh, wouldn't it be swell to eat 'em? Whillikers, I'm not *supposed* to!"

Indeed, he had been forbidden to stuff himself on sweets, for Pinky was as fat as a pig need be. Fatter! His mamma had been very strict with him and told him he must never help himself to goodies. "I'll give you all the food I think is proper!" she had said.

"Well, she *won't* let me eat those," Pinky thought. "And they *do* look so keen! If...if I took just one an' ate it... who's to know?" He thought about this for a little while, for he knew that what he was planning was not honest. But the smell of the cookies and the gleam of the icing were too much for him. "There're so many that just one won't matter!" he said.

Reaching out a hand, Pinky snatched a cookie from a tray and gulped it down in one bite!

"That went too fast," he thought, when the cookie was down. "Why, I hardly had time to *taste* it! Maybe I ought to try another one and eat it bit by bit, so I can really taste it! All those cookies! So many of 'em! If I just take another one, a teentsy-weentsy one...who's to know?"

Again Pinky's hand went out to a cookie tray and again a cookie was popped into his mouth. Crunch-crunch-crunch, and the cookie was no more!

"I *almost* tasted that one!" Pinky thought. "And I think it was pretty good! Maybe I'd better have just *one* more, to make *sure*!" And down went another cookie!

"It *was* good!" Pinky smiled. "It was so good, that I'm gonna have another one!" And so it went, with Pinky finding excuse after excuse to help himself to the forbidden cookies. And after eating each cookie, he would look around to make certain that no one was watching him and say, "If I have another one...*who's to know!*"

Now, even the biggest batch of cookies will disappear if enough of them are eaten and so, in a short time, one of the cookie sheets had not a single crumb remaining! As for the other cookie sheet, that was well on its way to being emptied, too!

"Since I've had so many," Pinky said, "I might as well *finish 'em all!* Mom can bake some more and who's to know *I ate 'em?*"

But as he started to pop another into his mouth, Pinky felt a pain in his tummy! First it was a little pain and then it grew bigger and bigger and sharper and sharper, till Pinky was doubled up with the biggest tummy-ache he'd ever had! He felt so sick, he couldn't stand it, and his face was green! "Oh-oh-oh!" he groaned.

Just then, Pinky's mamma came into the kitchen. "Now you know the answer to your question, Pinky," she said. "If you take another and another cookie, *who's to know?*"

And Pinky, ashamed and sorry, groaned miserably, "I...I guess...I'm to know!"

The SQUIRE and the CHIP

KEN HULTGREN



W-WHAT
WAS THAT?

I D-DON'T
KNOW, BUT IT SURE
SOUNDED LIKE
THE CALL OF
THE JUNGLE
MAN, BOZZIN!

PARDON ME, BUT
HAVE YOU SEEN ANY
GORILLAS OR APES
IN THIS AREA?

WHY, NO...
THEY LIVE IN
AFRICA!

OH, DARN! I WANTED
TO MAKE FRIENDS
WITH SOME... HOW
ABOUT LIONS?

NO LIONS,
EITHER!

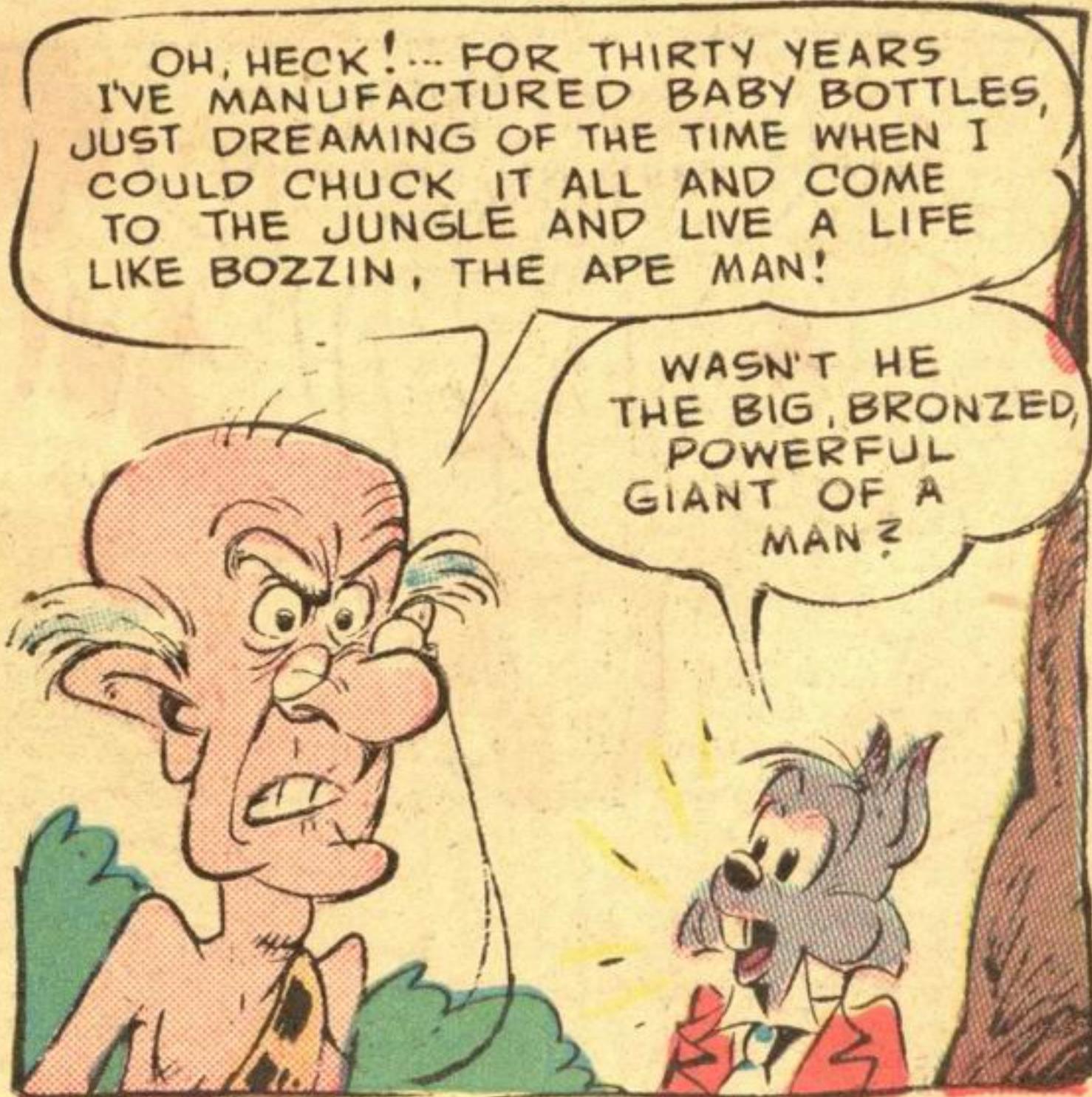
HYENAS?
NOPE!

WELL, DO YOU KNOW
OF ANY FAIR DAMSELS
IN DISTRESS... OR PERHAPS
YOU KNOW OF SOME
CRUEL, WICKED KING
WHO NEEDS TO BE
TAUGHT A LESSON?

NOPE!

OH, HECK!... FOR THIRTY YEARS
I'VE MANUFACTURED BABY BOTTLES,
JUST DREAMING OF THE TIME WHEN I
COULD CHUCK IT ALL AND COME
TO THE JUNGLE AND LIVE A LIFE
LIKE BOZZIN, THE APE MAN!

WASN'T HE
THE BIG, BRONZED,
POWERFUL
GIANT OF A
MAN?



I DON'T TAN, BUT
I DO SUNBURN AND
FRECKLE BEAUTIFULLY!

COULDN'T
BOZZIN' CLIMB
TREES WITH THE
GREATEST OF
EASE?

SO WHAT'S
HARD ABOUT
CLIMBING TREES?

HOLD THE
LADDER STEADY,
JASON!

YES, SIR!

AND AS FAR AS
SWINGING ON
BRANCHES... THERE'S
NOTHING TO IT!

ABSOLUTELY
NOTHING!

CRACK!

BABY BOTTLE
MANUFACTURING
WAS NOTHING
LIKE THIS!

OHHHH!

TIME FOR YOUR
MEDICINE, MISTER
TWIDDYPRETTY!

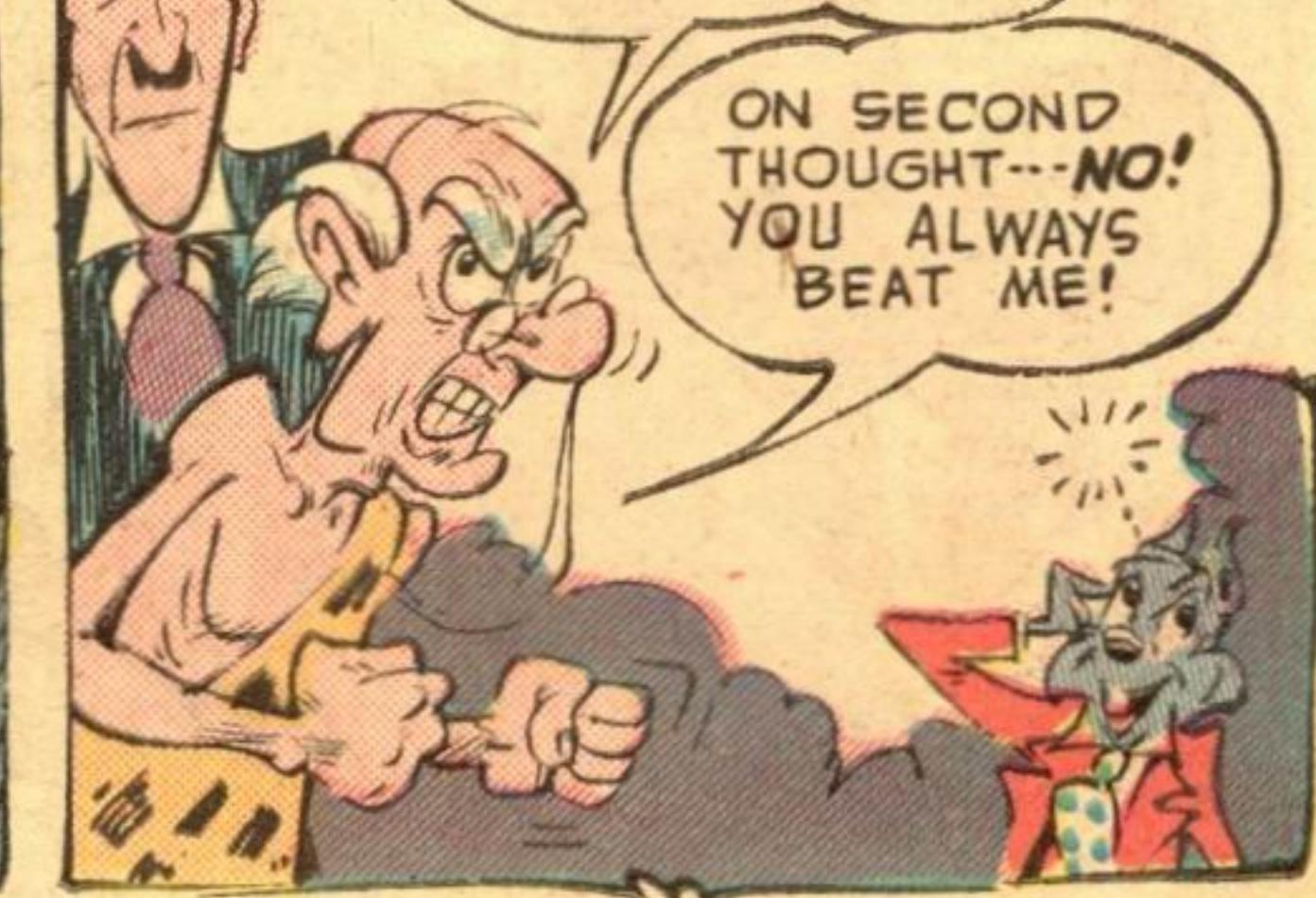
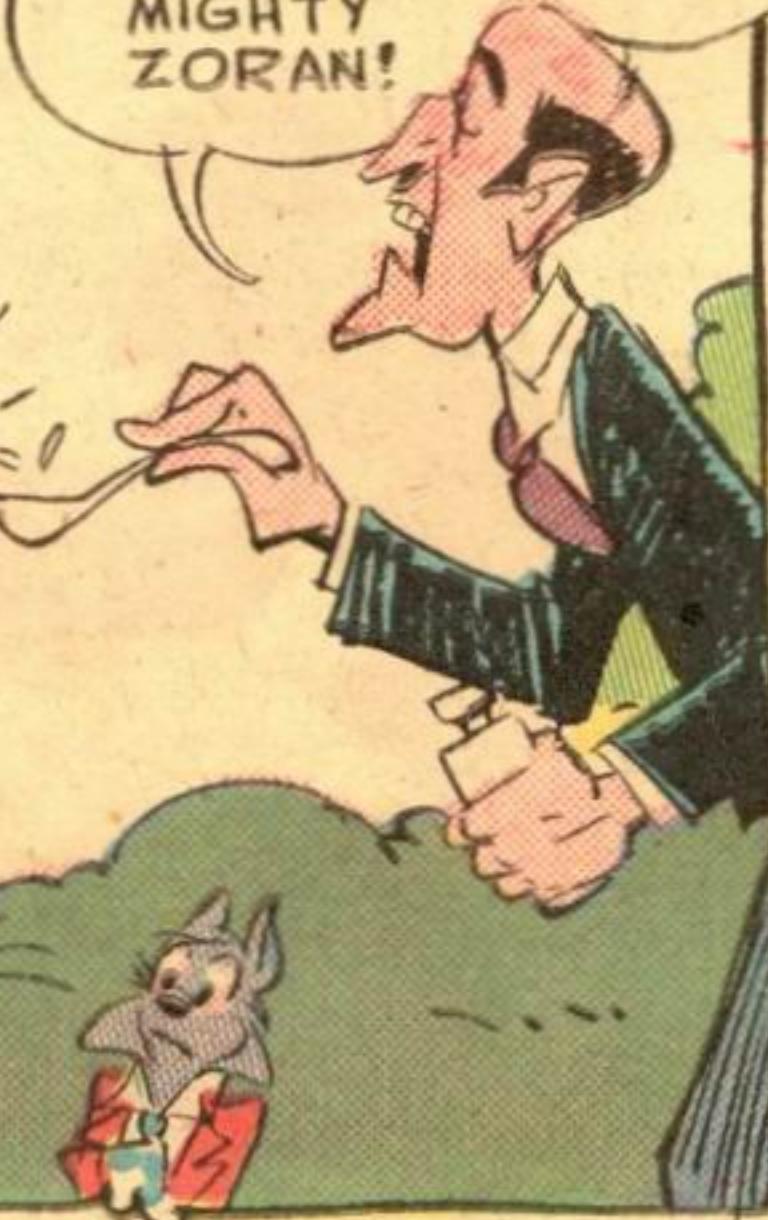
I TOLD
YOU NOT
TO CALL ME
THAT! ... I'VE
CHANGED MY
NAME TO ZORAN,
THE MIGHTY!

OW-W-
MY ACHIN'
BACK!

AND WHY MUST
YOU ALWAYS BE SO
PROMPT ABOUT GIVING ME
MEDICINE?

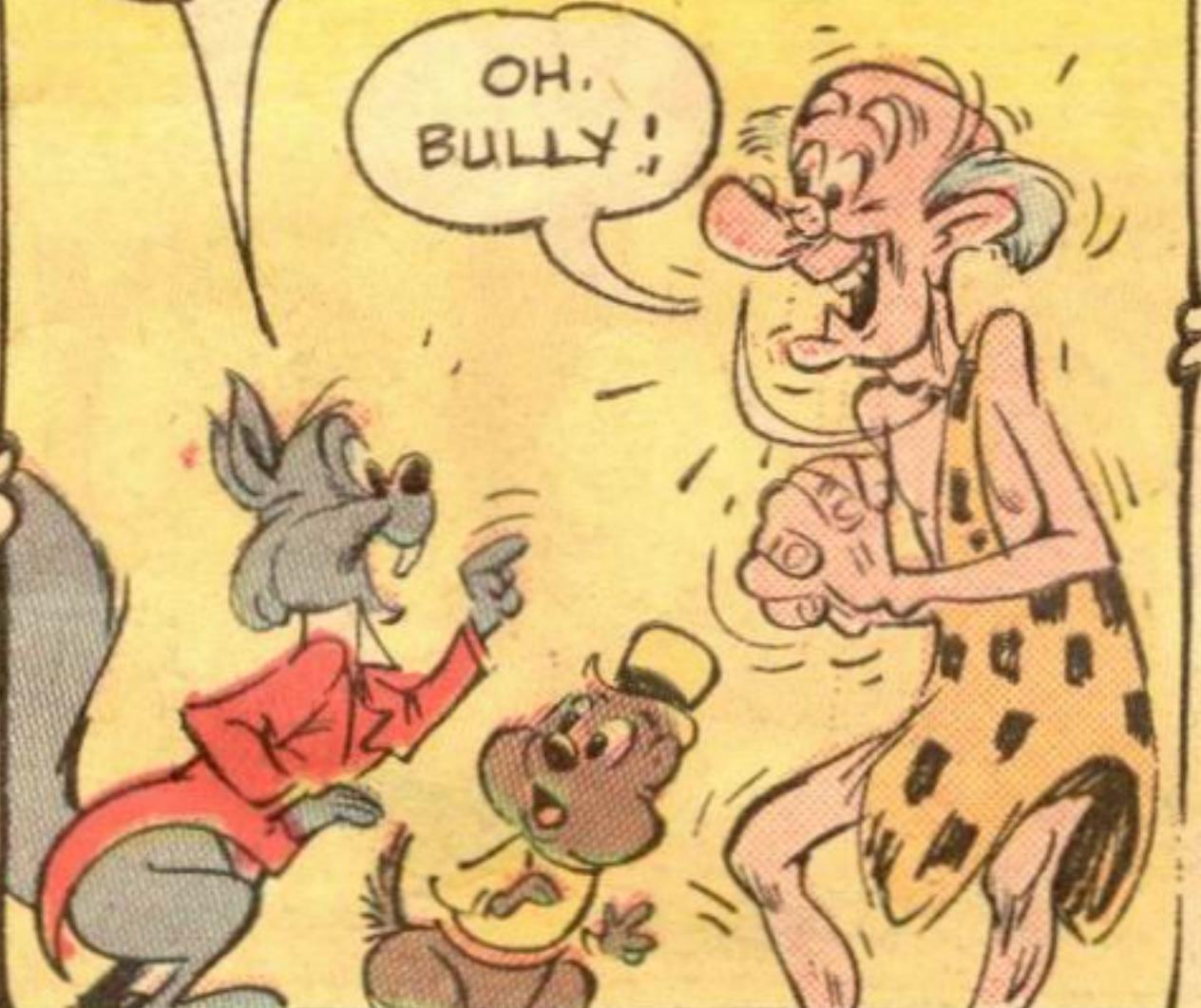
DOCTOR'S ORDERS,
SIR ... **EVERY** HOUR
ON THE HOUR!
OPEN YOUR MOUTH,
MIGHTY
ZORAN!

MIGHTY ZORAN, **HUMBUG!**...
HOW CAN I SHOW OFF MY
STRENGTH WHEN THERE'S
NOTHING TO DO?



WELL, IF YOU'RE IN THE
MOOD TO FIGHT A VICTIOUS
ANIMAL, I KNOW A **FIERCE**
BEAR!

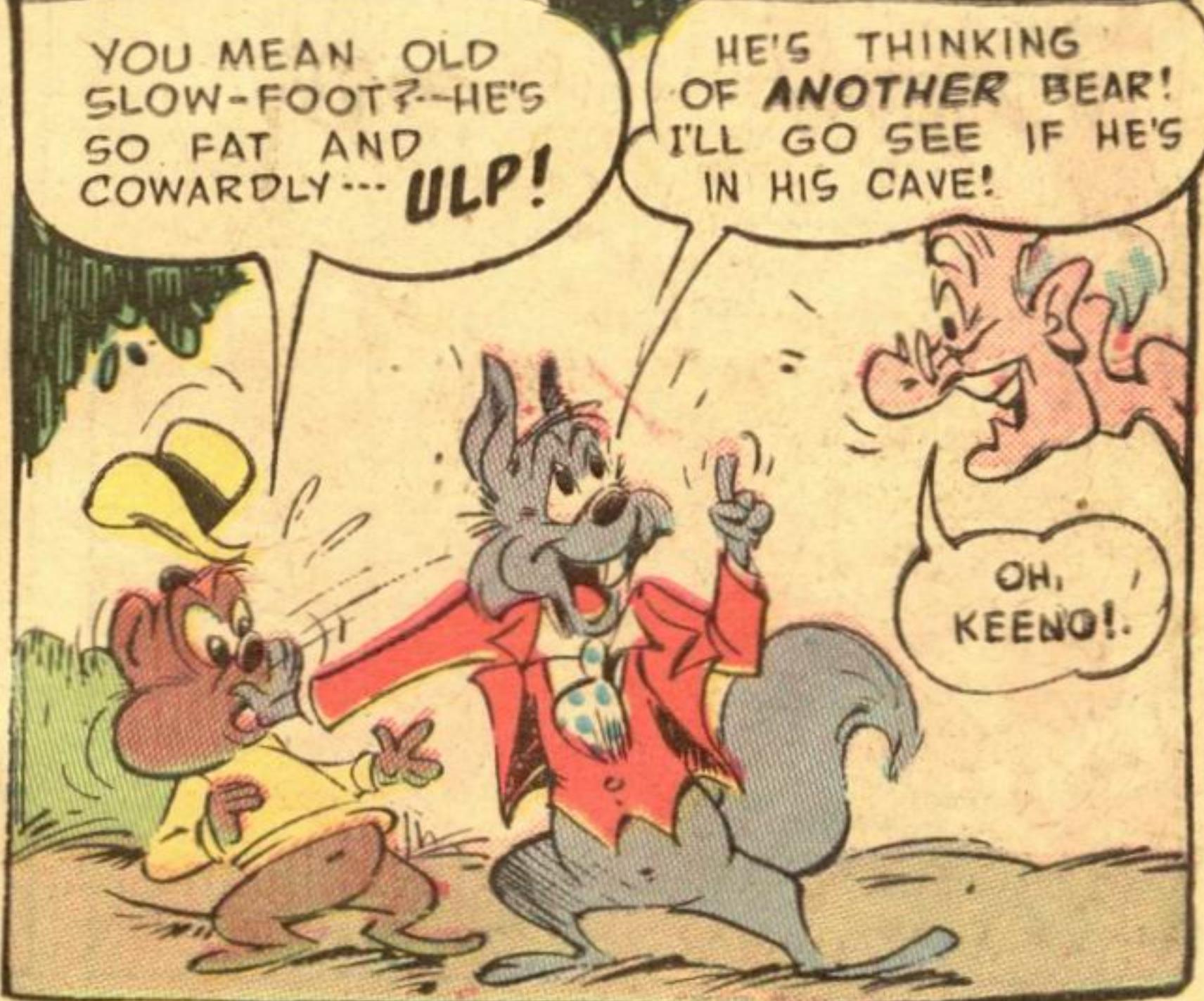
OH,
BULLY!



YOU MEAN OLD
SLOW-FOOT?--HE'S
SO FAT AND
COWARDLY... **ULP!**

HE'S THINKING
OF **ANOTHER** BEAR!
I'LL GO SEE IF HE'S
IN HIS CAVE!

OH,
KEENO!



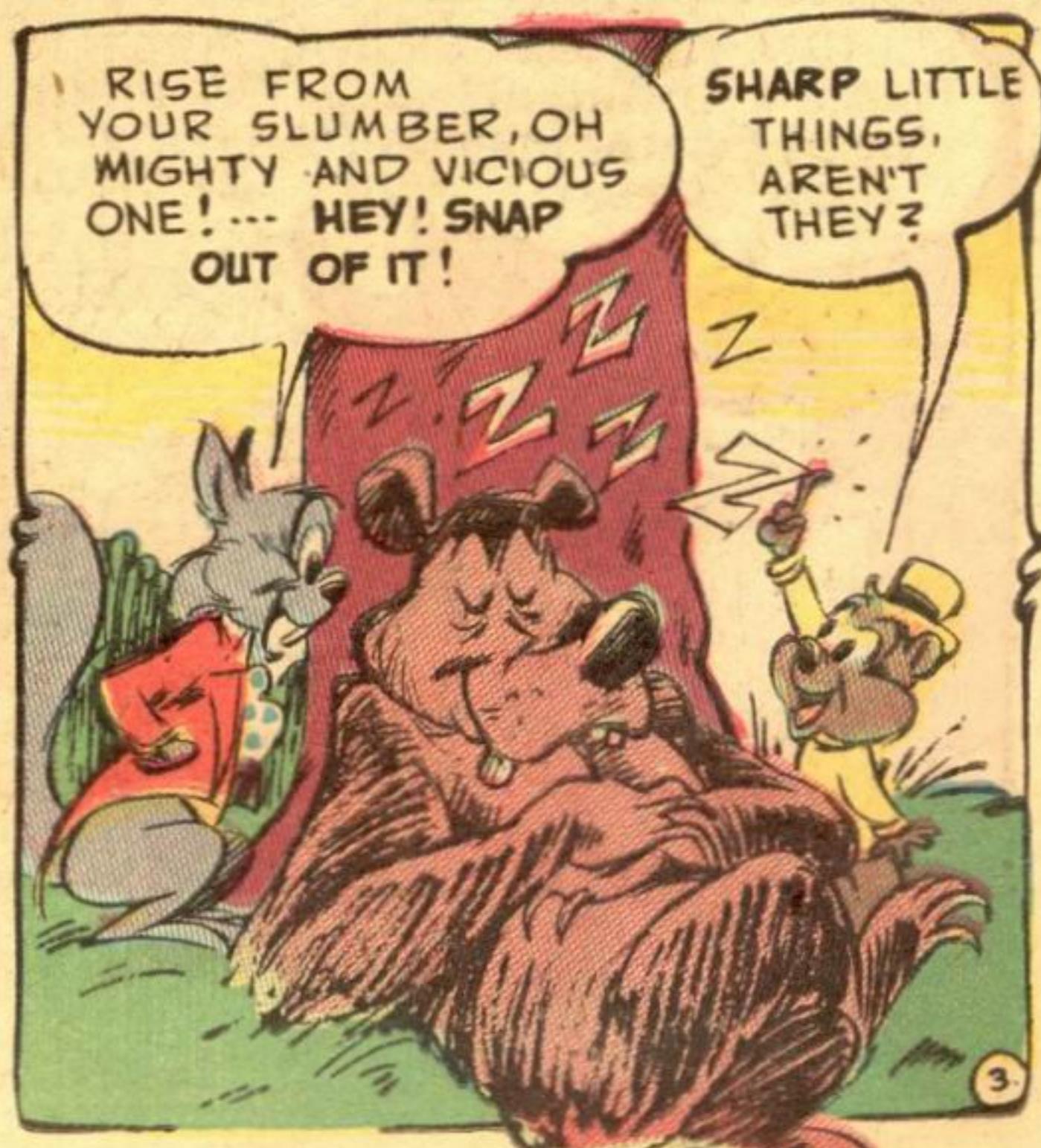
WHAT'S THE
IDEA?... WE
ONLY KNOW **ONE**
BEAR!

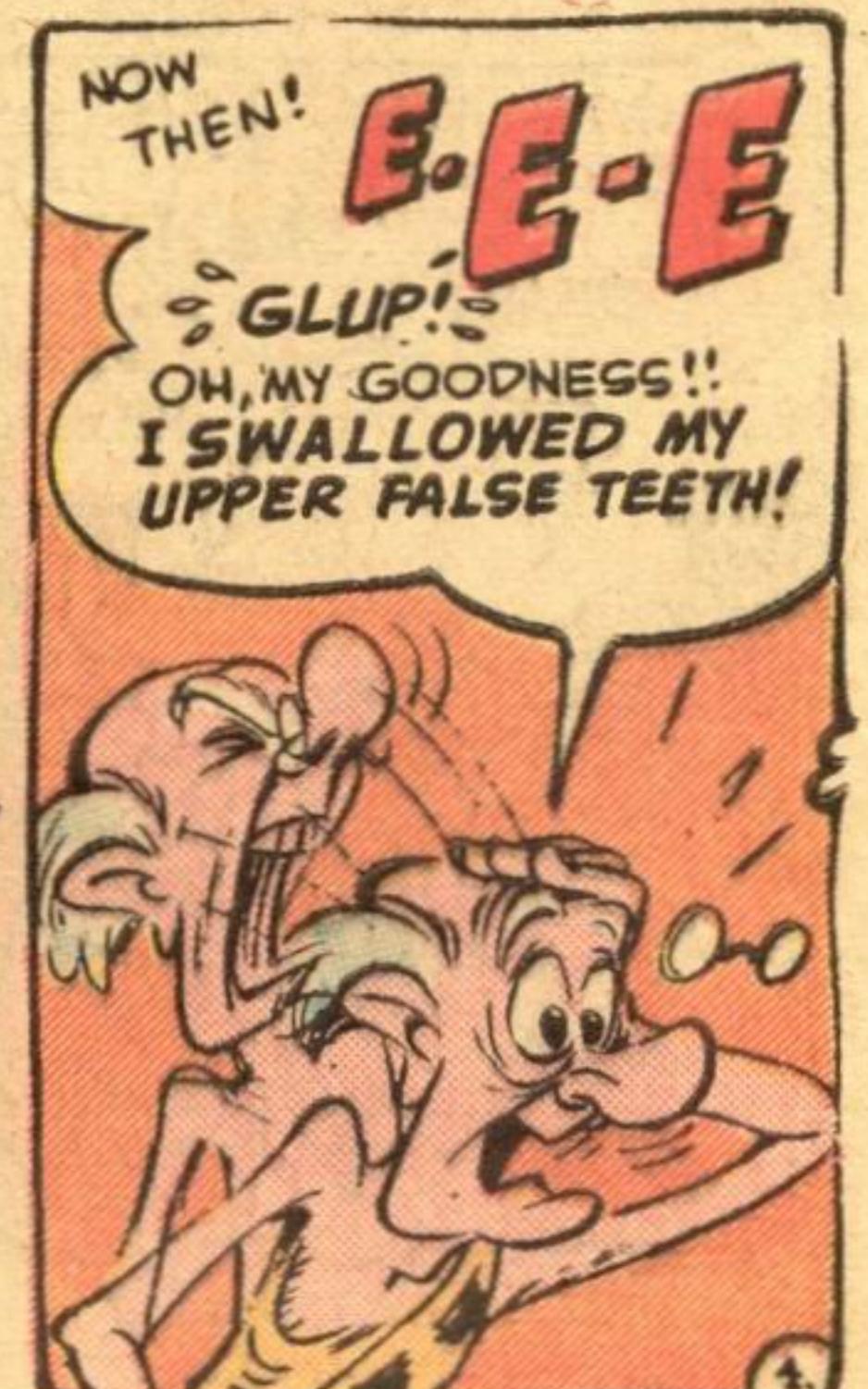
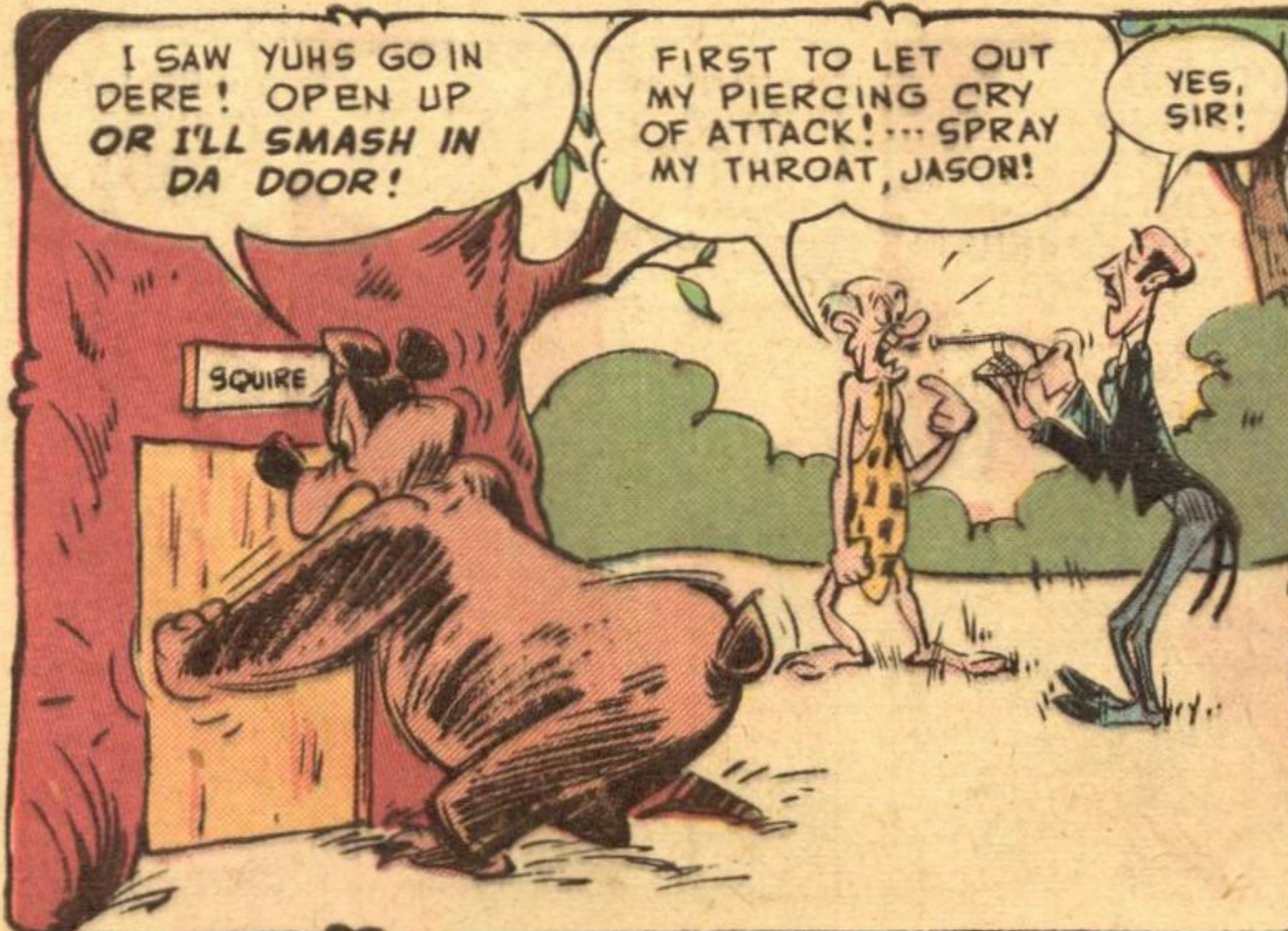
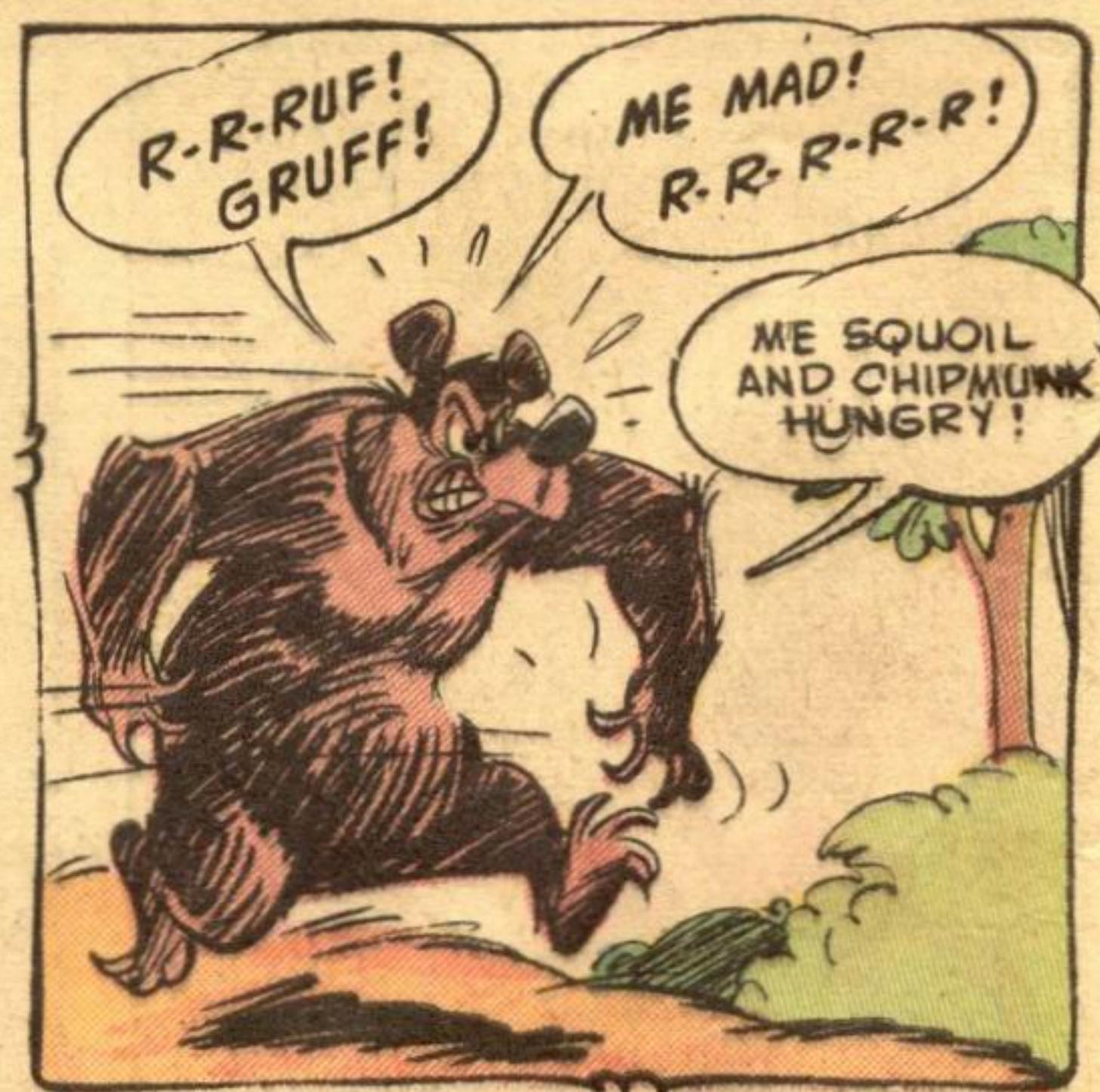
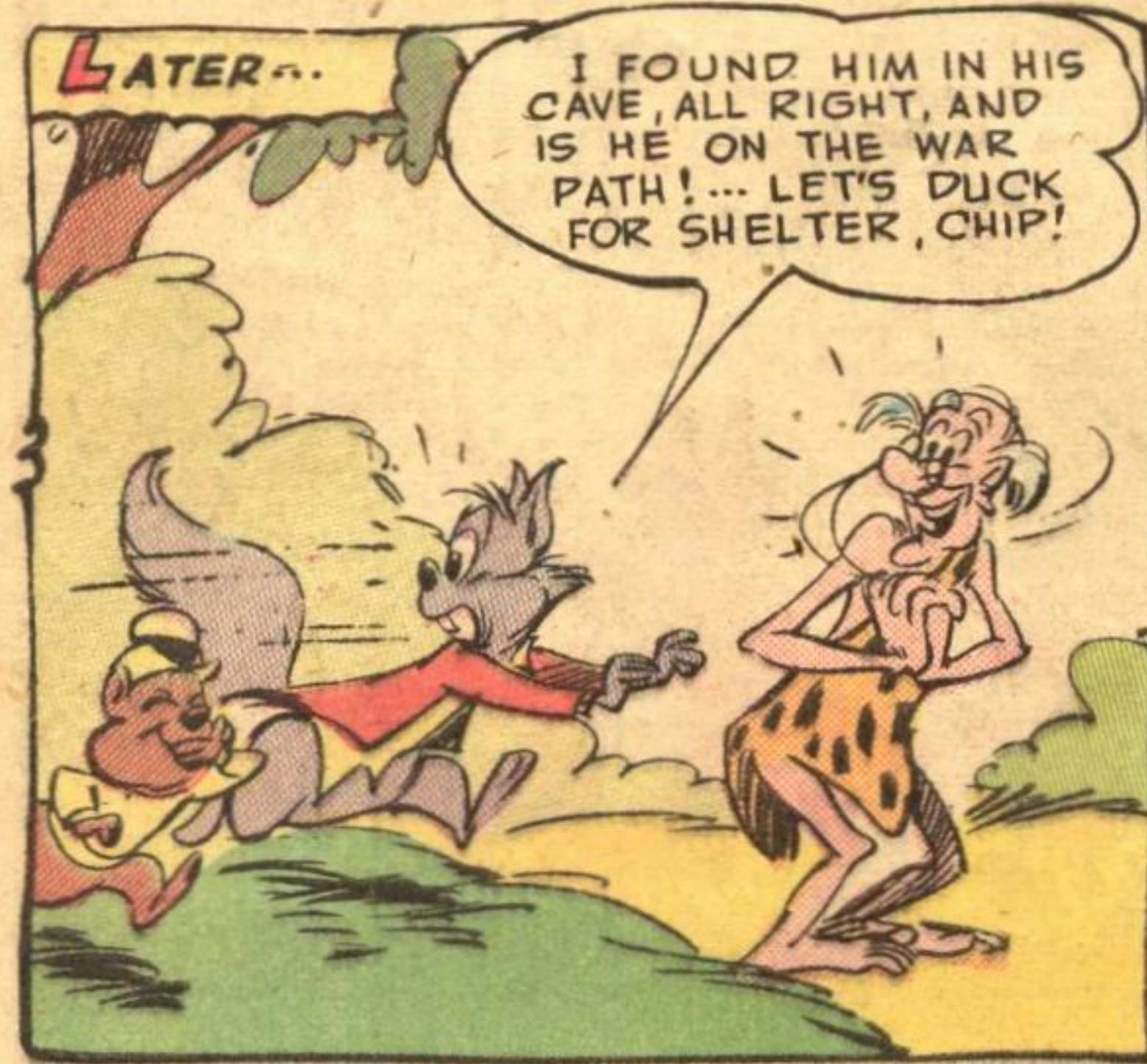
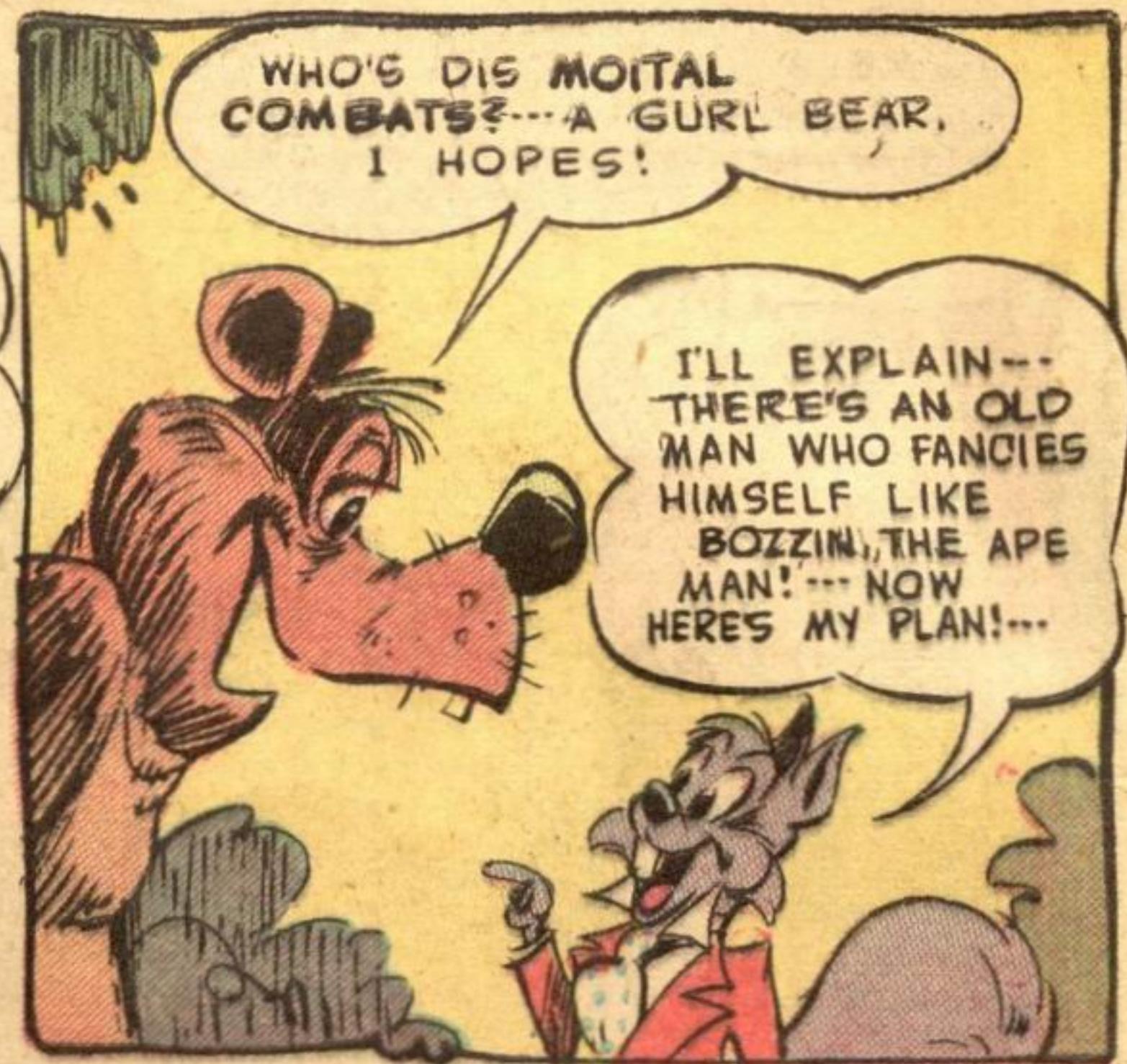
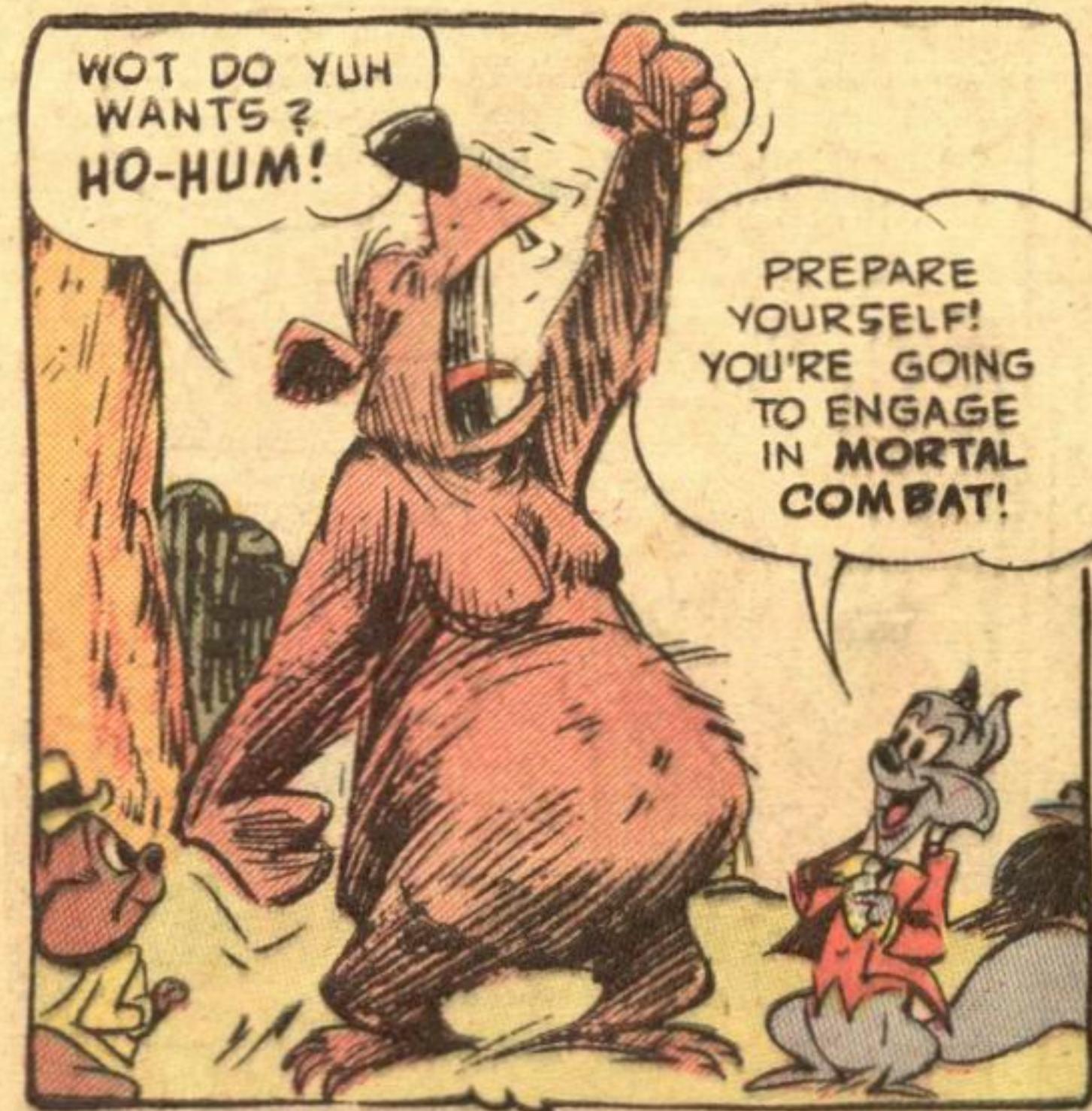
DON'T YOU
UNDERSTAND?
HE WON'T BE
HAPPY UNTIL HE
PROVES THE STRENGTH
HE DOESN'T HAVE!

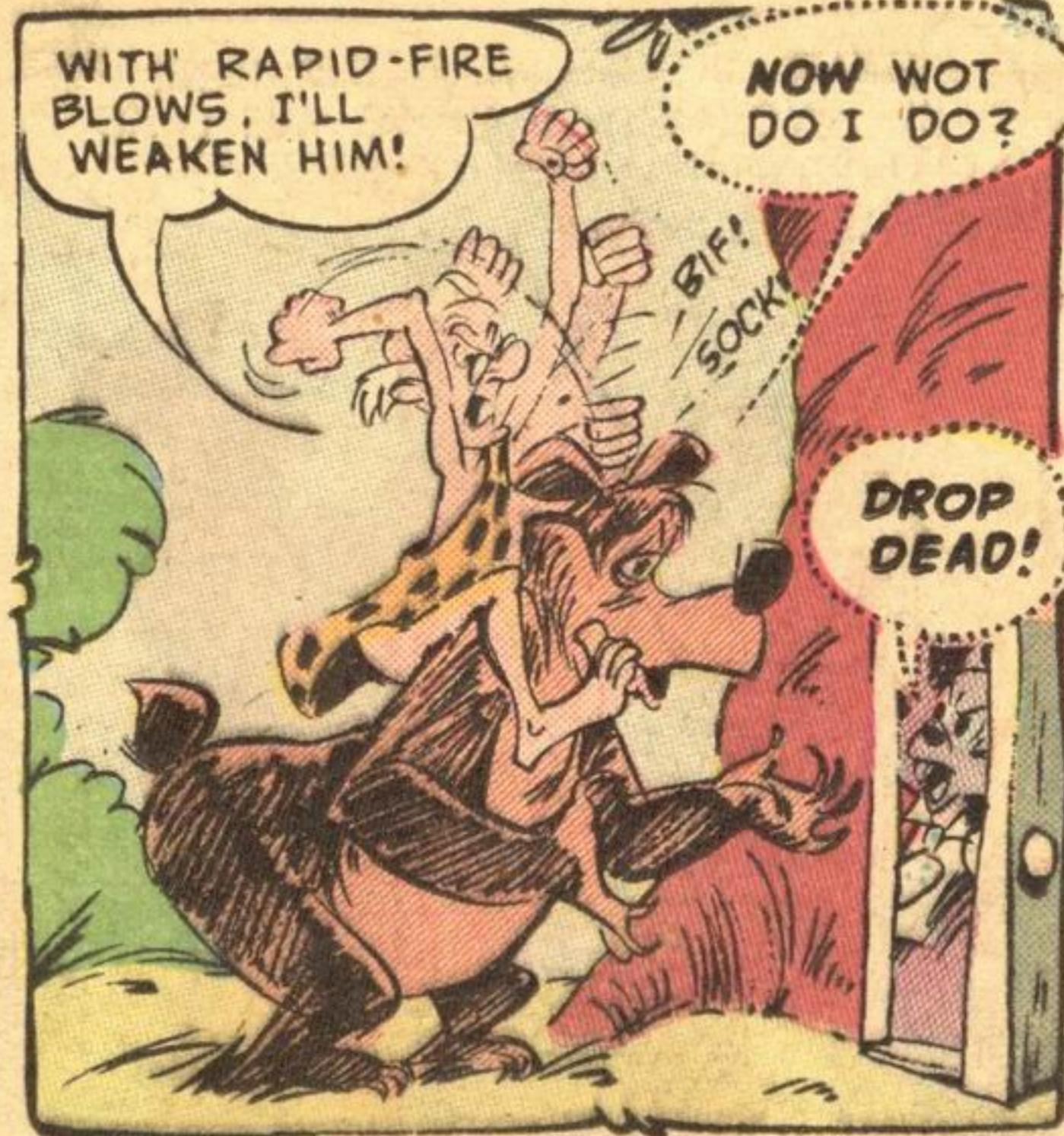
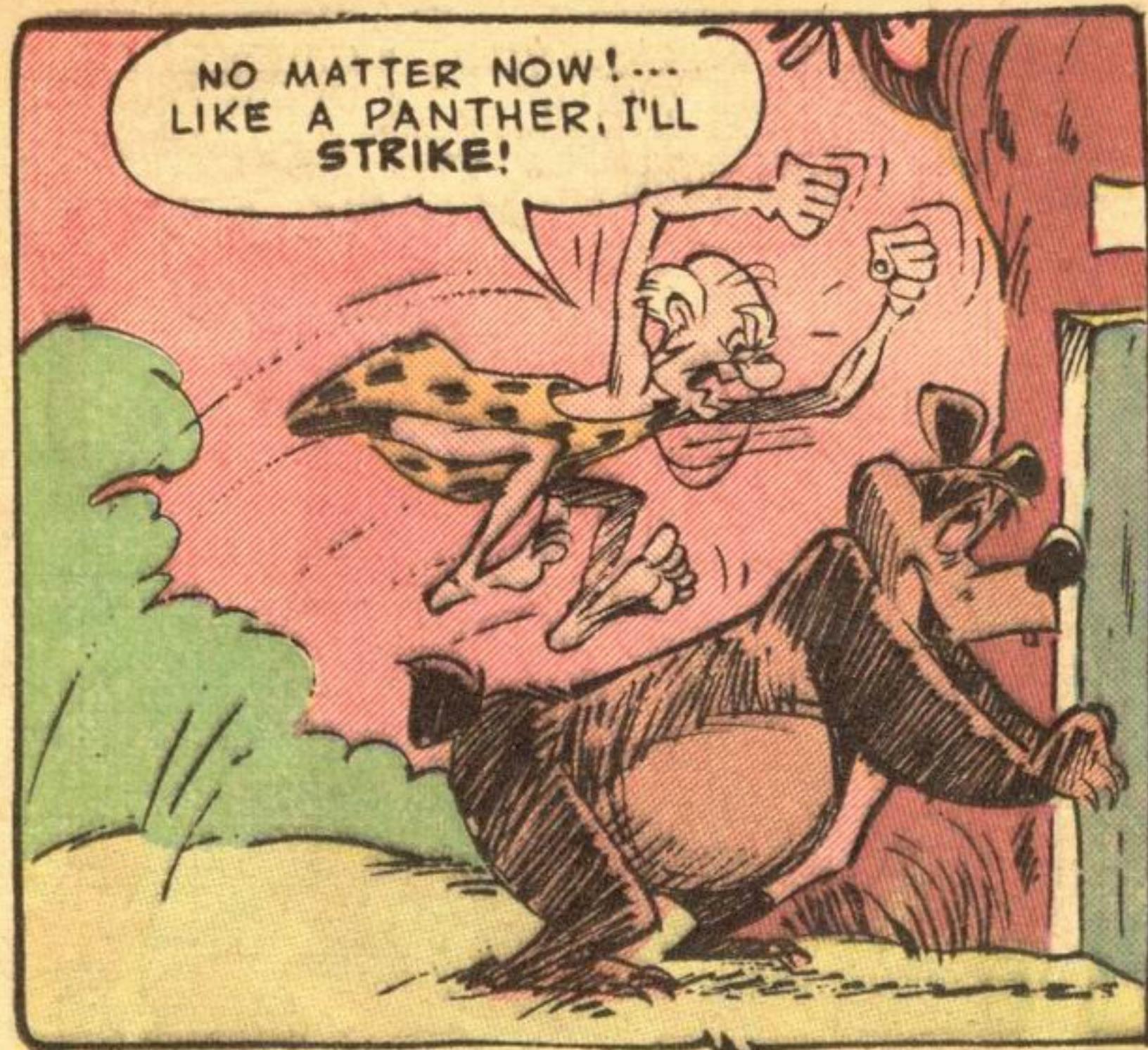


RISE FROM
YOUR SLUMBER, OH
MIGHTY AND VICTIOUS
ONE!... **HEY!** SNAP
OUT OF IT!

SHARP LITTLE
THINGS,
AREN'T
THEY?



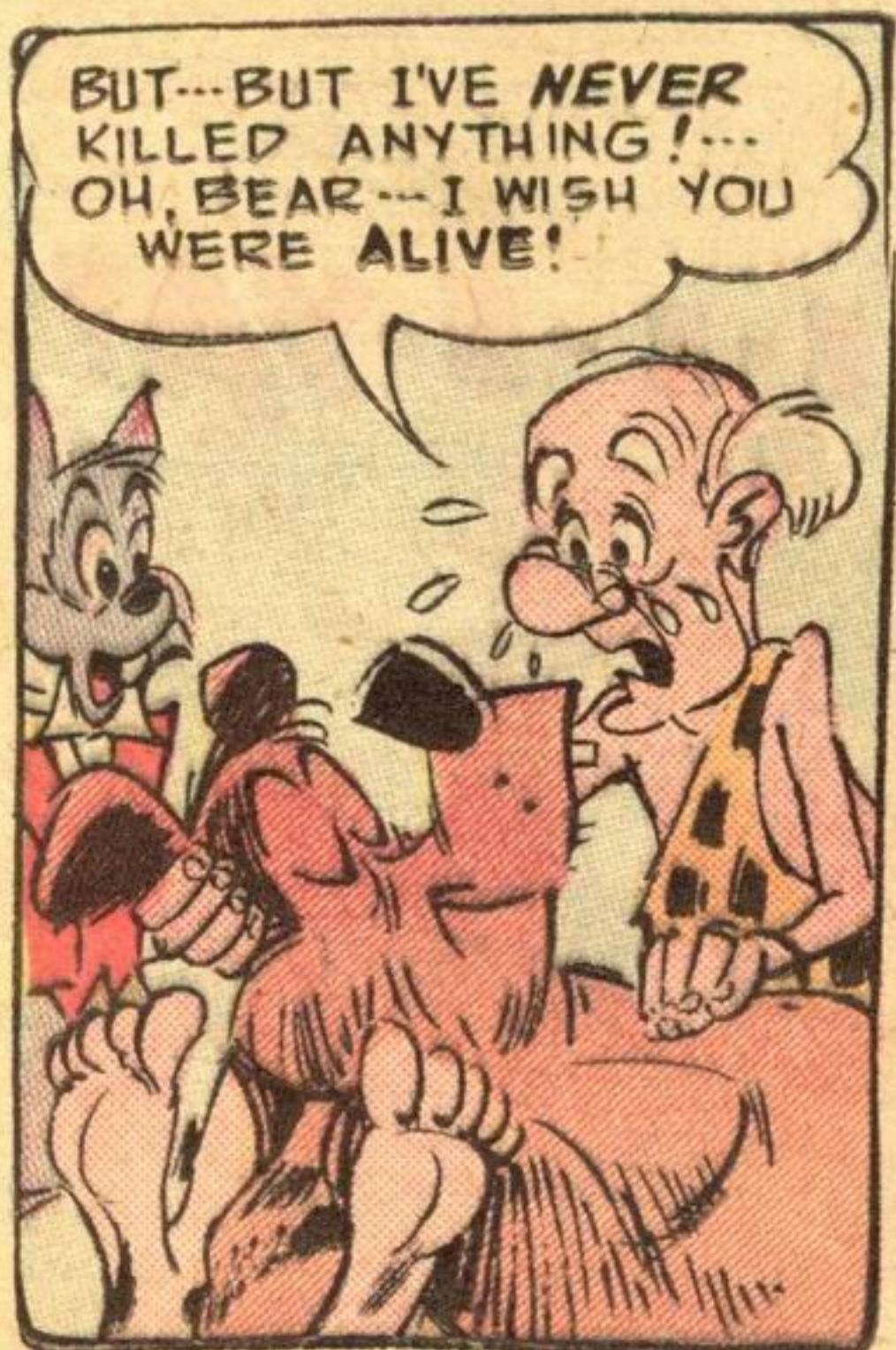




NOW WOT
DO I DO?

BIF!
SOCK!

DROP
DEAD!

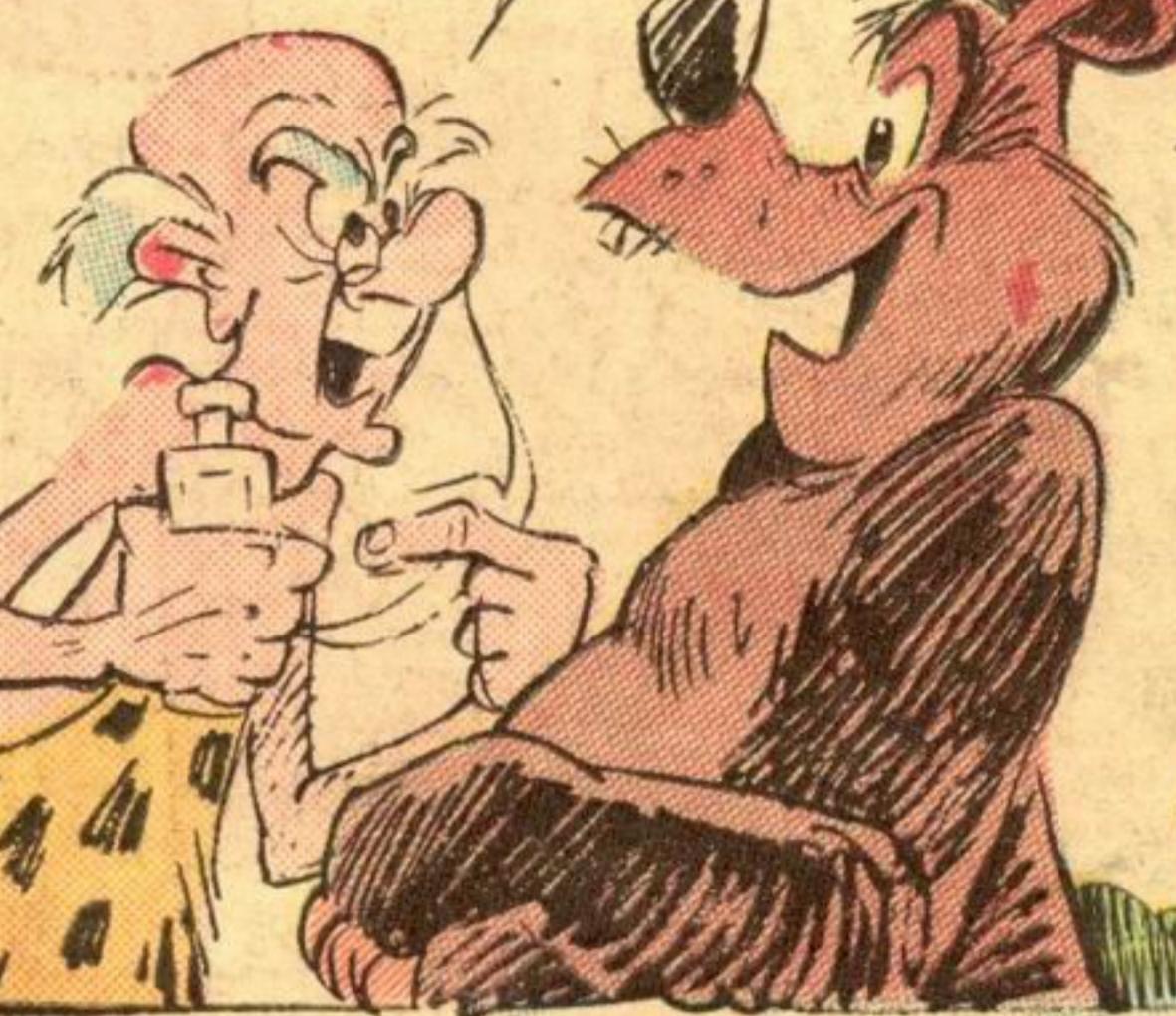


BEAR, IF YOU WORKED FOR
ME, WOULD YOU MAKE ME TAKE
THIS AWFUL-TASTIN' STUFF?

HECK,
NO!

AND WOULD YOU
LET ME WIN AT
CHECKERS NOW
AND THEN?

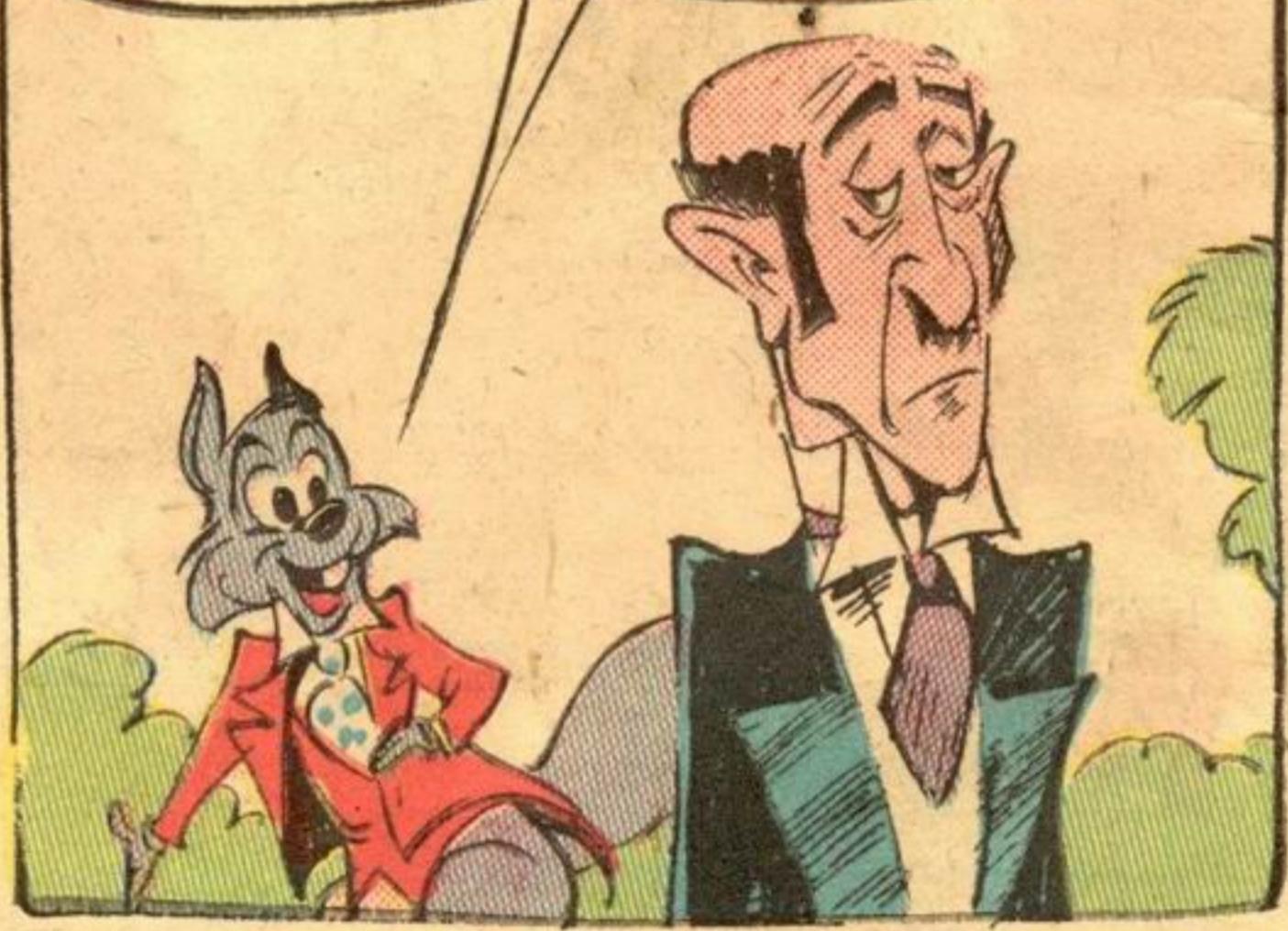
SHUCKS! I'M
DUMB ON ALL
GAMES!



YOU ARE NOW MY
VALET! ... JASON,
YOU'RE FIRED!

VERY GOOD,
SIR!

WELL, JASON... IT'S TOO BAD YOU
LOST YOUR JOB, BUT IN A WAY
YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE RID OF THAT
FUNNY OLD MAN AND HIS CRAZY
AMBITION TO BE A SECOND BOZZIN!



AS FAR AS LOSING MY
POSITION AS VALET, I
DON'T MIND... I WAS
GOING TO RETIRE
SOON ANYWAY...

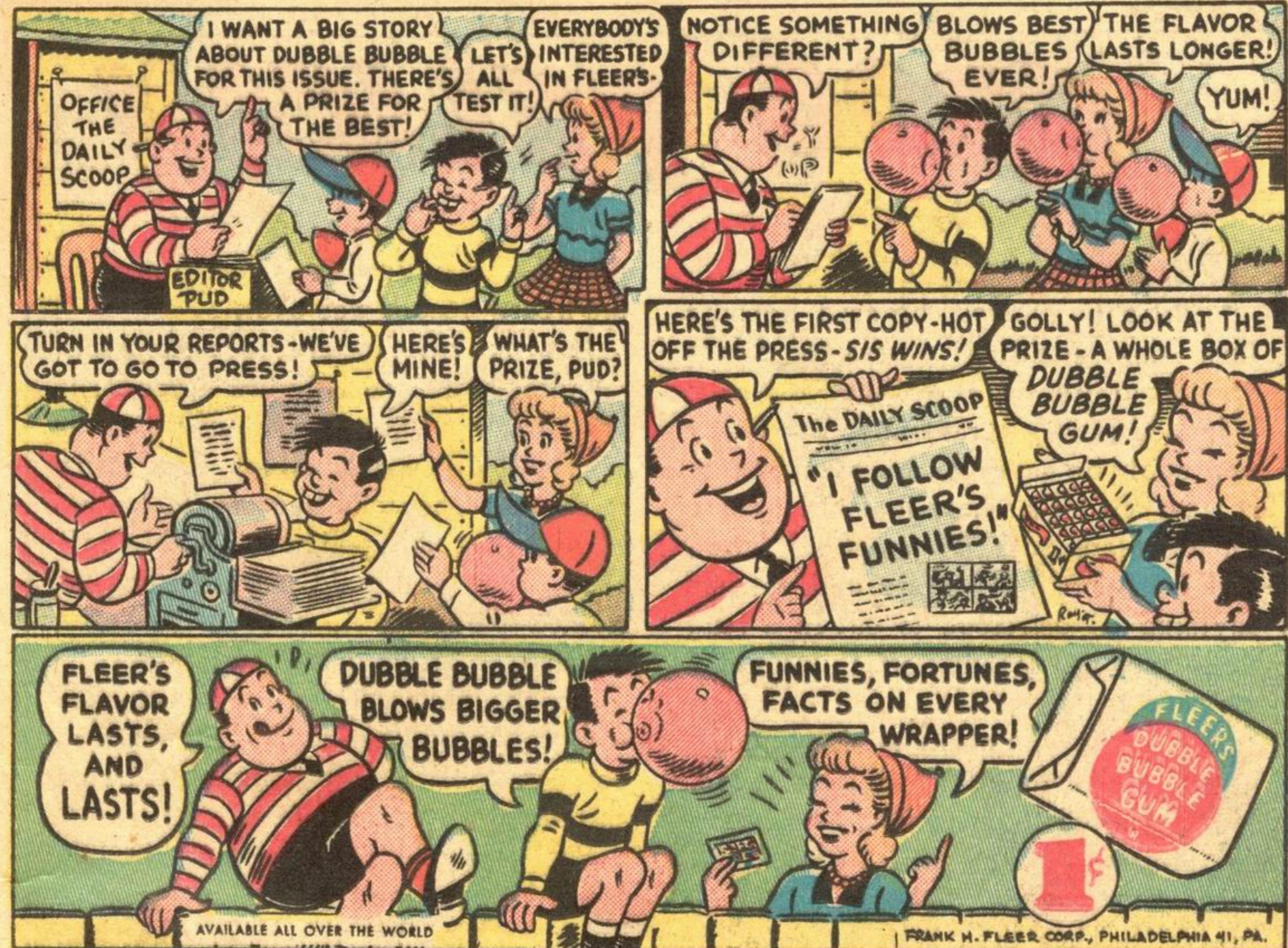
...AND AS FOR
MY FORMER
MASTER'S VIEWS
ON BEING A
BOZZIN-LIKE
MAN, I APPROVE!

I'VE WORN THIS LEOPARD SKIN
UNDER MY CLOTHES FOR YEARS,
JUST WAITING FOR AN OPPORTUNITY
LIKE THIS MYSELF!

E-E-E-YA!



The END!



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THE GREATEST GROUP
of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



READ THEM ALL
...REGULARLY...
Read **AMERICAN!**

THE FROG and the PELICAN

FELIX FROG'S EYES popped with delight. "Wow!" he said, hopping from the sparkling waters of Silver Stream to its edge. "What a find!"

Indeed it was a rare find, which any frog would be happy to discover! There it was, almost a whole loaf of luscious white bread, with its crust all brown and crisp-looking! Felix had not had anything so delicious to eat in a long time, and he couldn't wait to have a glorious feast.

Just as he was about to bite into the bread, Felix heard a sobbing sound, which seemed to come from some nearby place. "Oh," cried a mournful voice, "I'm hungry! So hungry! So very hungry!" Then there was the sound of crying and the sad voice continued, "I wish I had something to eat! I'm half-starved!"

Now Felix was a good-hearted fellow and he couldn't imagine keeping the beautiful loaf of bread to himself when someone else was starving. Hopping about to see who had cried, he found a sad-eyed pelican drying his tearful eyes on a leaf and sniffing.

"If you're the bird who's so hungry," Felix smiled, "I believe I can help you! Come with me!"

He led the pelican right to the loaf of bread and said, "I'm going to share this with you, half-and-half!" With a sharp-edged stone, Felix divided the bread into two equal parts and invited the pelican to start eating.

And what a hungry pelican he was! He ate every morsel of the bread, down to the very last tiny crumb, and then he daintily picked up all the stray bits that had fallen around. Felix rather ex-

pected the pelican to thank him after the hearty repast was over.

But the pelican did no such thing!

Instead, he opened his large bill, bent his head...and scooped *Felix* into his mouth! It was horrible! Poor Felix cried and shouted, begging to be released, but the pelican kept his bill shut tight and paid no attention to Felix's pleas.

"What a mean, ungrateful pelican!" Felix thought. "He wasn't contented with the bread I gave him. He wants to eat *me*, too!" And again he shouted and pleaded to be set free.

But still the pelican kept his bill clamped shut and would not release Felix. "No one will know what has happened to me," poor Felix cried, "and all the fish and frogs in Silver Stream will call my name and search for me...in vain! What a sad ending for me!"

It was no use pleading for mercy, that was plain. With a sorrowful sigh, Felix told himself that this end had come! And at that very moment, the pelican opened wide his bill and let Felix hop out.

"That was a mean, bad thing to do!" Felix said angrily.

"I'm sorry I didn't have time to explain," the pelican replied. "You see, there was a vicious-looking hawk flying right above your head, ready to come down and kill you! All I was doing was...*hiding* you!"

"Oh!" Felix smiled. "I guess it's *I* who ought to be grateful to *you*, instead of the other way around! And you can just bet your tail feathers...*I am!*"

SPENCER SPOOK

YEE-AH-HA-HA-HA!
HA-HA-HA!

OUR STORY BEGINS ON A
STORMY, WIND-SWEPT
NIGHT NEAR AN
ANCIENT MANSION
THAT'S BEEN HAUNTED
FOR OVER 300 YEARS!

YIPE!

HALP! HALP!
WAIT'LL THE BOSS HEARS
ABOUT THIS!

BOSS!
BOSS! COME UP
QUICK! I HAVE TO
TALK TO YOU!

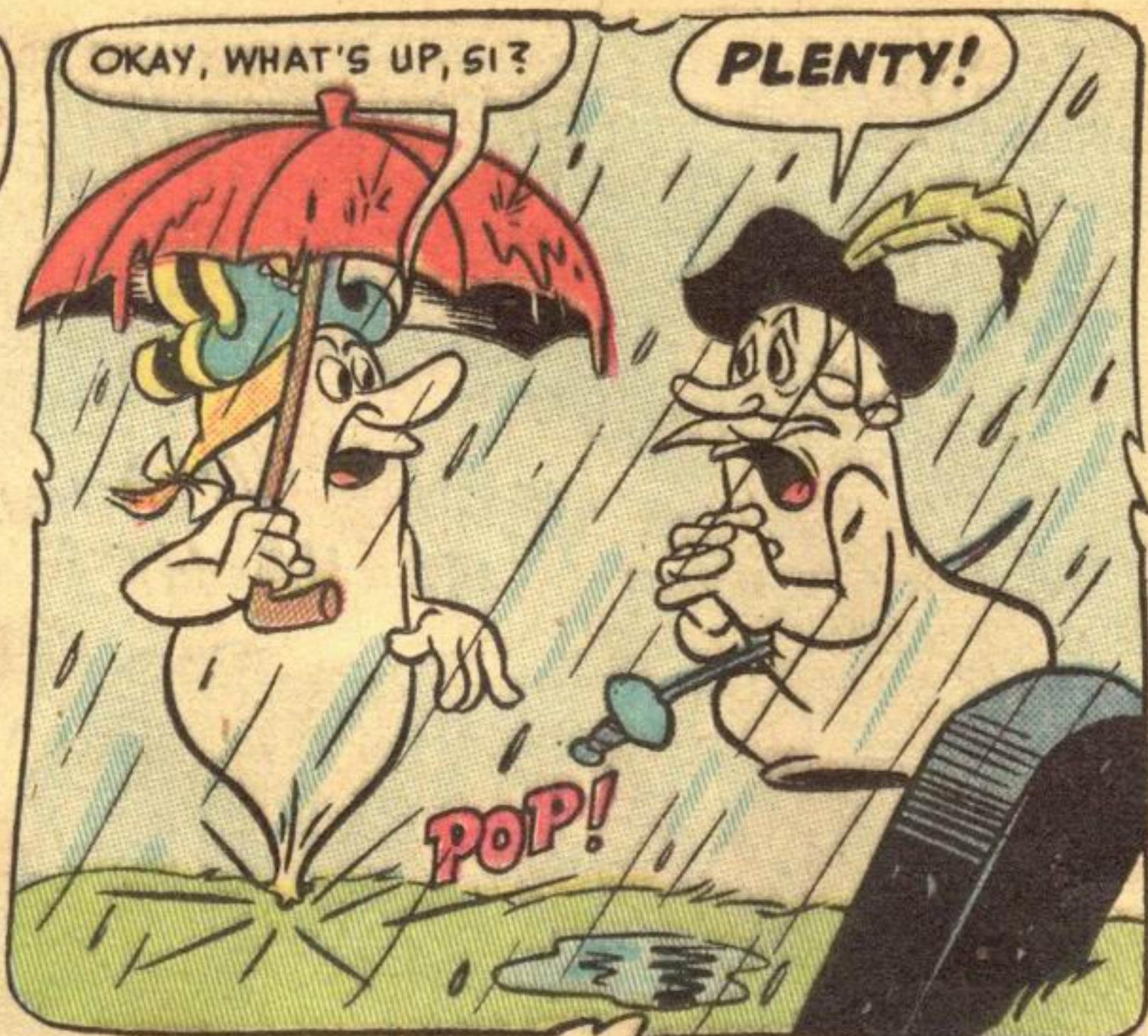
DOGGONE! WHO IS IT? I'M
NOT COMIN' UP THERE IF I
DON'T HAVE TO! IT'S RAINING
PITCHFORKS, AND I MIGHT
CATCH MY LIFE OF
COLD!

THE
BOSS
1652-
1739

IT'S SILAS BRADBUNGER FROM THE OLD MANSION!...IT'S IMPORTANT, BOSS!

WHAT? IT'S SILAS?? WHY, YOU HAVEN'T LEFT THAT PLACE IN 300 YEARS! IT MUST BE IMPORTANT! OKAY, COMING UP!

PLENTY!



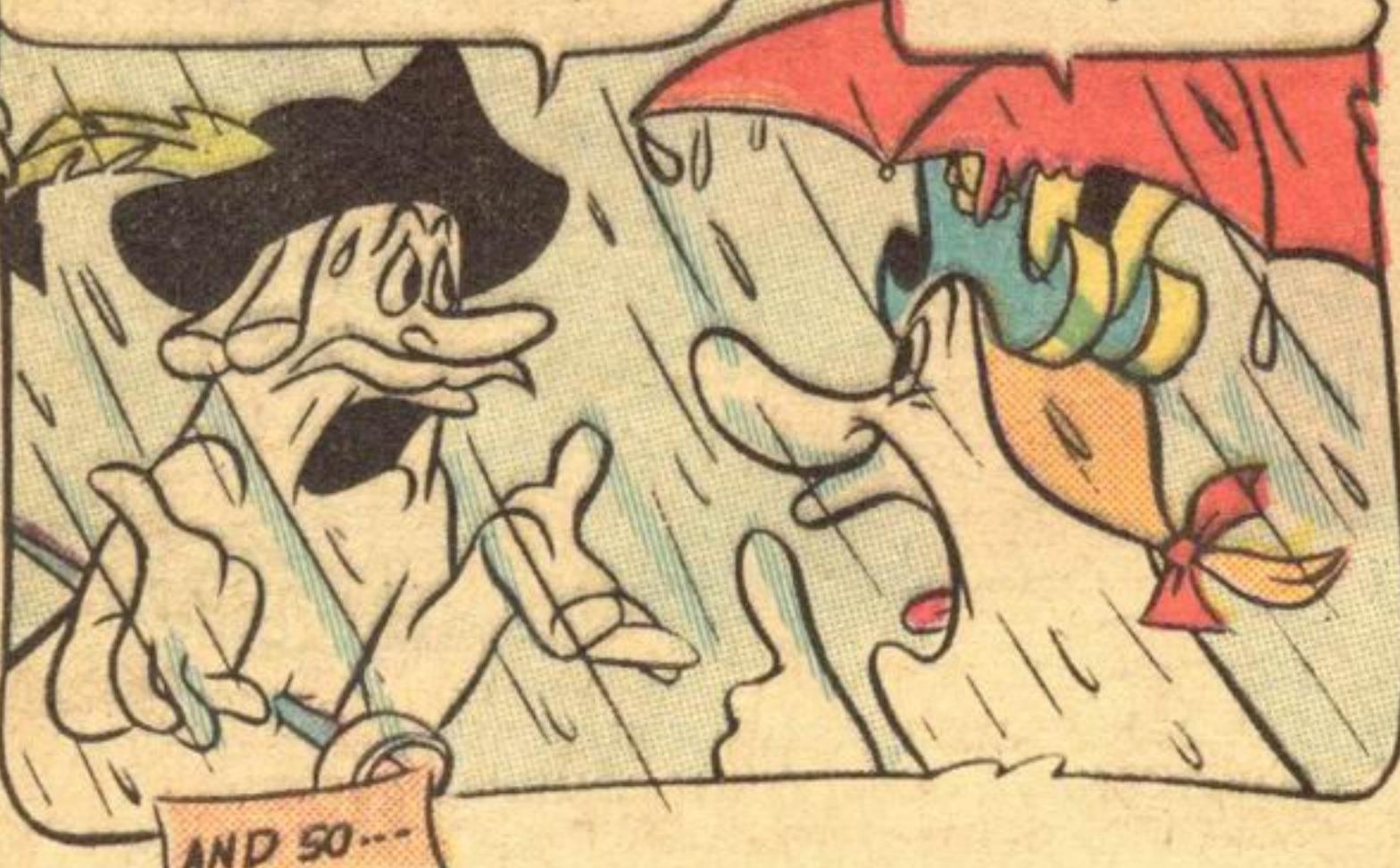
SOME STRANGE GHOST HAS MOVED INTO MY MANSION! IT'S NOT ONE OF OUR BOYS, I'M SURE OF THAT! BOSS, THIS SPOOK IS AWFUL! HE SCARED ME HALF TO DEATH AND HE'S TAKEN OVER MY BELOVED MANSION!

:SOB:

THIS IS SERIOUS! THAT MANSION HAS BEEN OUR EXCLUSIVE HAUNTING PROPERTY FOR 300 YEARS... AND NOW SOME UNKNOWN SPECTRE WITH THE ABILITY TO SCARE ANOTHER GHOST HAS MOVED IN!

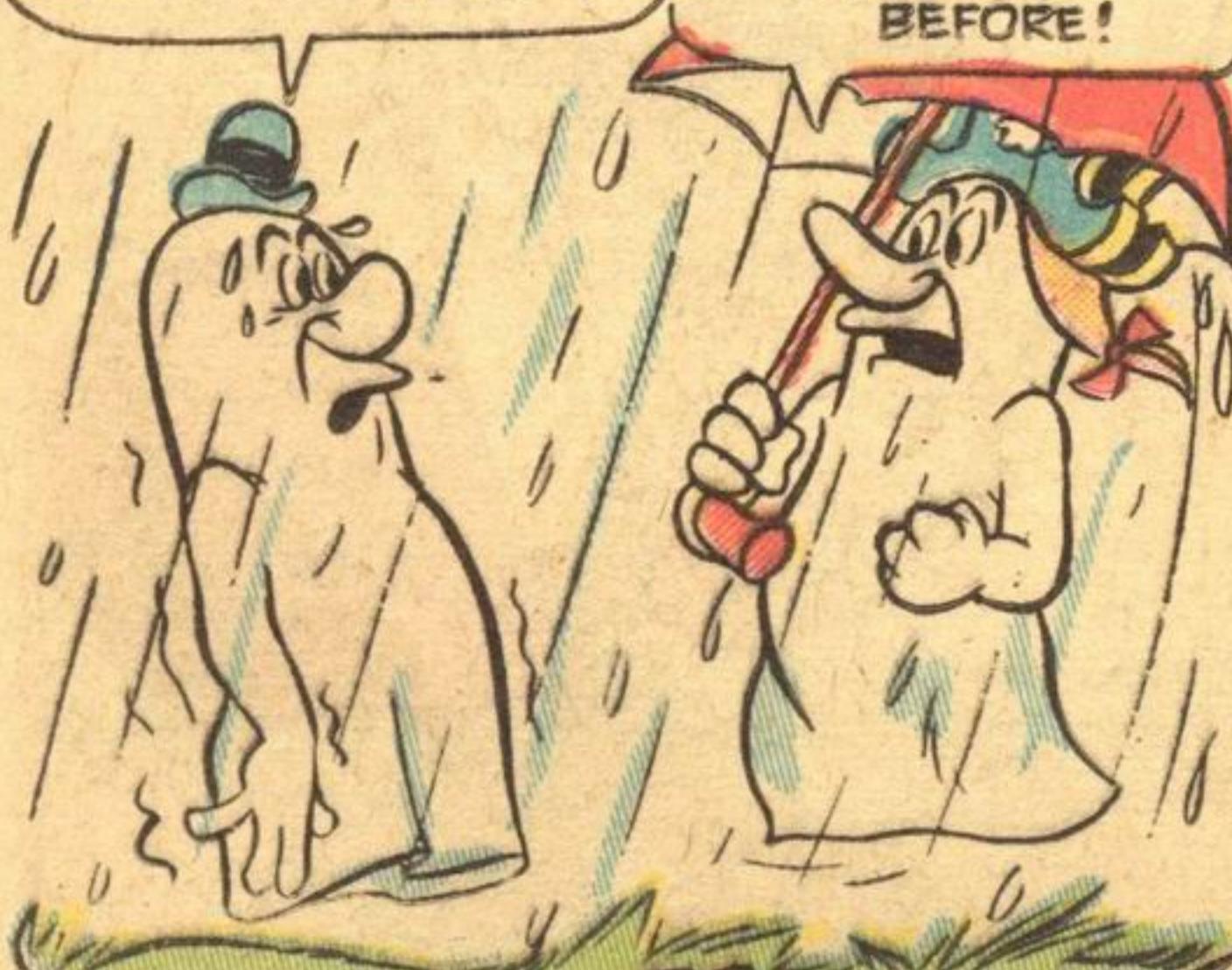
BOSS, THAT SPOOK DOES THINGS WE BOYS DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO DO... AND I WOULDN'T GO BACK THERE FOR ANYTHING!

WELL SOMEBODY'S GOT TO, AND THE GHOST TO DO IT IS SPENCER SPOOK!

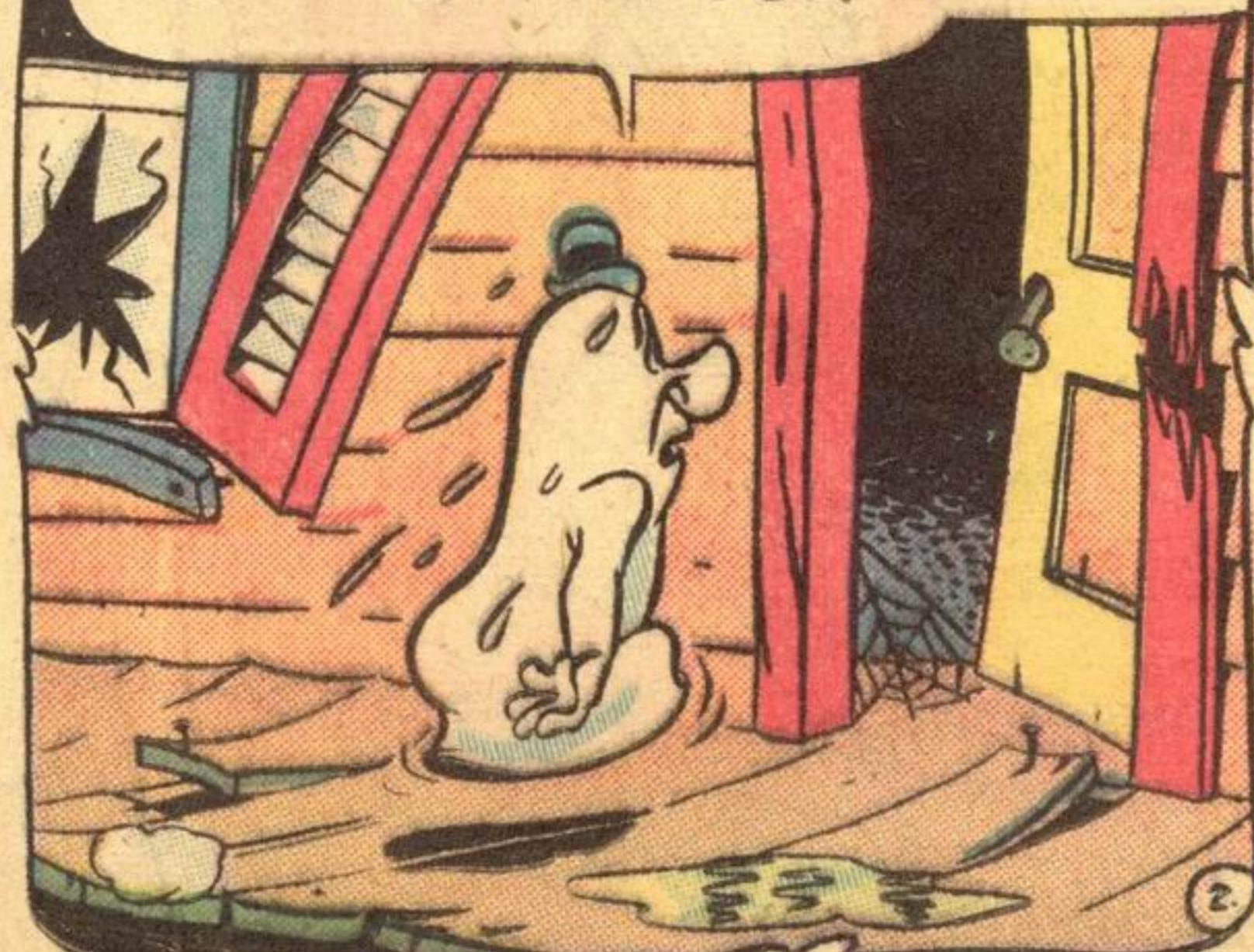


:GULP: WHATEVER IT IS, IT MUST BE PRETTY TERRIBLE TO BE ABLE TO CHASE SILAS AWAY AFTER SO MANY YEARS! BUT I'LL DO MY BEST TO GET RID OF IT, BOSS!

GOOD GHOST, SPENCE! THIS WHOLE THING IS VERY MYSTERIOUS! I'VE NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING HAPPENING BEFORE!



G-GOLLY! I KNOW EVERY GHOST IN THE UNITED STATES AND THEY ALL BELONG TO OUR OUTFIT! I-I WONDER WHAT OR WHO IT CAN BE!... WELL, I'LL SOON FIND OUT... FOR IN I GO!



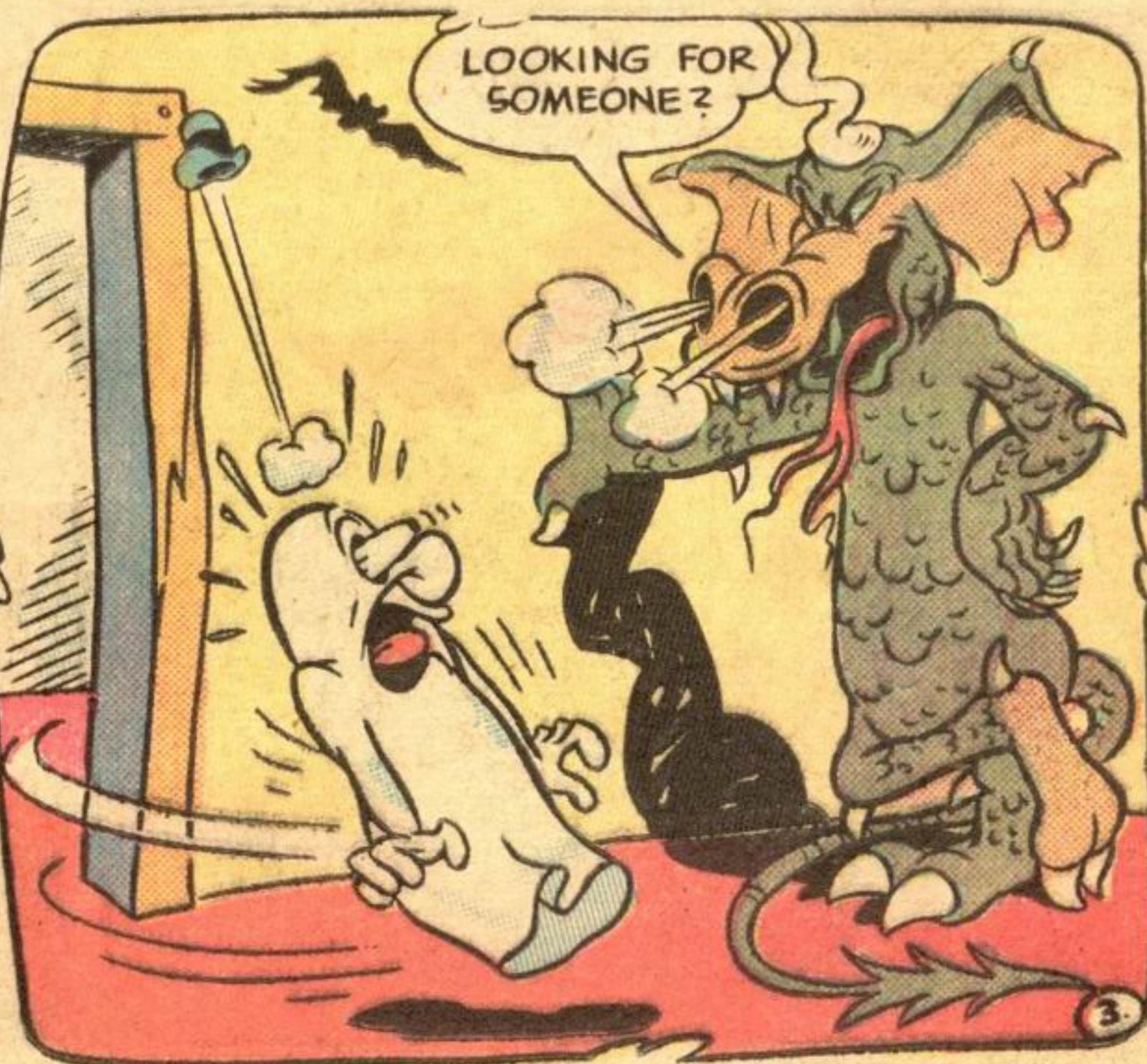
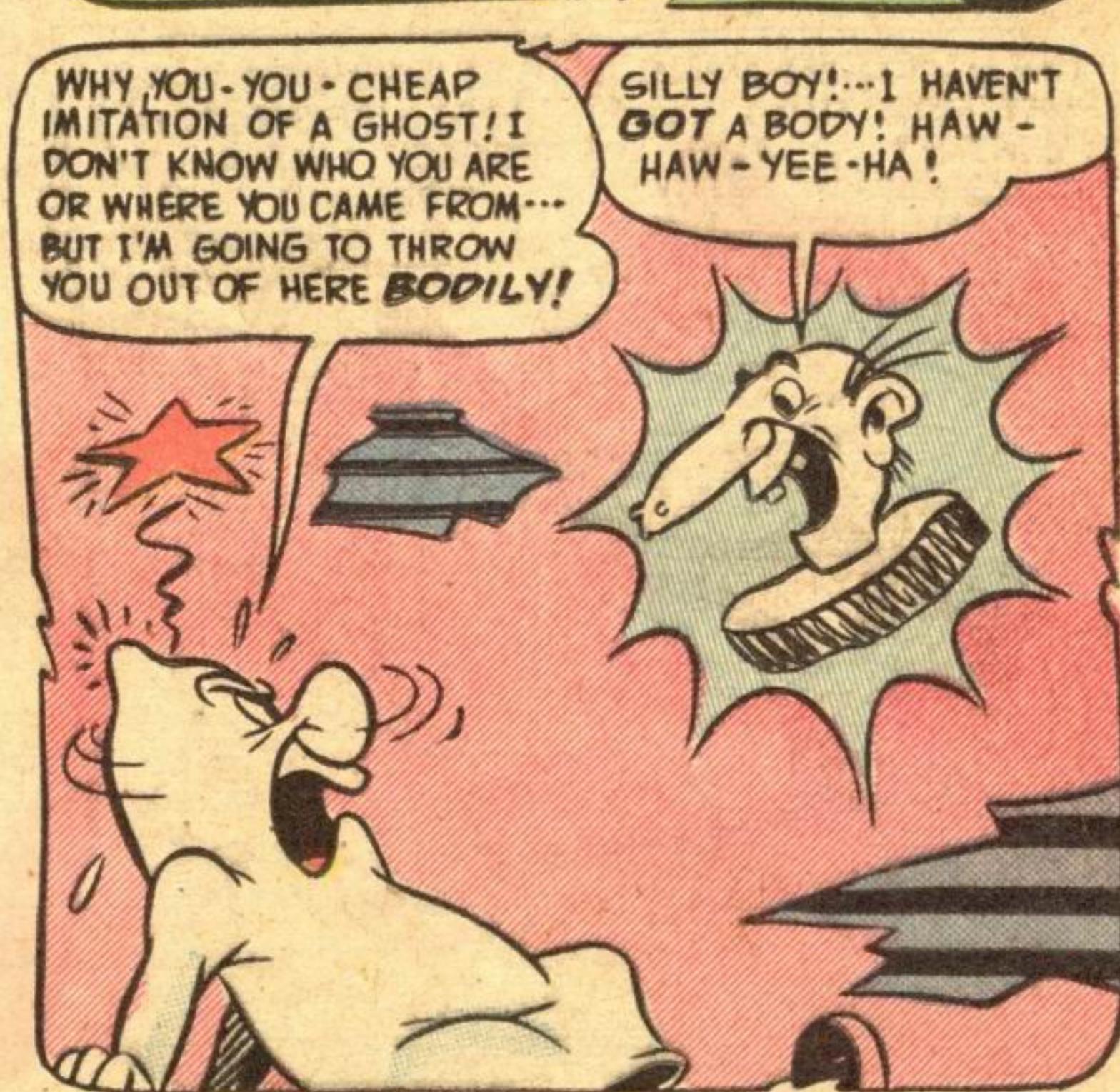
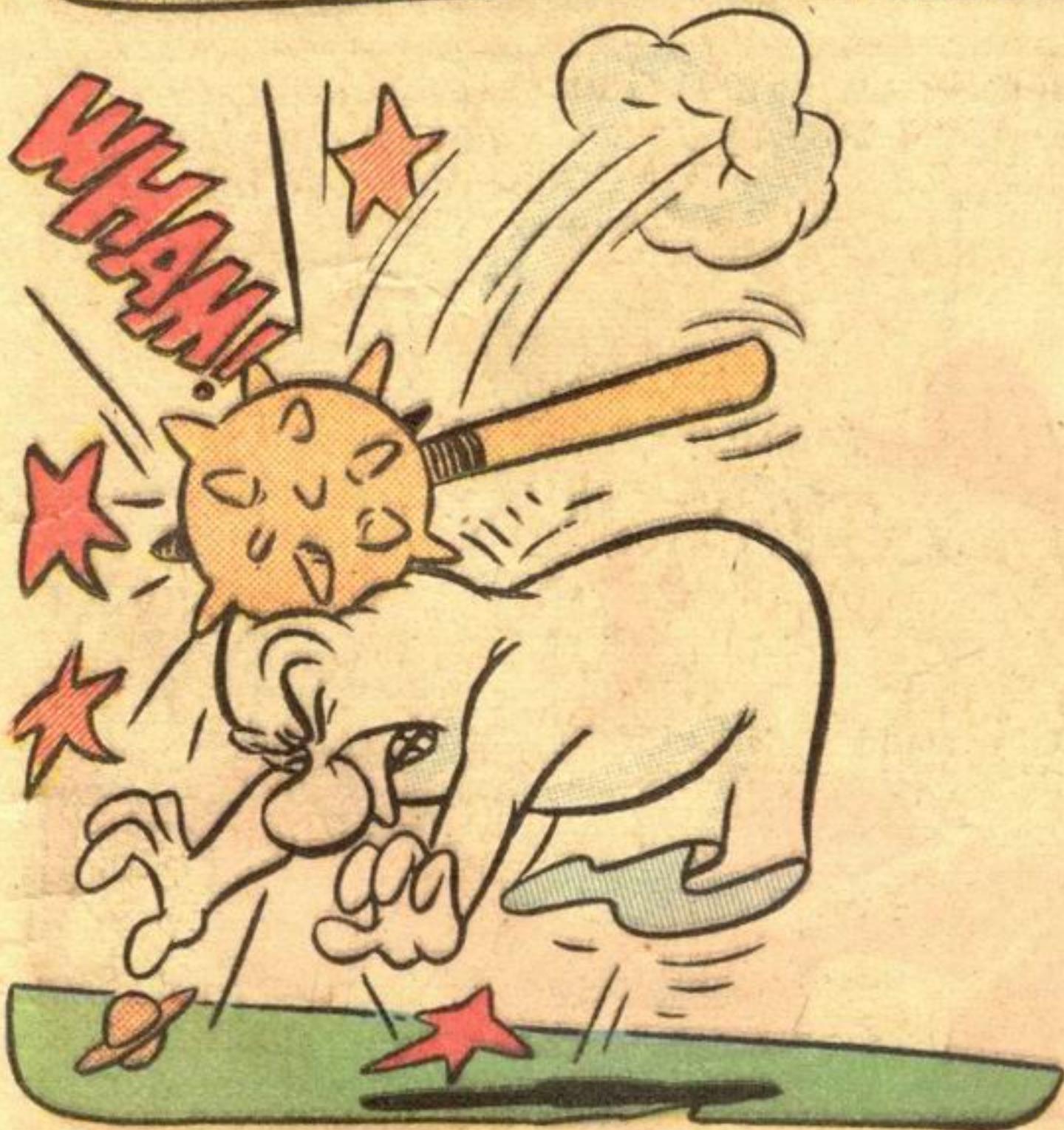
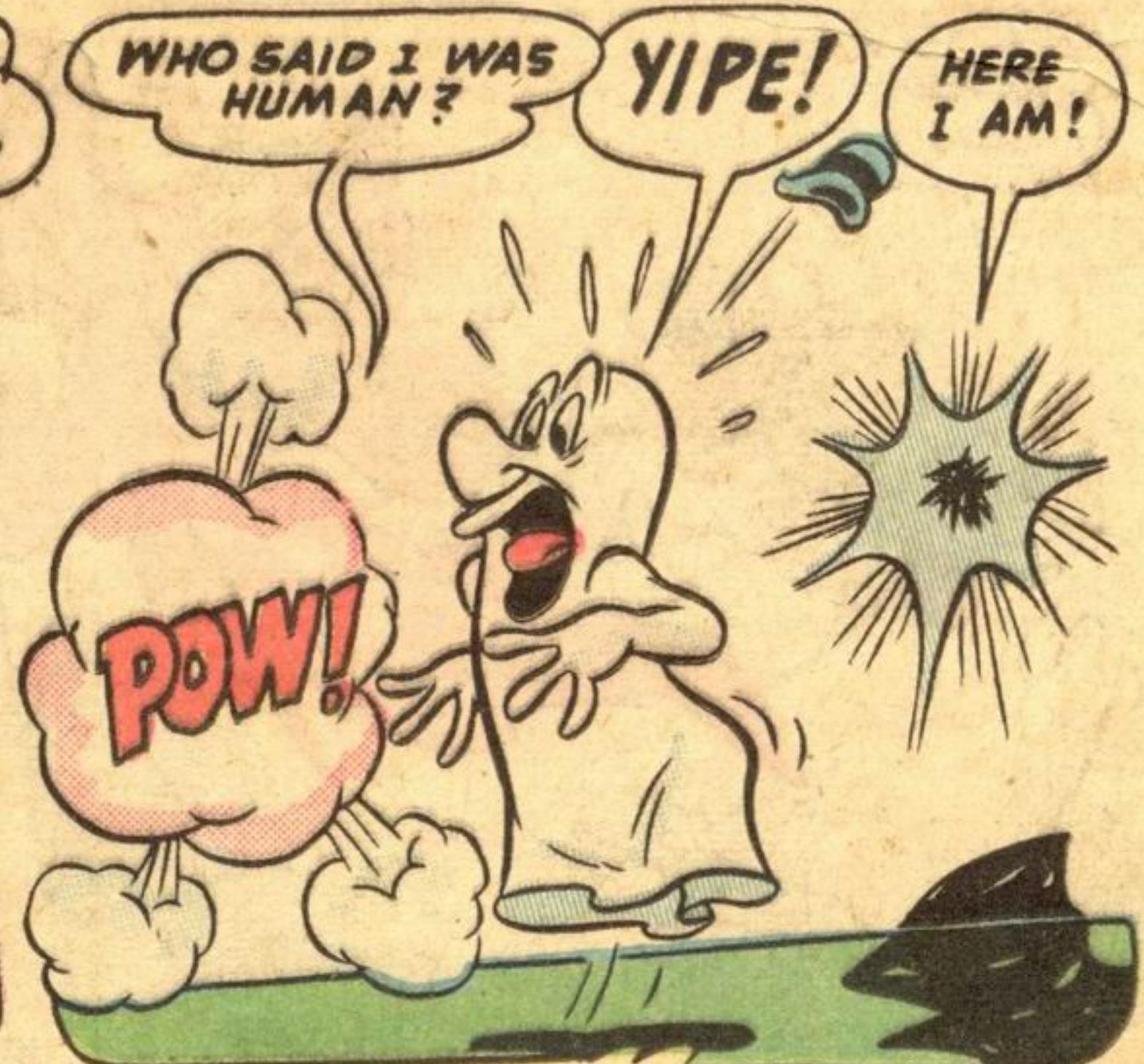
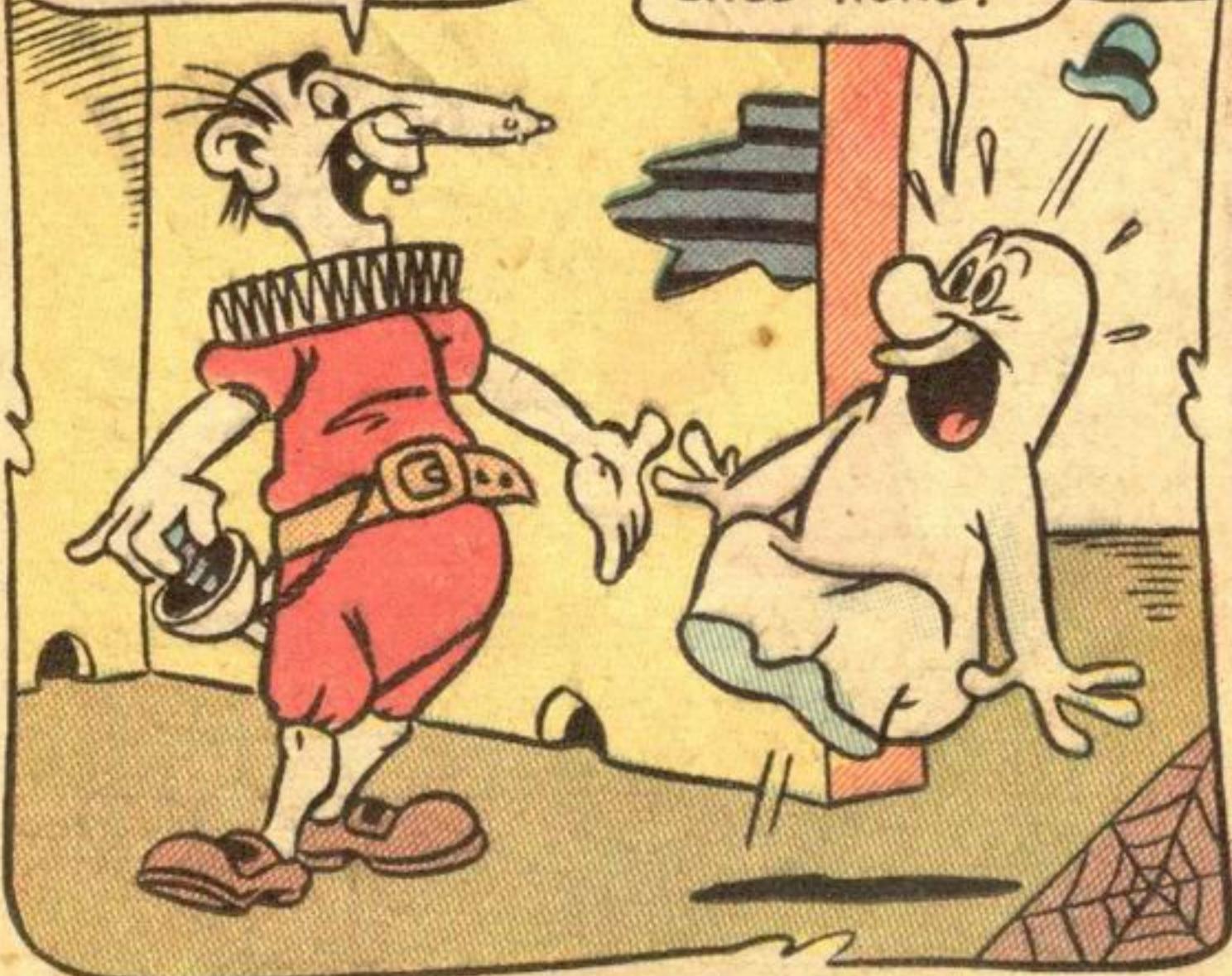
WELCOME TO MARIBELLE MANSION! YOU'RE A GHOST, I PRESUME?

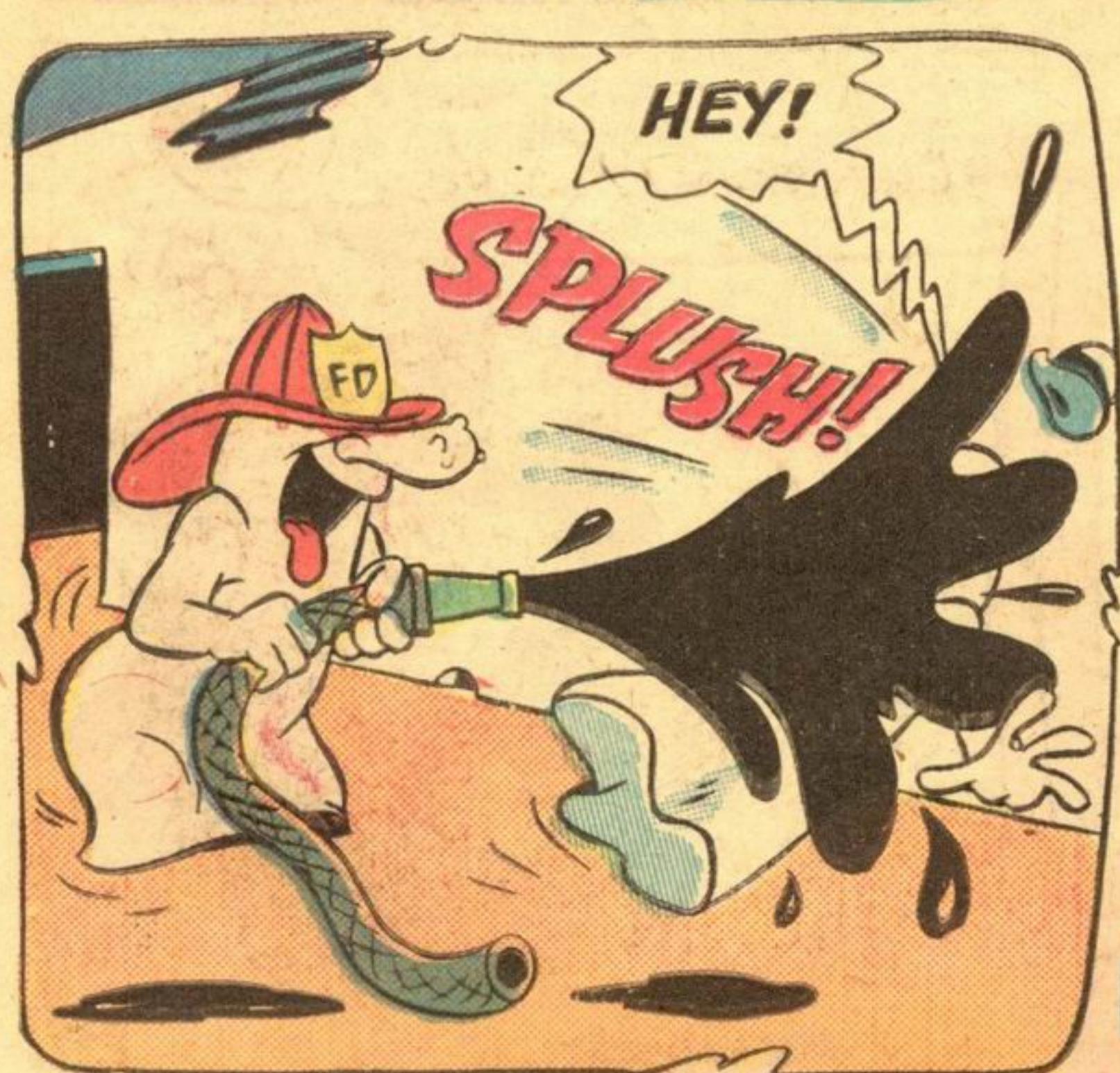
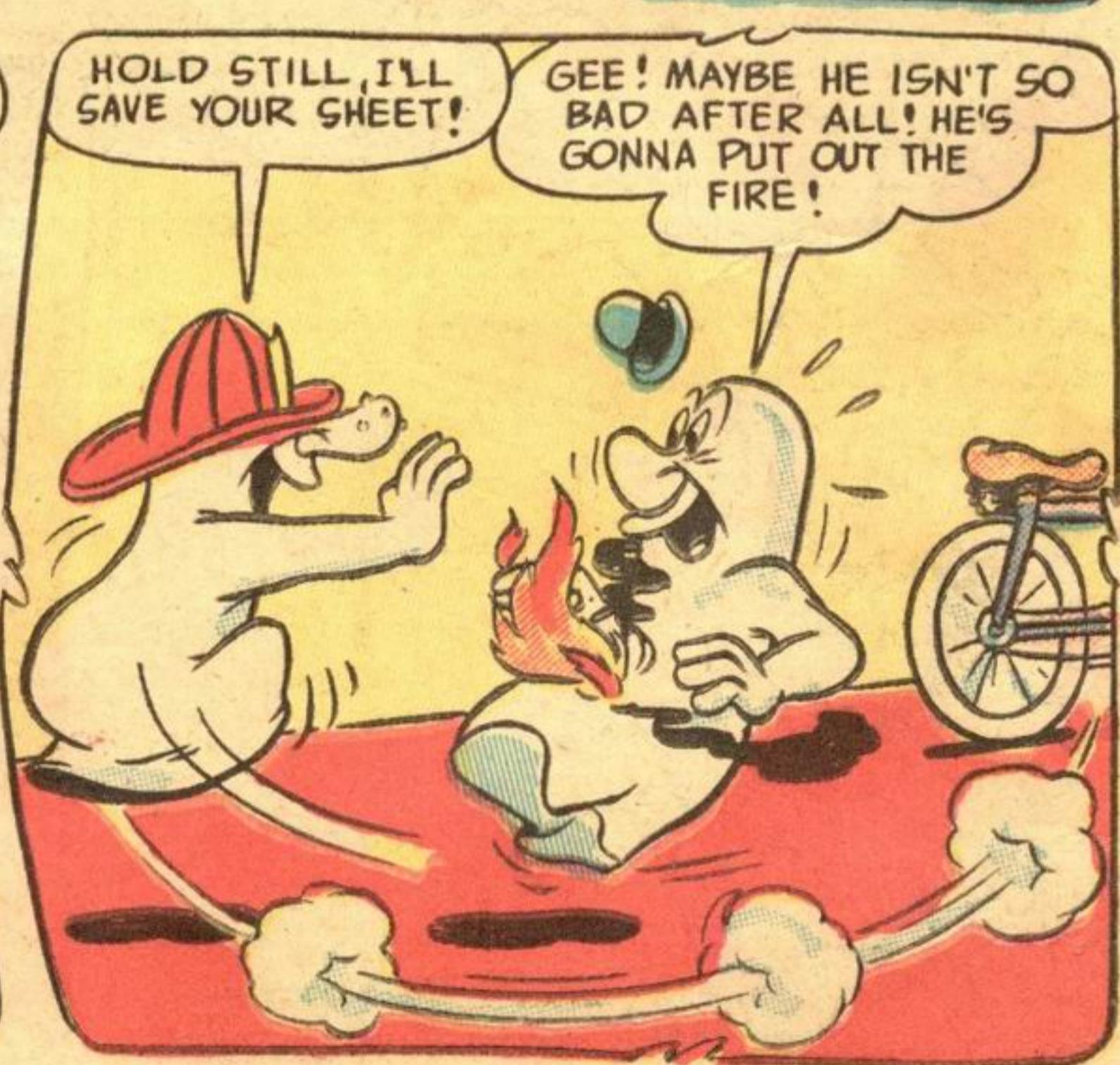
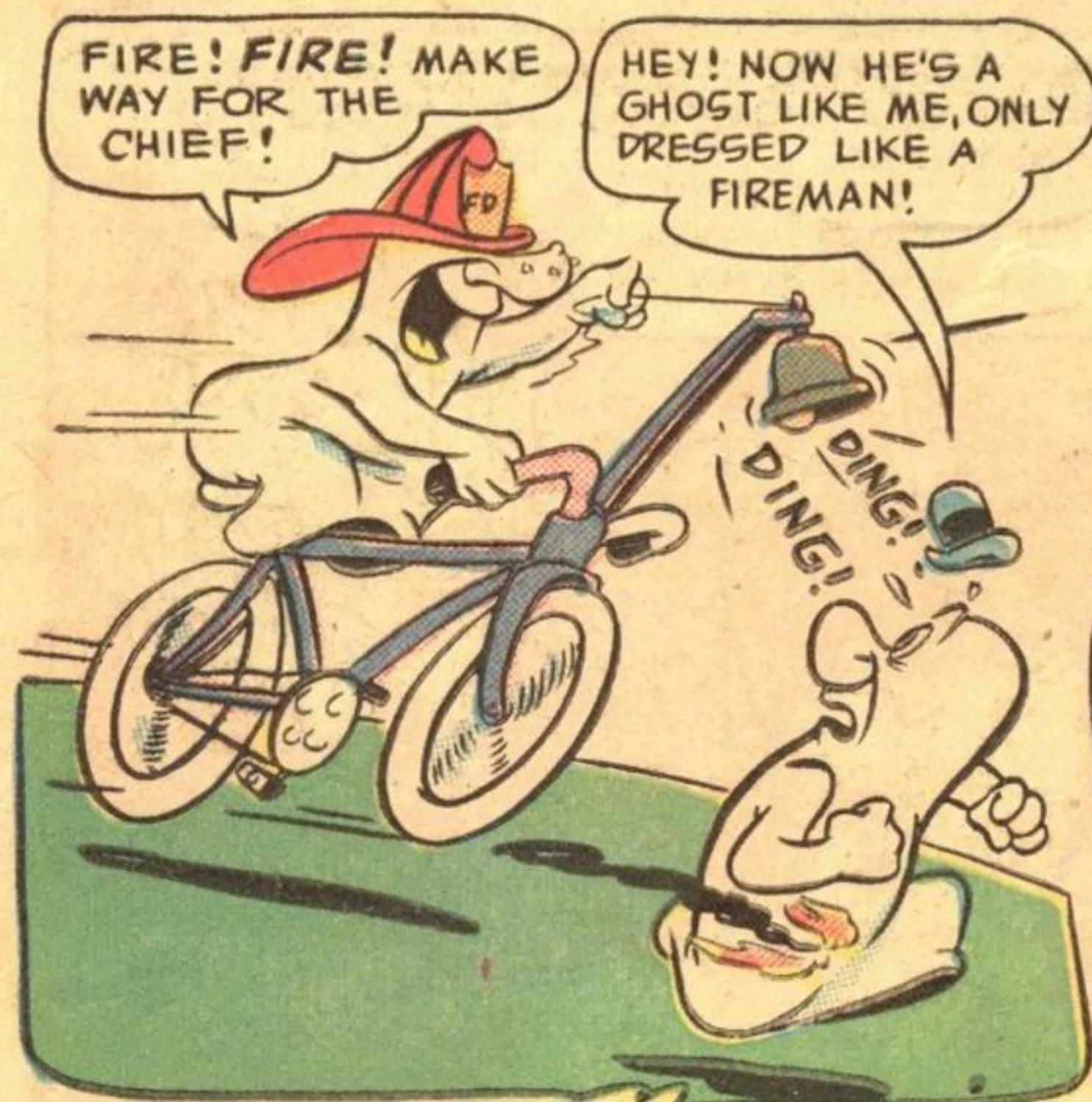
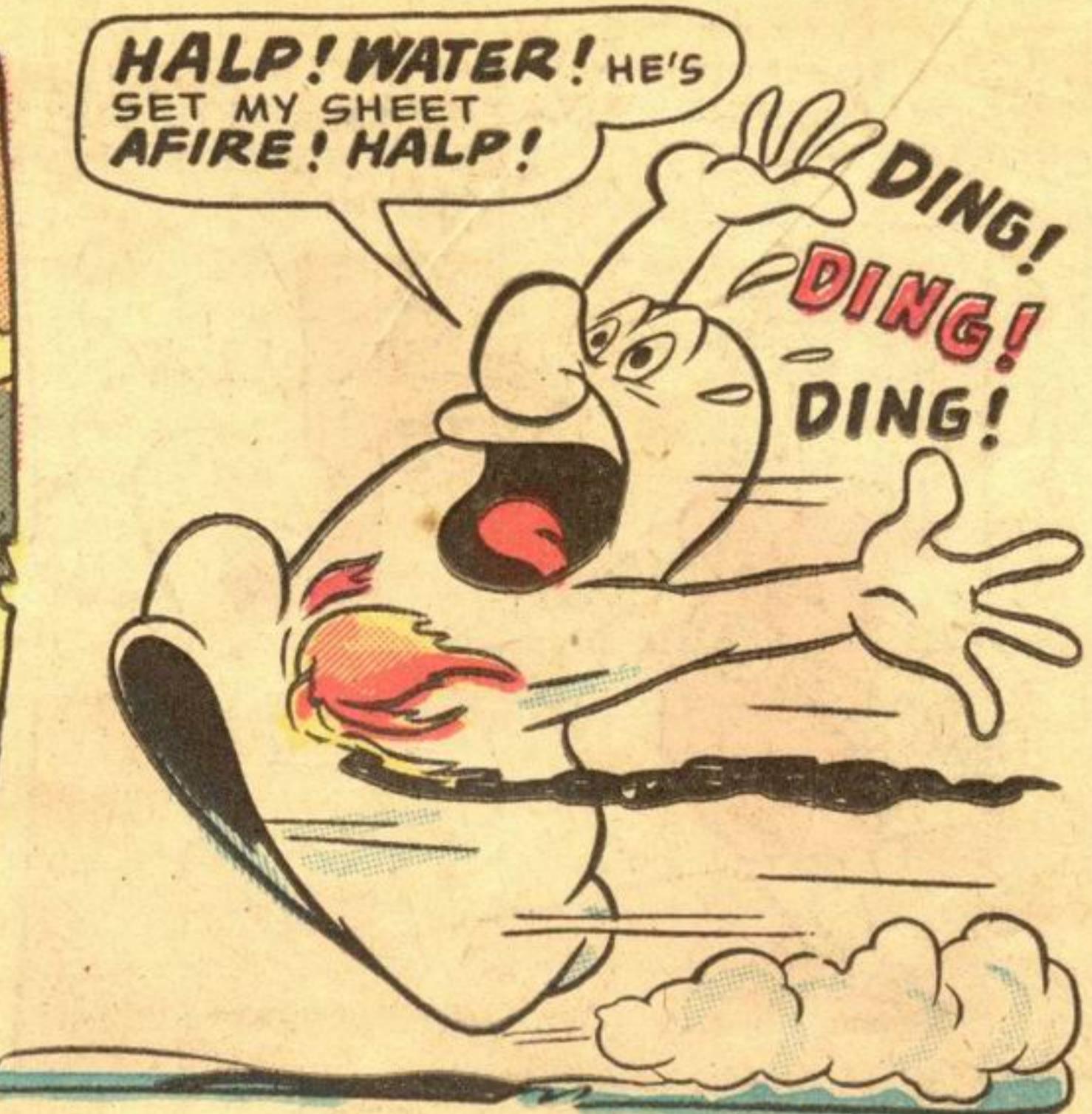
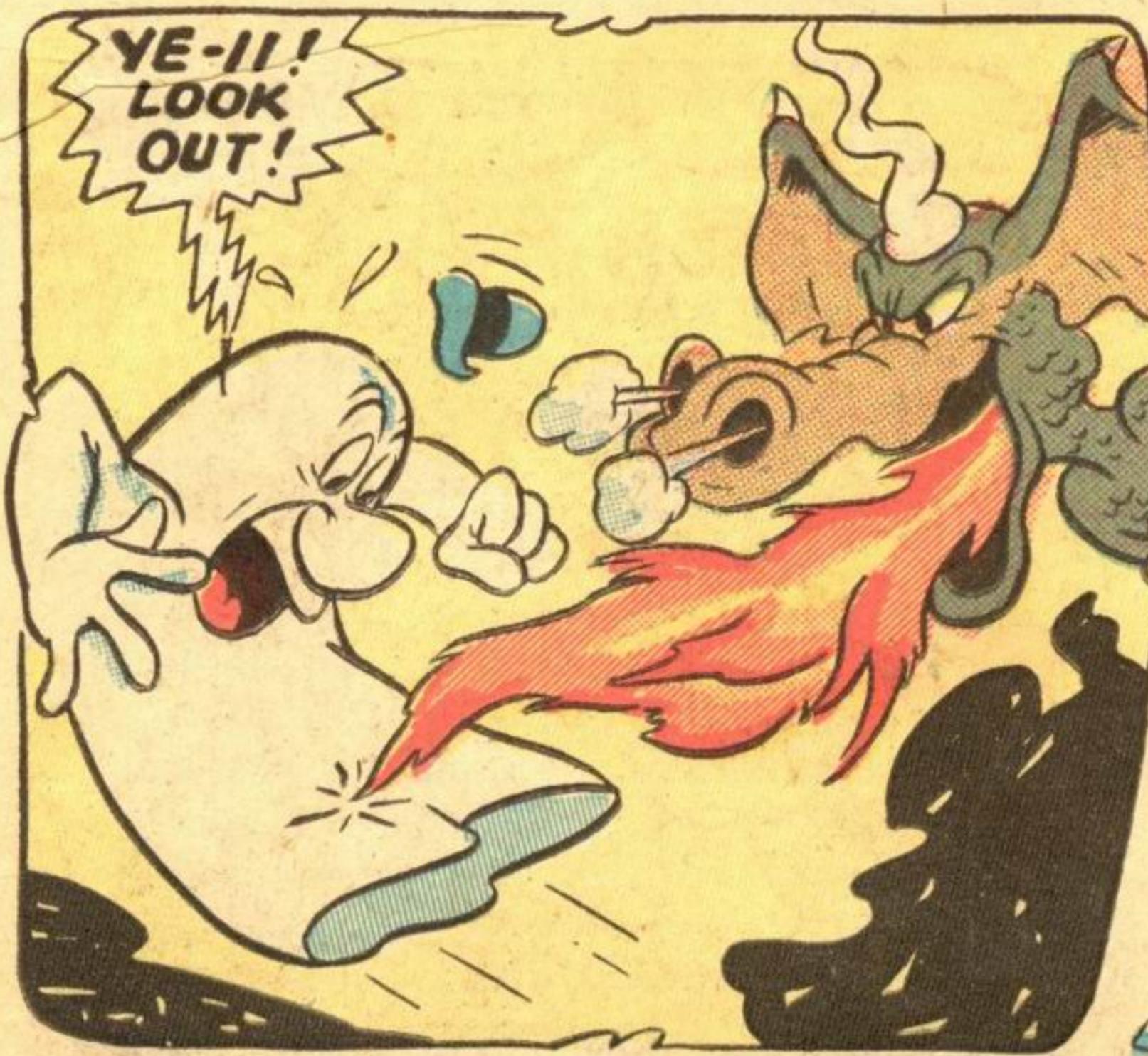
WHAT TH' ??? ER-AH, YEAH! I'M A GHOST, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW ANY HUMANS LIVED HERE!

WHO SAID I WAS HUMAN?

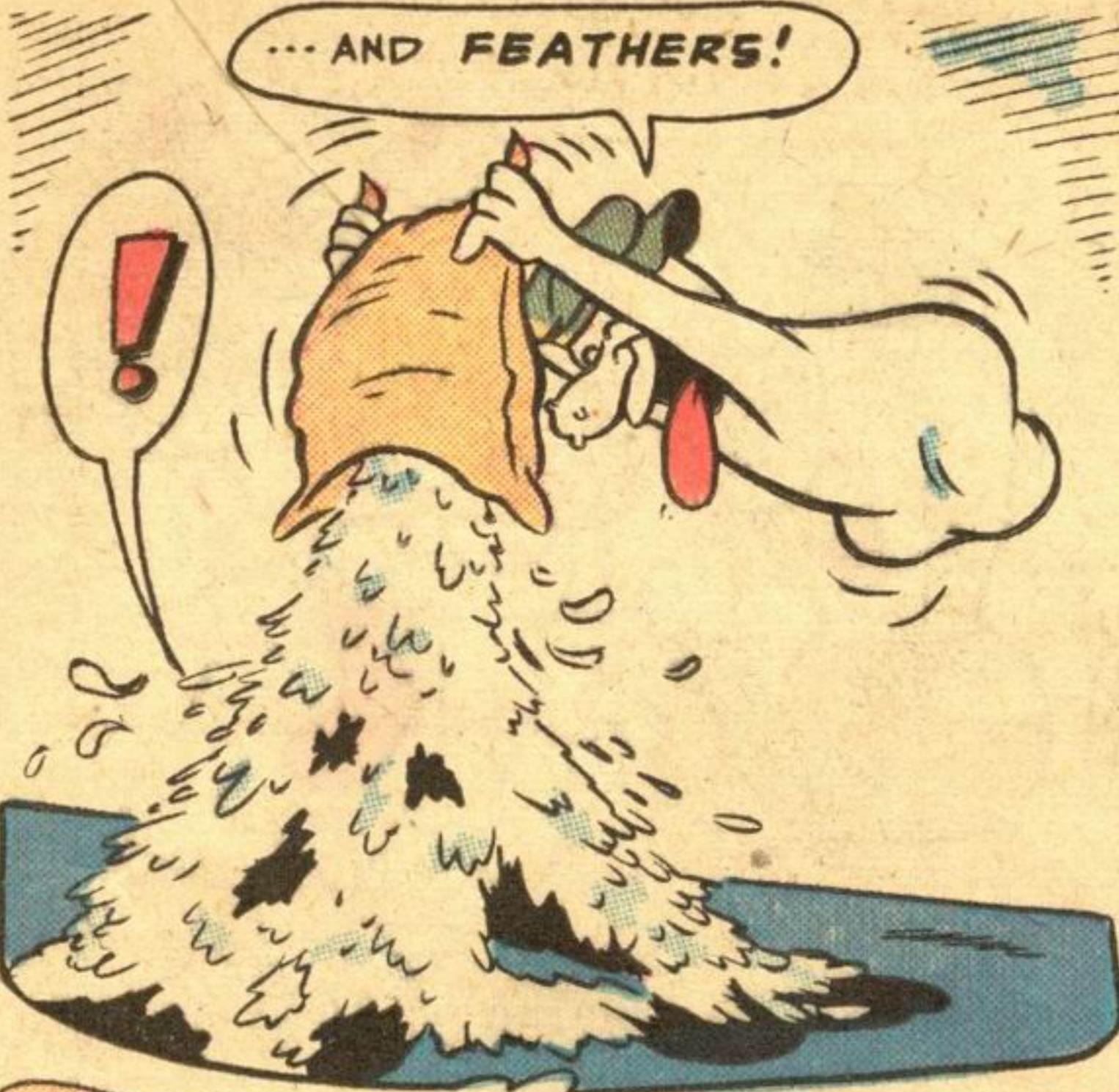
YIPE!

HERE I AM!



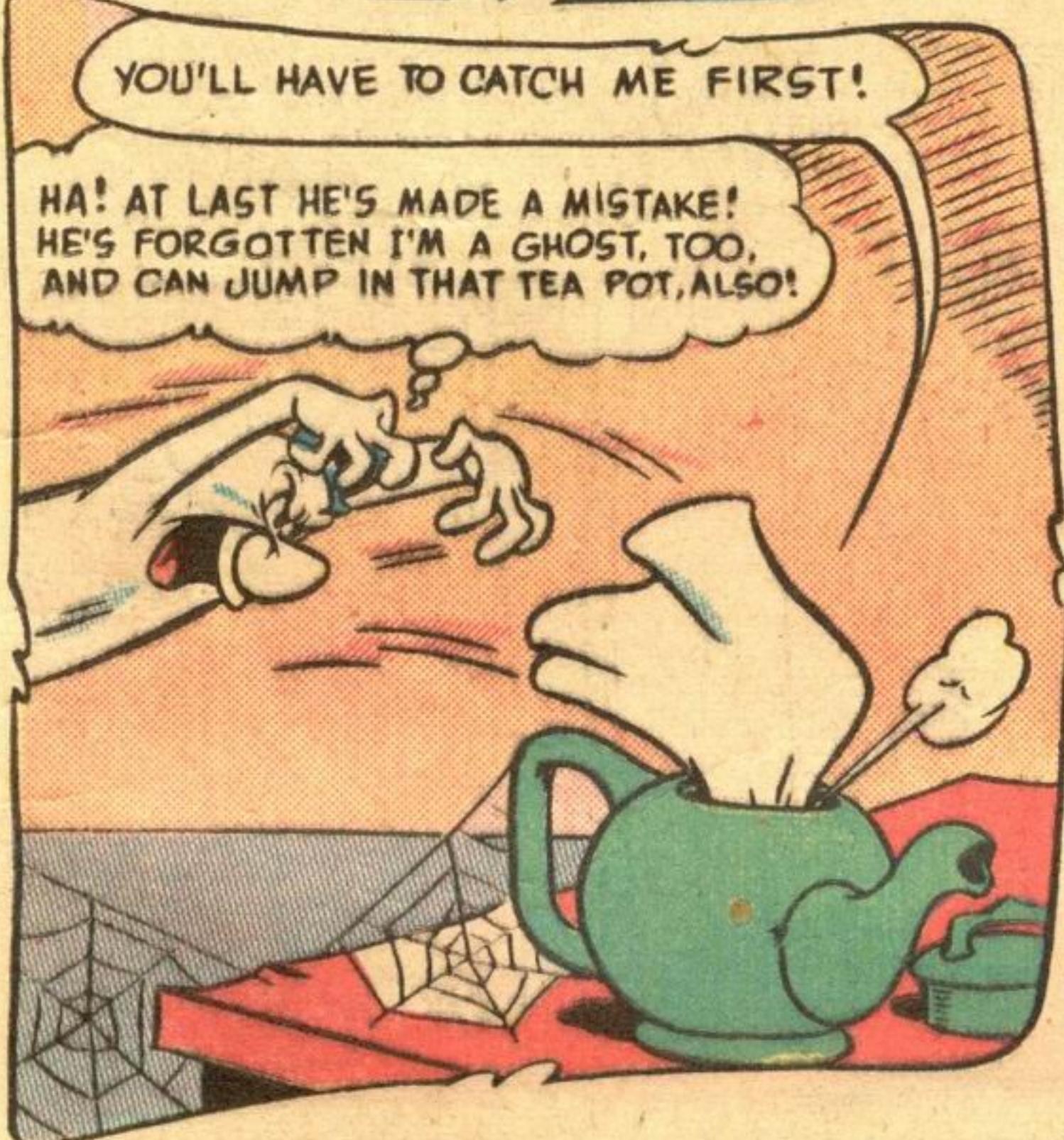


...AND FEATHERS!



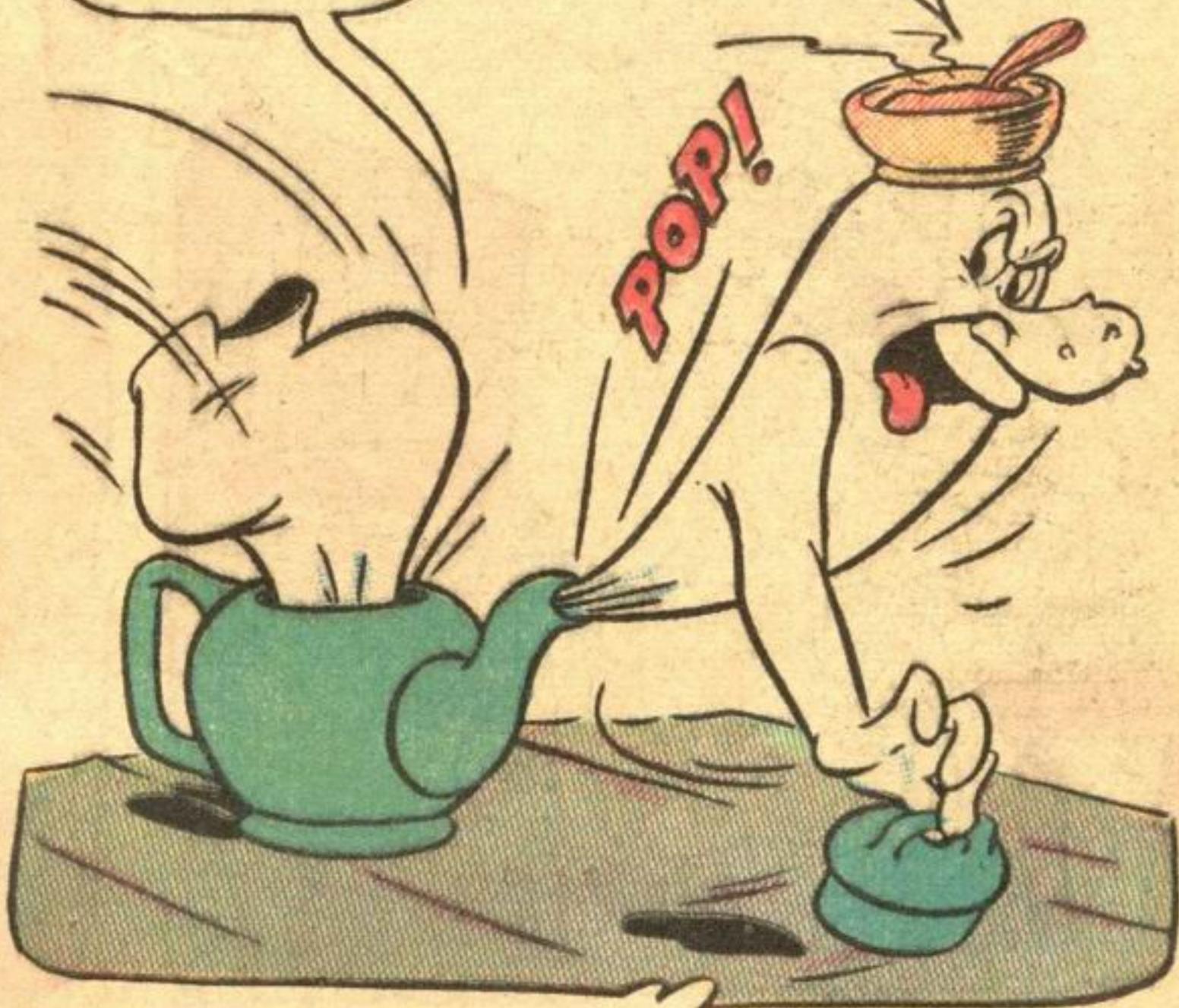
YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST!

HA! AT LAST HE'S MADE A MISTAKE!
HE'S FORGOTTEN I'M A GHOST, TOO,
AND CAN JUMP IN THAT TEA POT, ALSO!

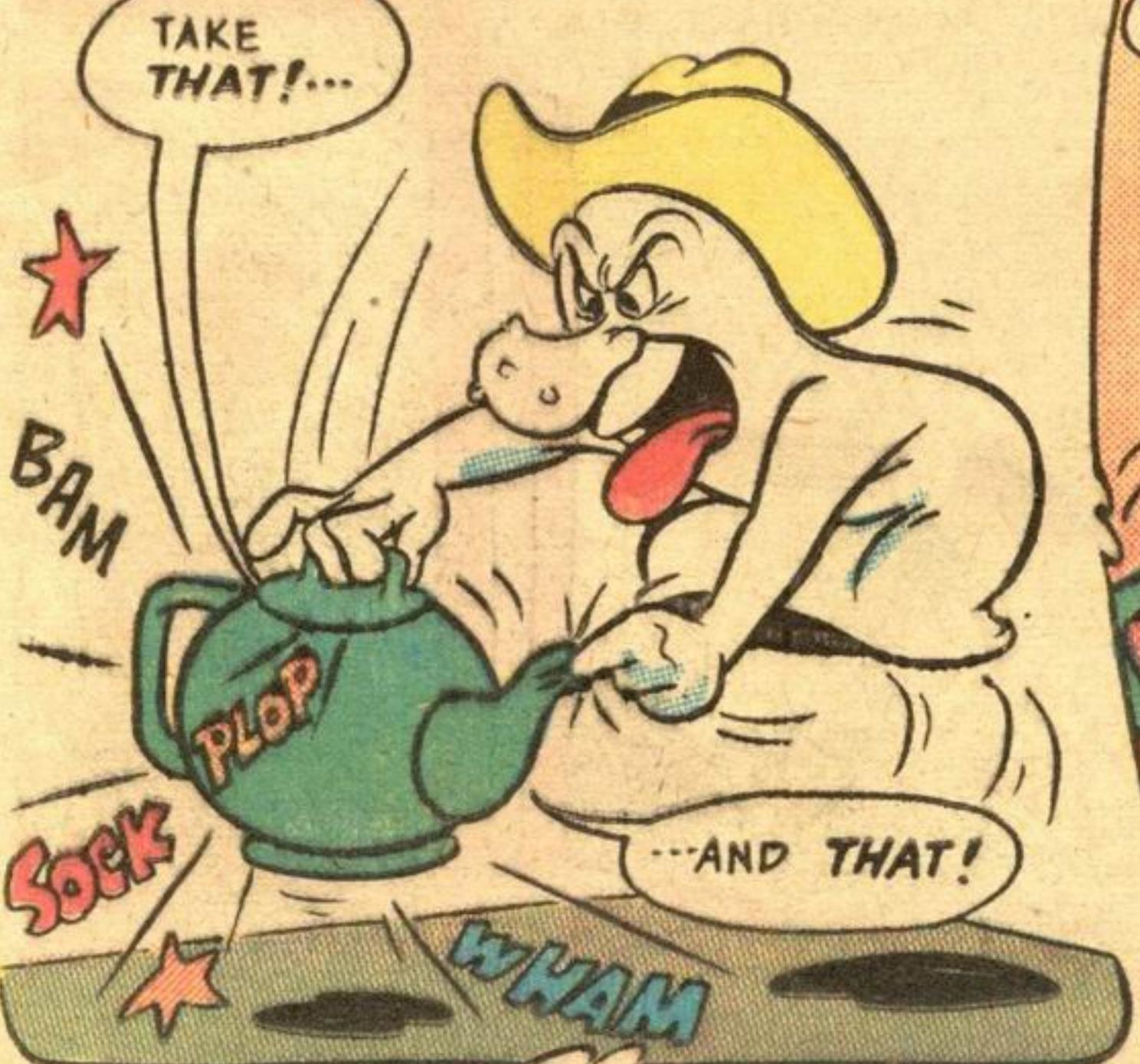


NOW I'VE GOTCHA CORNERED
AND I'M GONNA GIVE YOU
WHAT FOR!

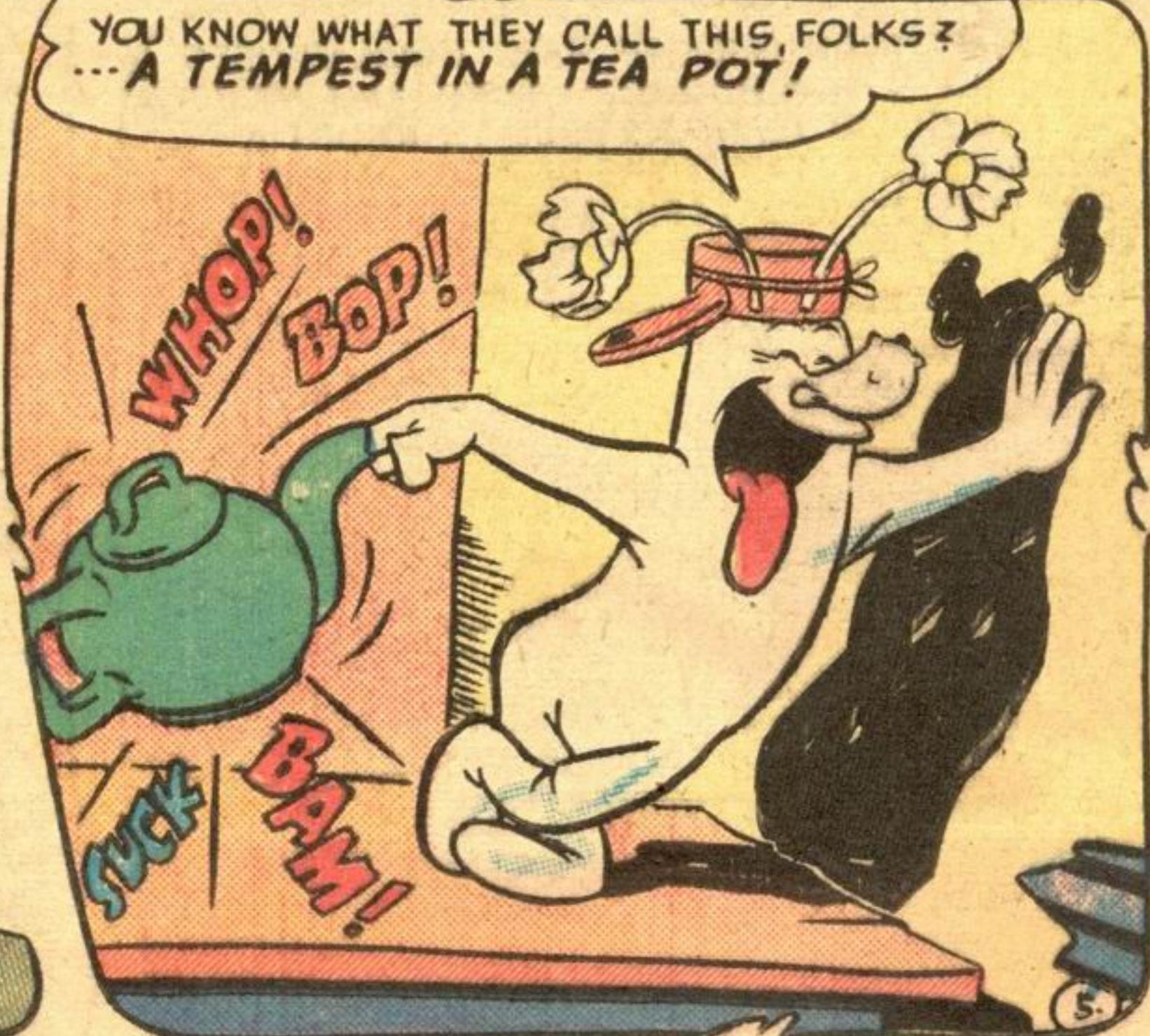
HEH-
HEH!



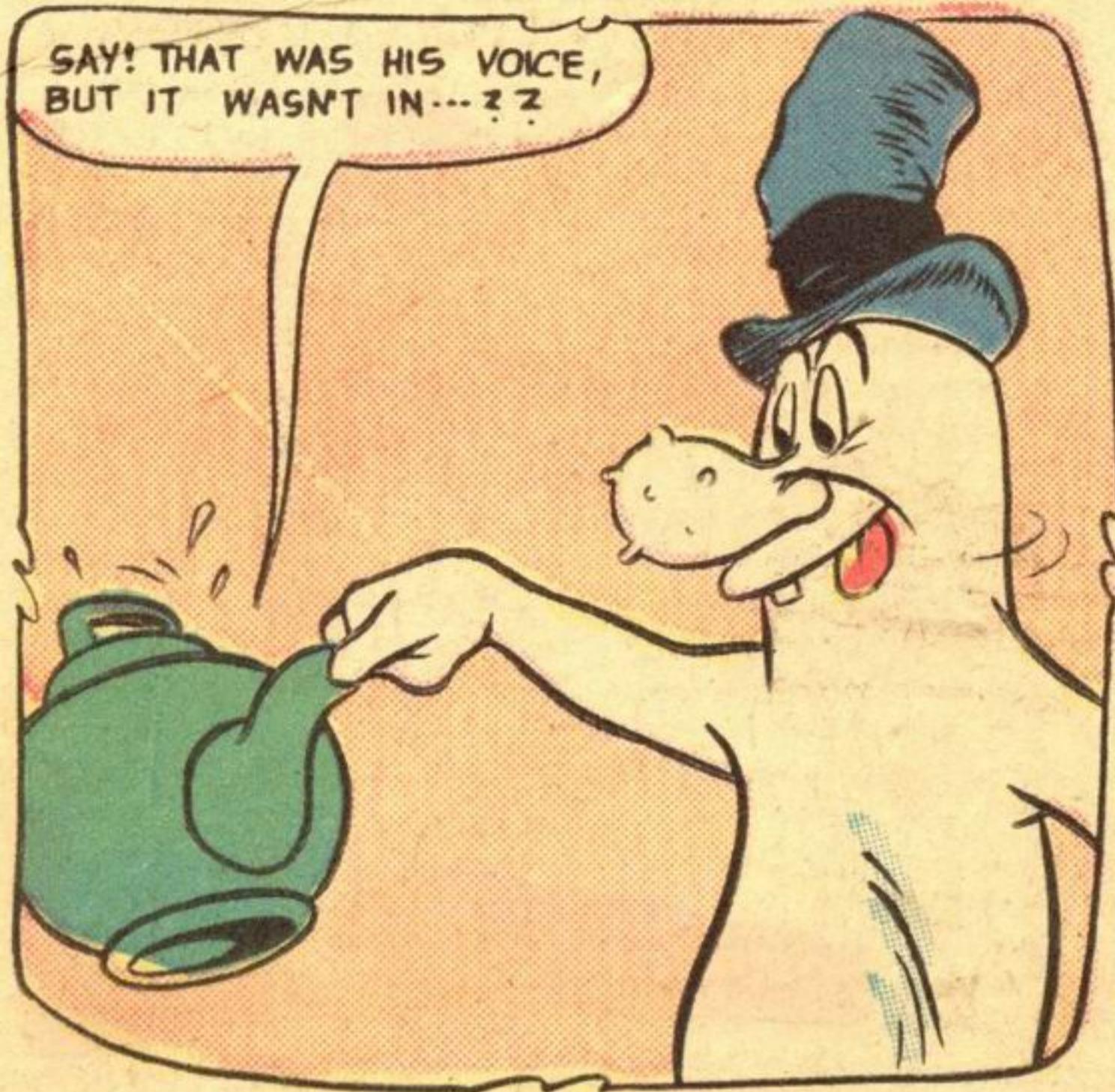
TAKE
THAT!...



YOU KNOW WHAT THEY CALL THIS, FOLKS?
...A TEMPEST IN A TEA POT!

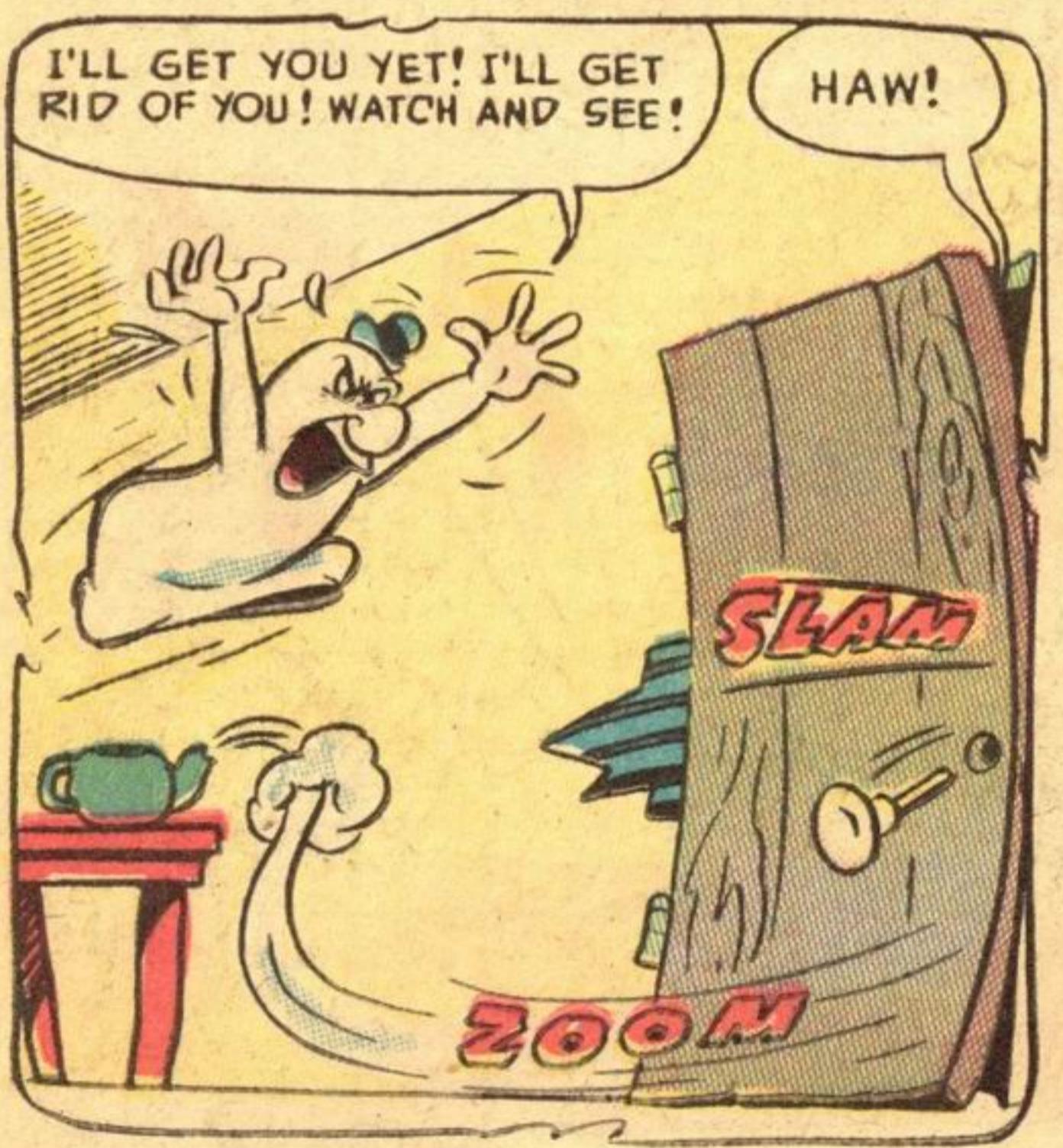


SAY! THAT WAS HIS VOICE,
BUT IT WASN'T IN... ??



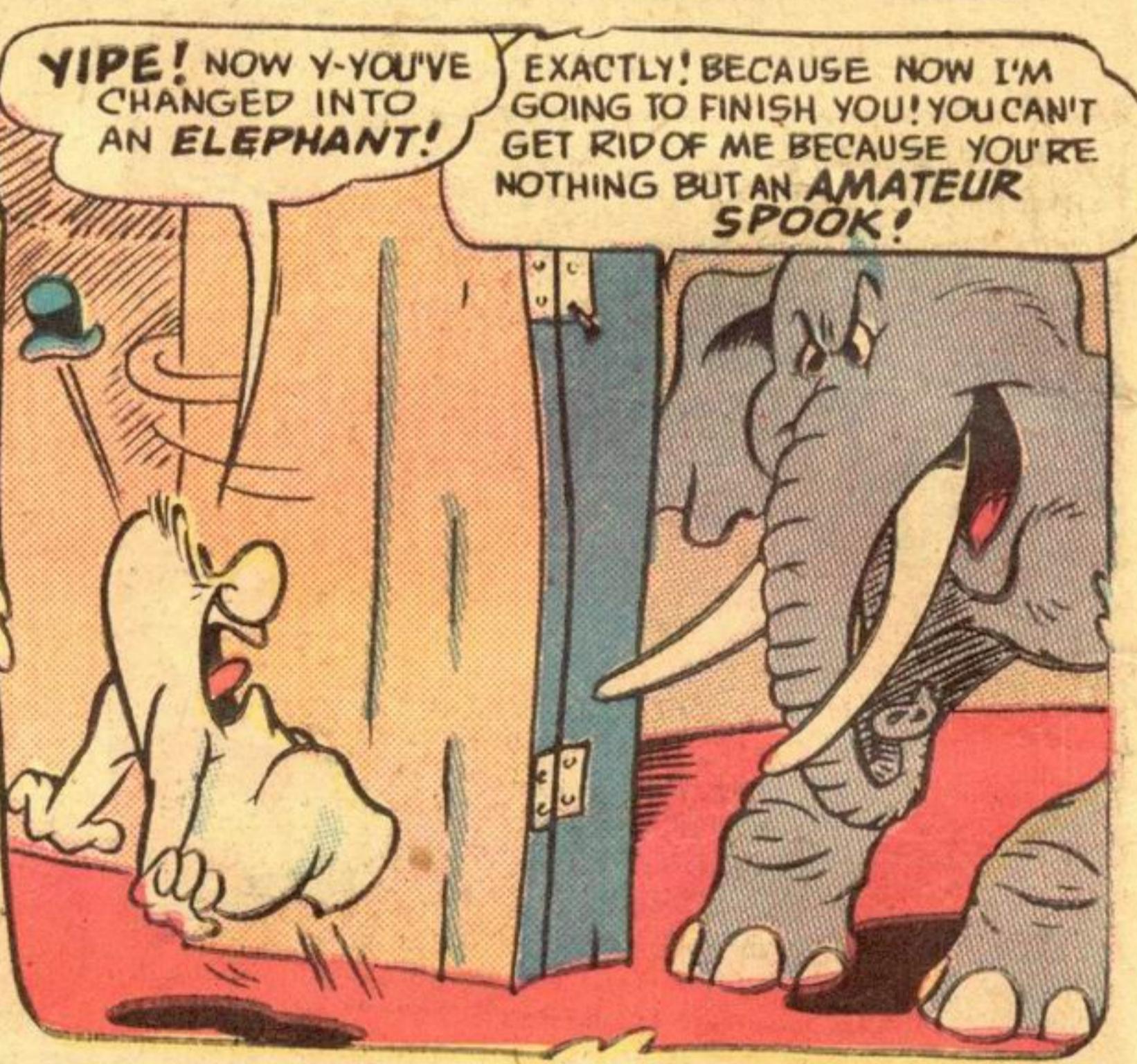
I'LL GET YOU YET! I'LL GET RID OF YOU! WATCH AND SEE!

HAW!



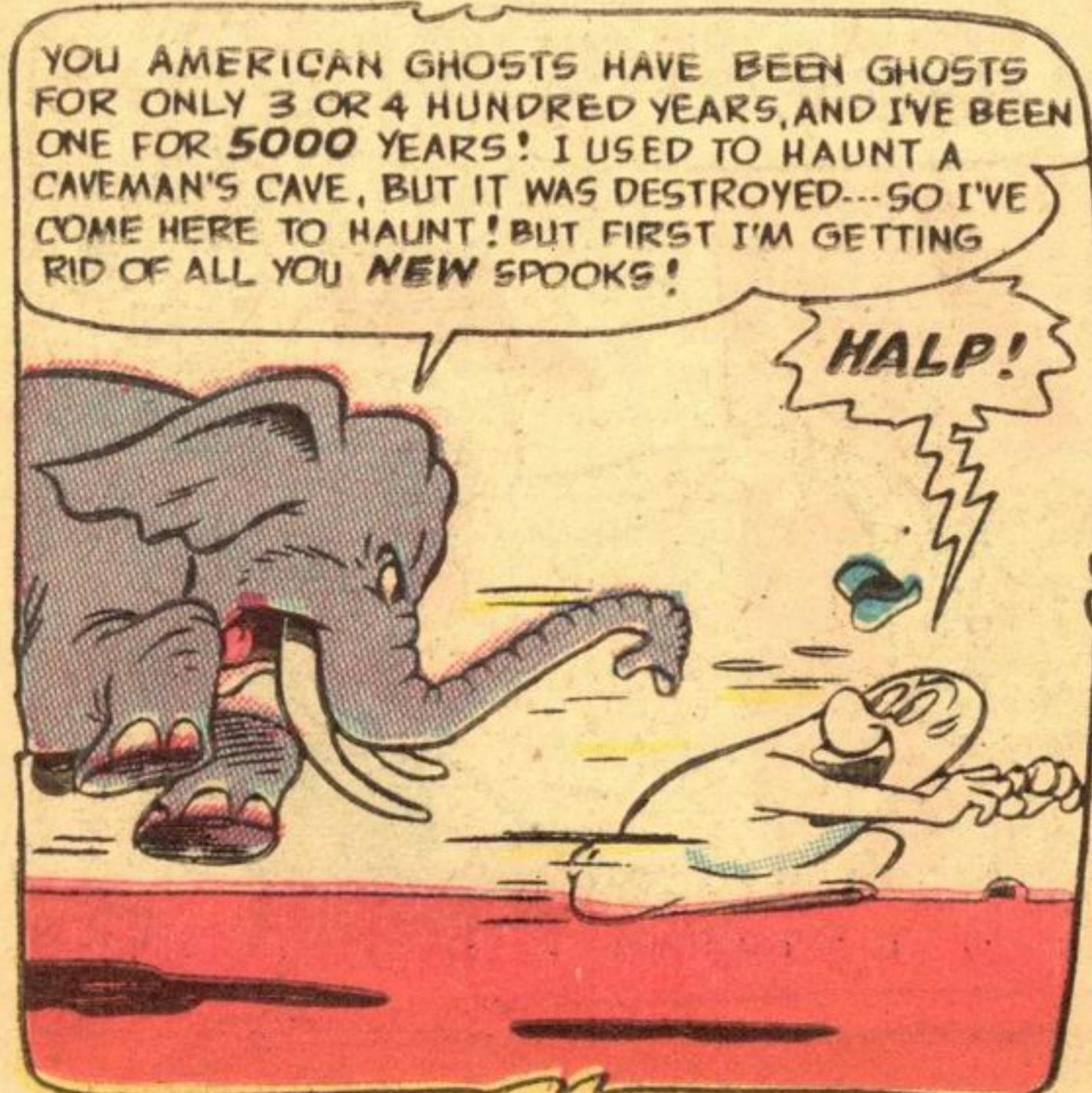
YIPE! NOW Y-YOU'VE CHANGED INTO AN ELEPHANT!

EXACTLY! BECAUSE NOW I'M GOING TO FINISH YOU! YOU CAN'T GET RID OF ME BECAUSE YOU'RE NOTHING BUT AN AMATEUR SPOOK!

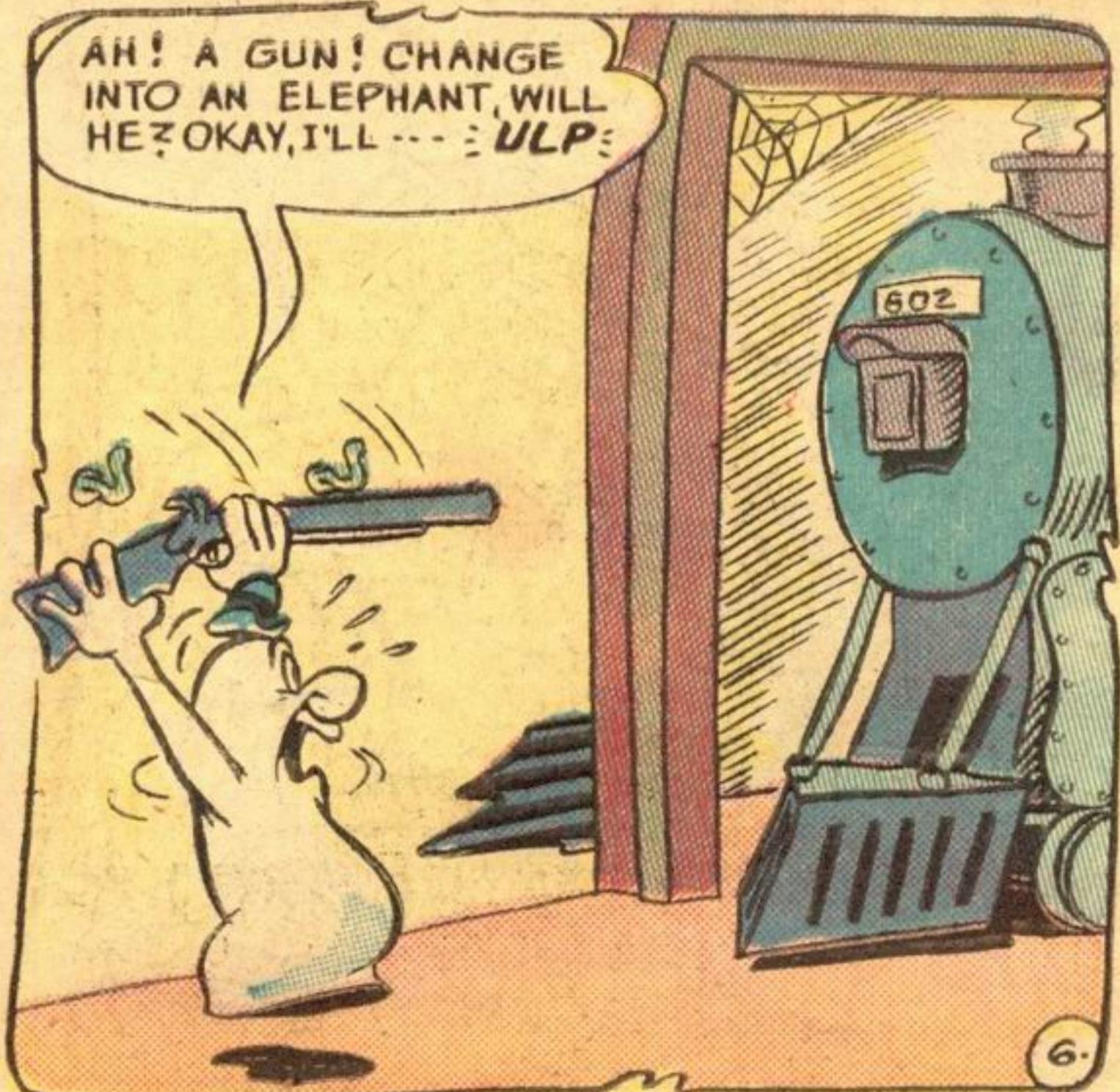


YOU AMERICAN GHOSTS HAVE BEEN GHOSTS FOR ONLY 3 OR 4 HUNDRED YEARS, AND I'VE BEEN ONE FOR 5000 YEARS! I USED TO HAUNT A CAVEMAN'S CAVE, BUT IT WAS DESTROYED... SO I'VE COME HERE TO HAUNT! BUT FIRST I'M GETTING RID OF ALL YOU NEW SPOOKS!

HALP!

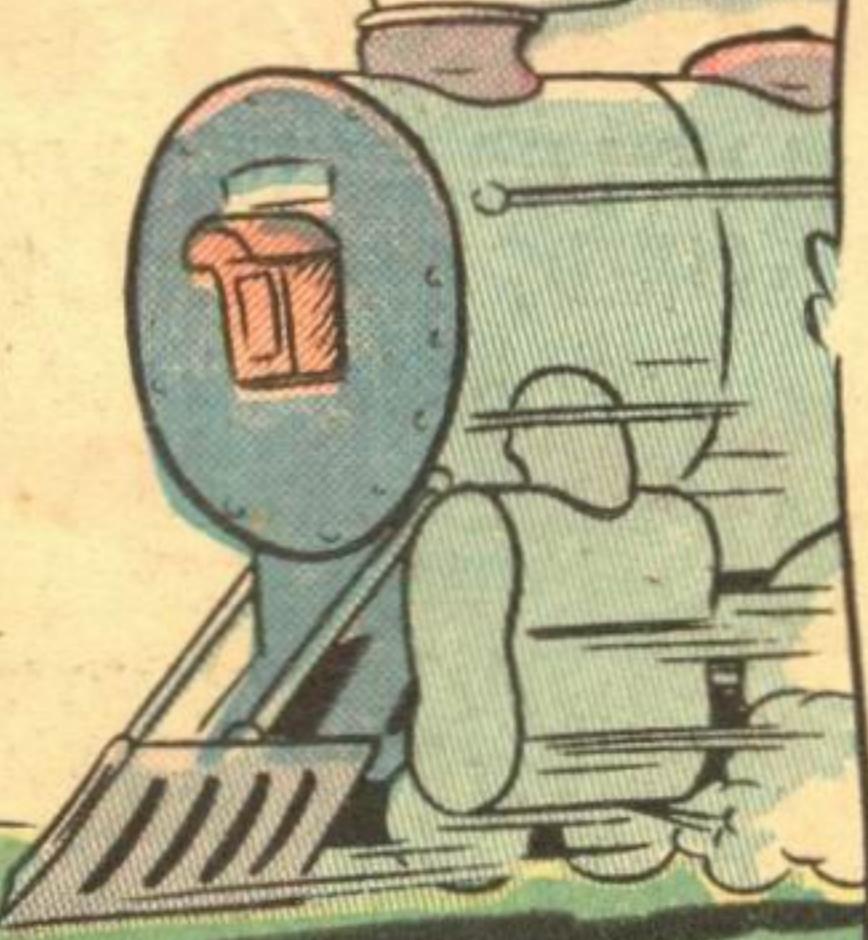


AH! A GUN! CHANGE INTO AN ELEPHANT, WILL HE? OKAY, I'LL ... :ULP:



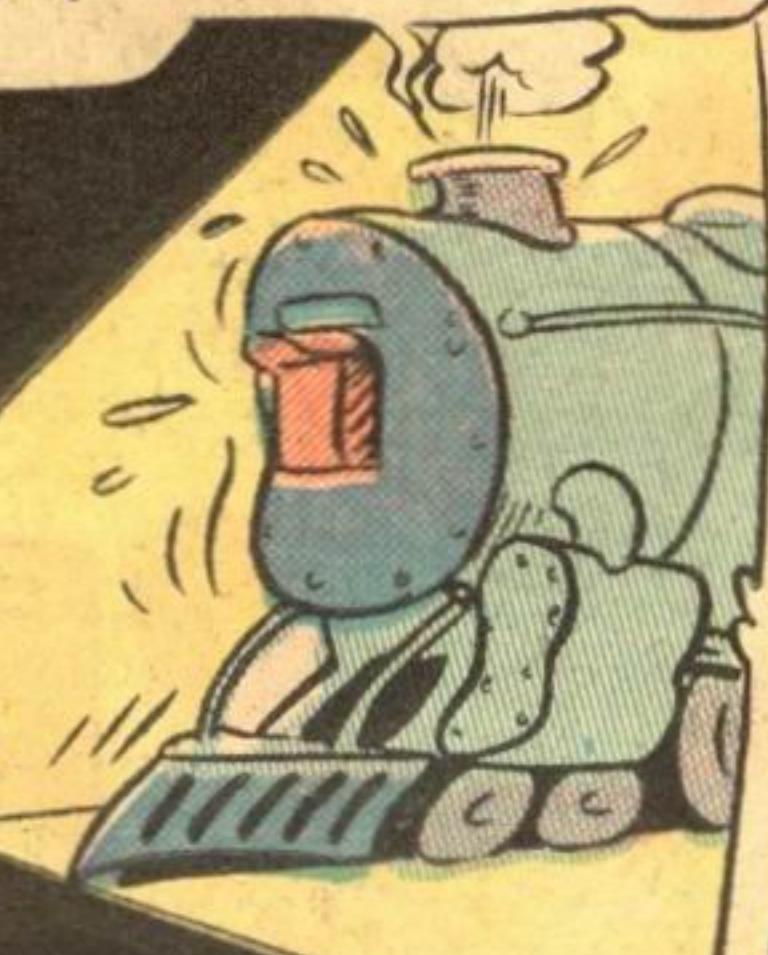
NOW HE'S CHANGED INTO A LOCOMOTIVE! HIS 5000 YEARS' EXPERIENCE IS TOO MUCH FOR ME! UNLESS I THINK OF SOMETHING FAST, I'M FINISHED!

HA!



OKAY, FRIEND! I'VE GOTCHA!

Y!!! LIGHT! TURN IT OUT! LIGHT IS THE ONE THING A GHOST CAN'T STAND! TURN IT OUT! HELP! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY--ONLY TURN IT OUT!

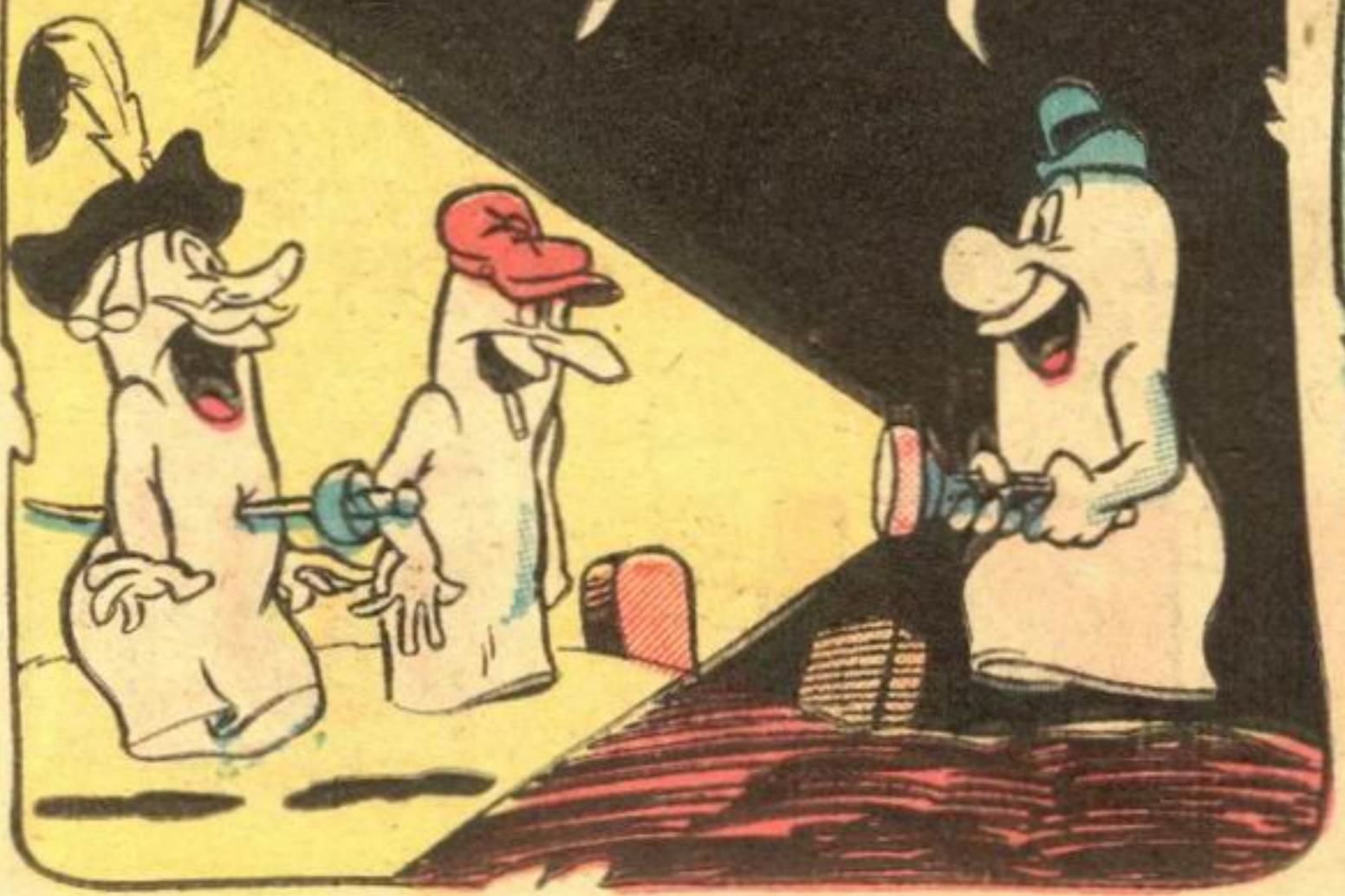


AND LATER...

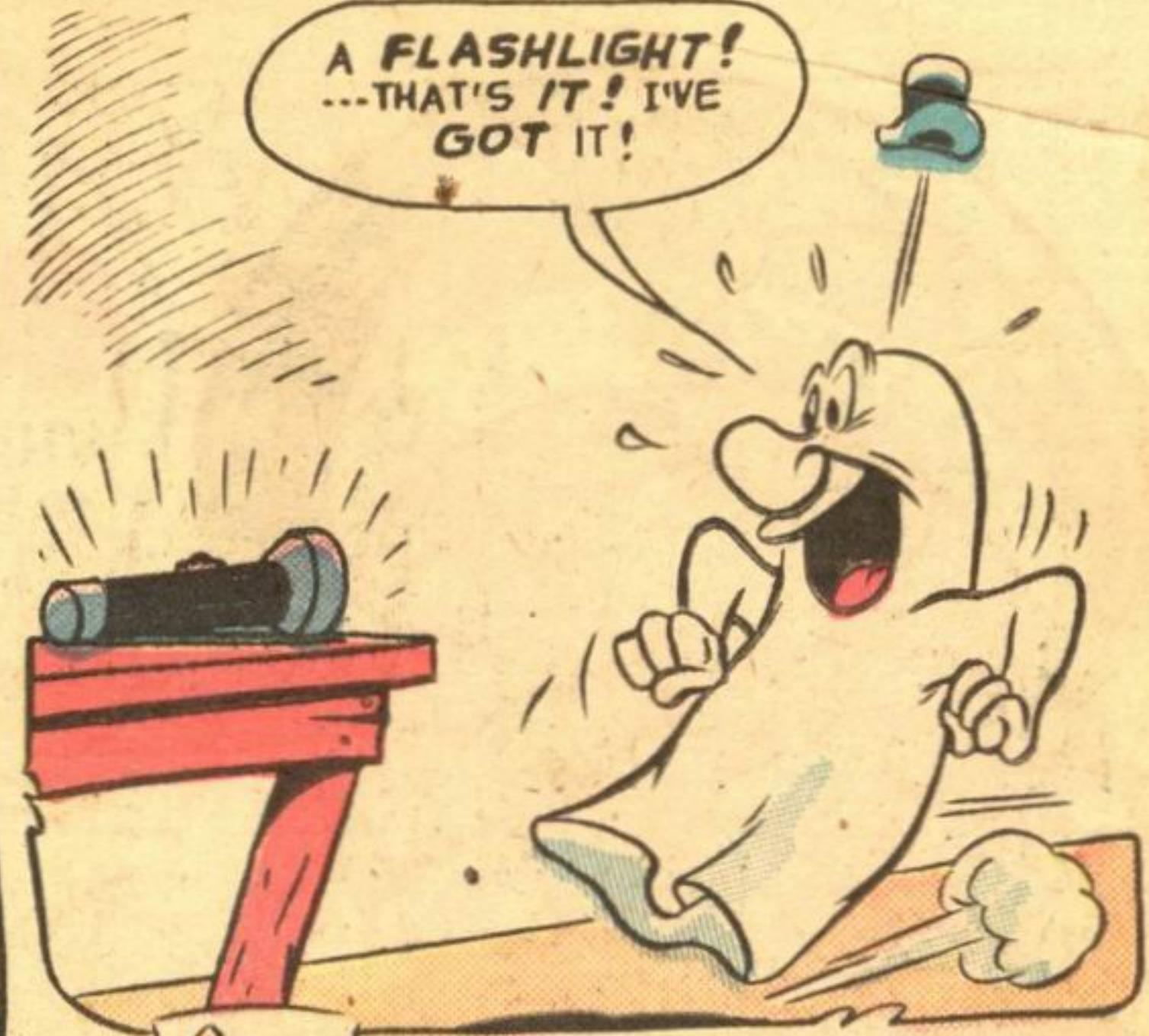
GOSH, SPENCER YOU'RE TERRIFIC! AND NOW I CAN GO BACK TO MY MANSION!

JEEPERS! HOW'D YA DO IT, SPENCE?

WELL, YA KNOW HOW GHOSTS FEEL ABOUT LIGHT! ...I JUST CLICKED ON THIS FLASHLIGHT LIKE THIS, AND ...



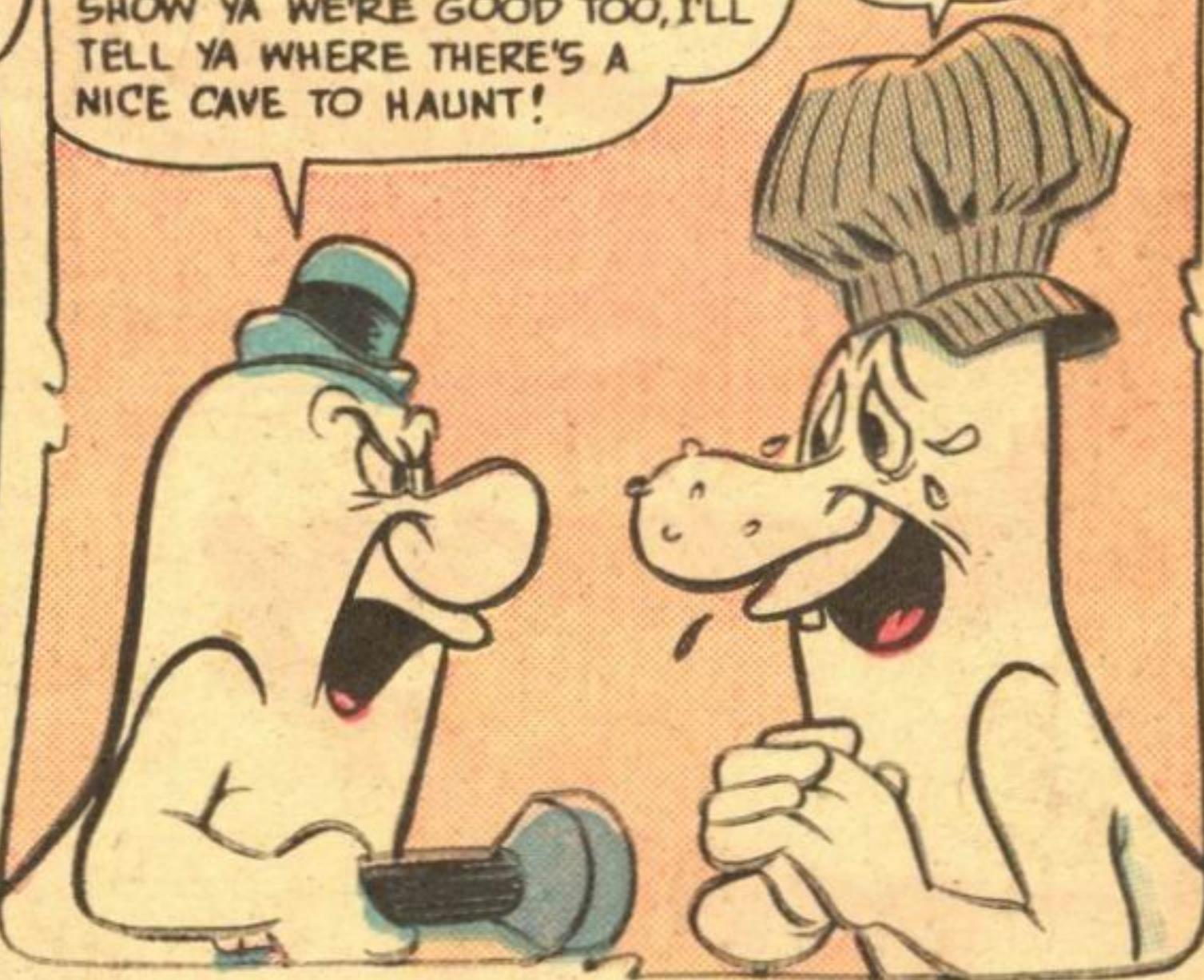
A FLASHLIGHT! ...THAT'S IT! I'VE GOT IT!



SO...

LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YA! NEVER UNDERESTIMATE AN AMERICAN GHOST! WE MAY BE YOUNG AS GHOSTS GO, BUT WE'RE CLEVER! NOW JUST TO SHOW YA WE'RE GOOD TOO, I'LL TELL YA WHERE THERE'S A NICE CAVE TO HAUNT!

YOU WILL? GEE, I'D LOVE THAT-- AND I'M SORRY FOR WHAT I DID!



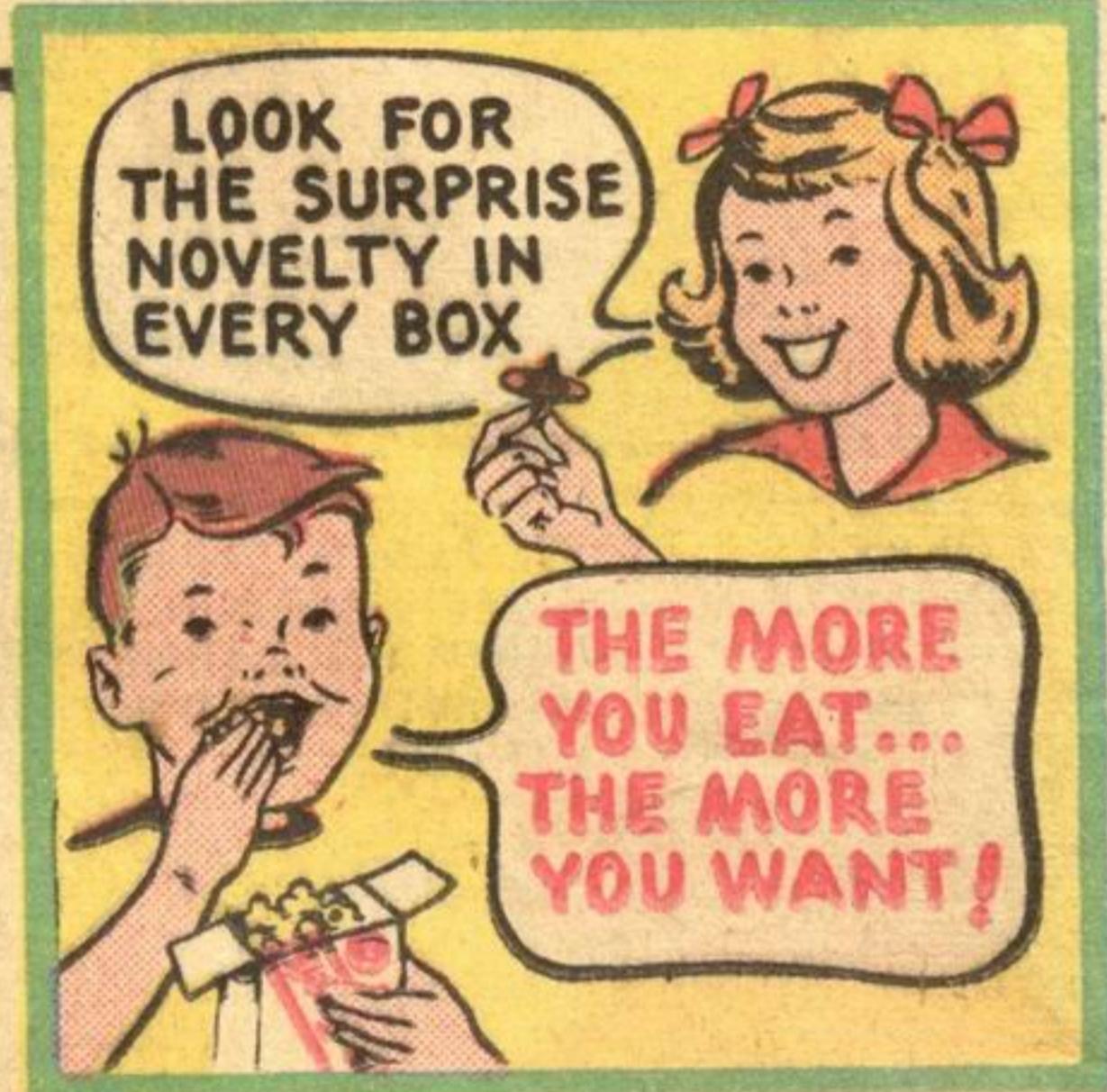
WE DIDN'T ASK YOU TO SHOW US--WE SAID TELL US! ...SO LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU NOT TO TURN A LIGHT ON GHOSTS AGAIN!





BE SURE TO HAVE
Cracker Jack

WHEN YOU GO TO THE ZOO-AMUSEMENT
PARK-CIRCUS-CARNIVAL-BALL PARK-
PICNIC-PARTY OR VACATION RESORT
IT ADDS TO YOUR FUN!



Announcing

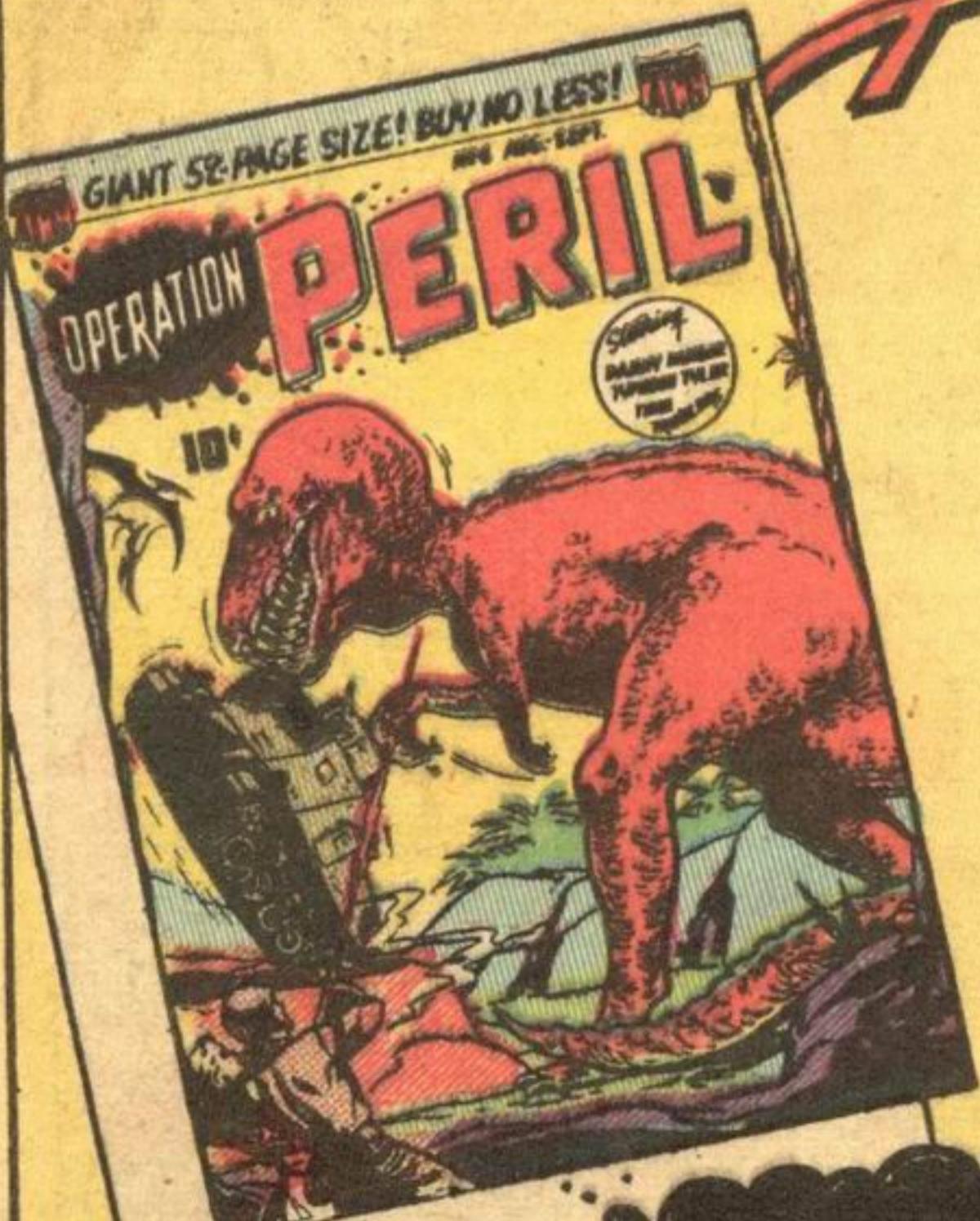
OPERATION: PERIL

... NEWEST AND GREATEST
ADVENTURE COMICS MAGAZINE
EVER PUBLISHED!

NEW IN THRILLING STORIES WHICH
FEATURE ACTIONFUL ADVENTURE
AT ITS BEST!

NEW IN ZESTFUL PICTURE CONTENT
THAT SPELLS AMERICA'S FINEST ART!

NEW IN A SPARKLING GALAXY OF
COLORFUL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE
THAT YOU'LL REMEMBER FOREVER!

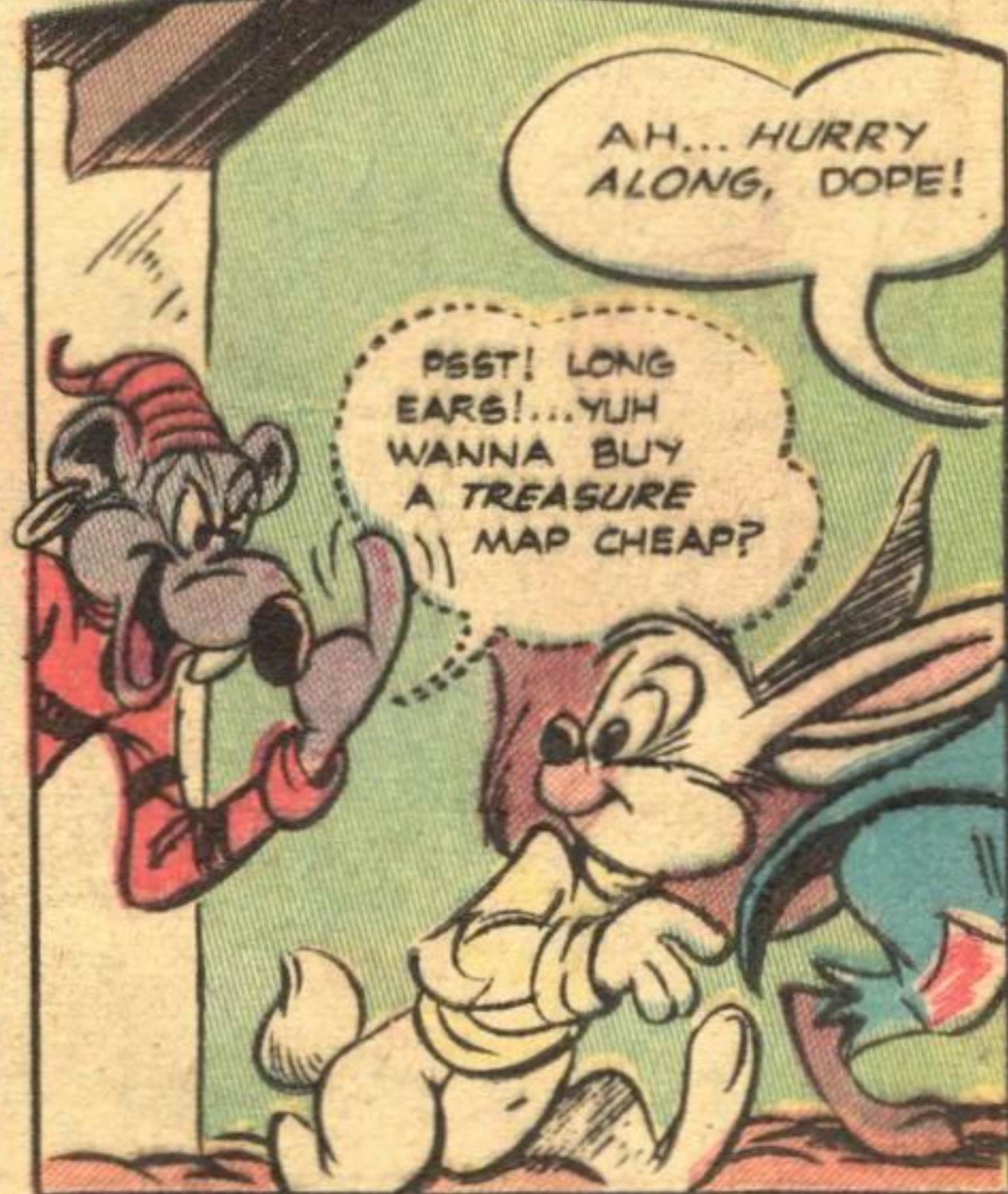
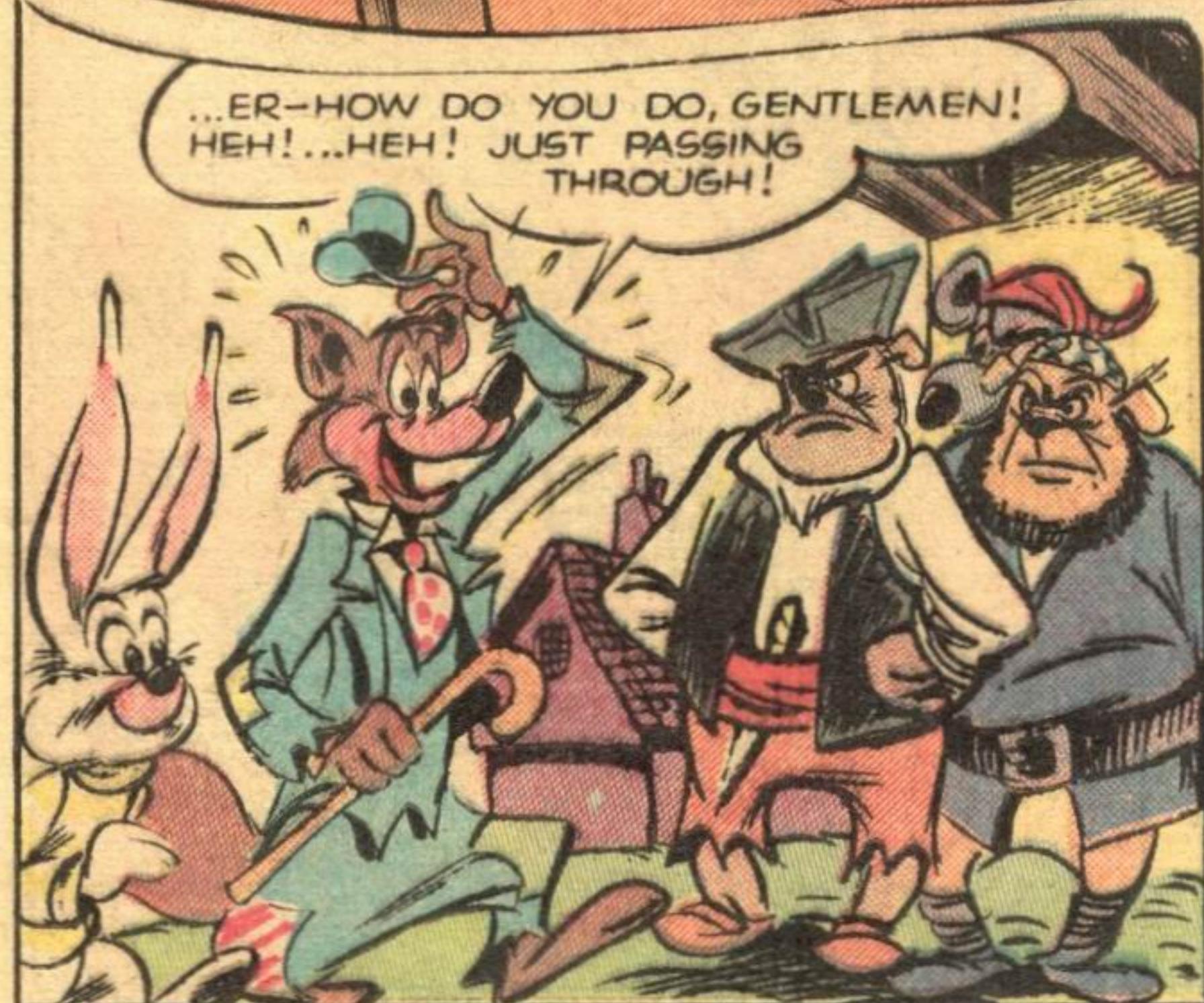
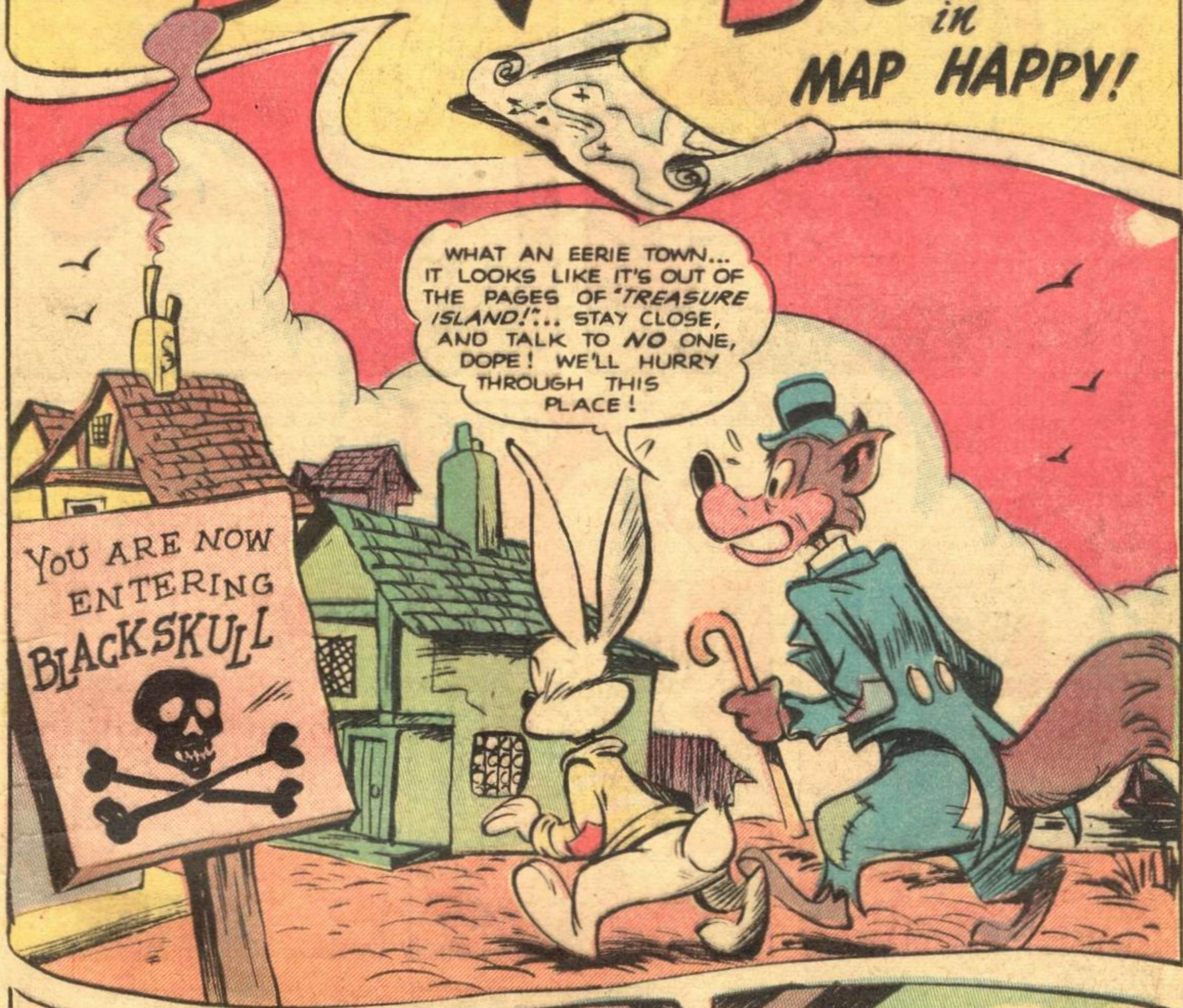


OPERATION: PERIL

PERIL

10¢
ON ALL
STANDS

The DUKE and the DOPE in MAP HAPPY!

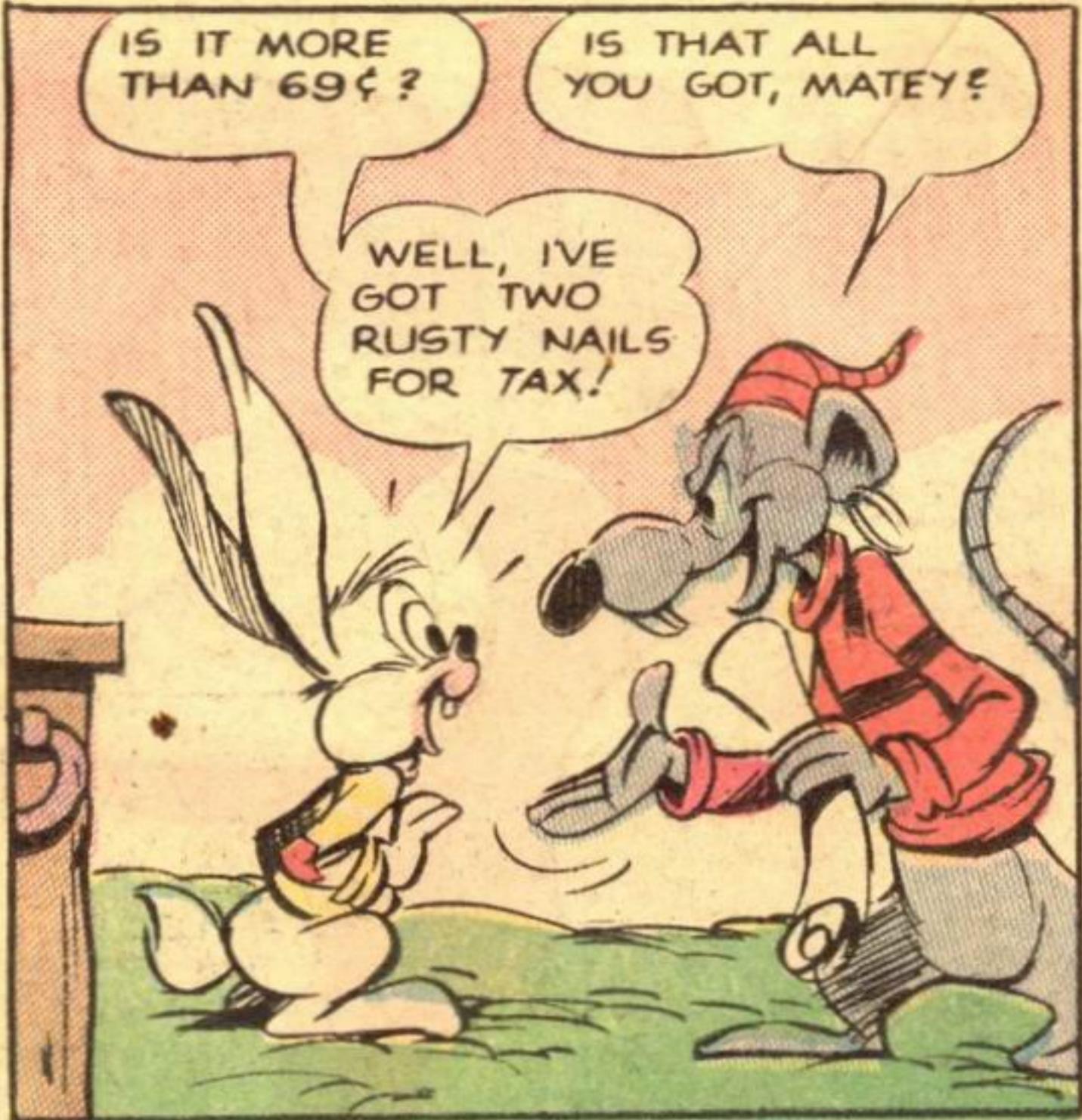
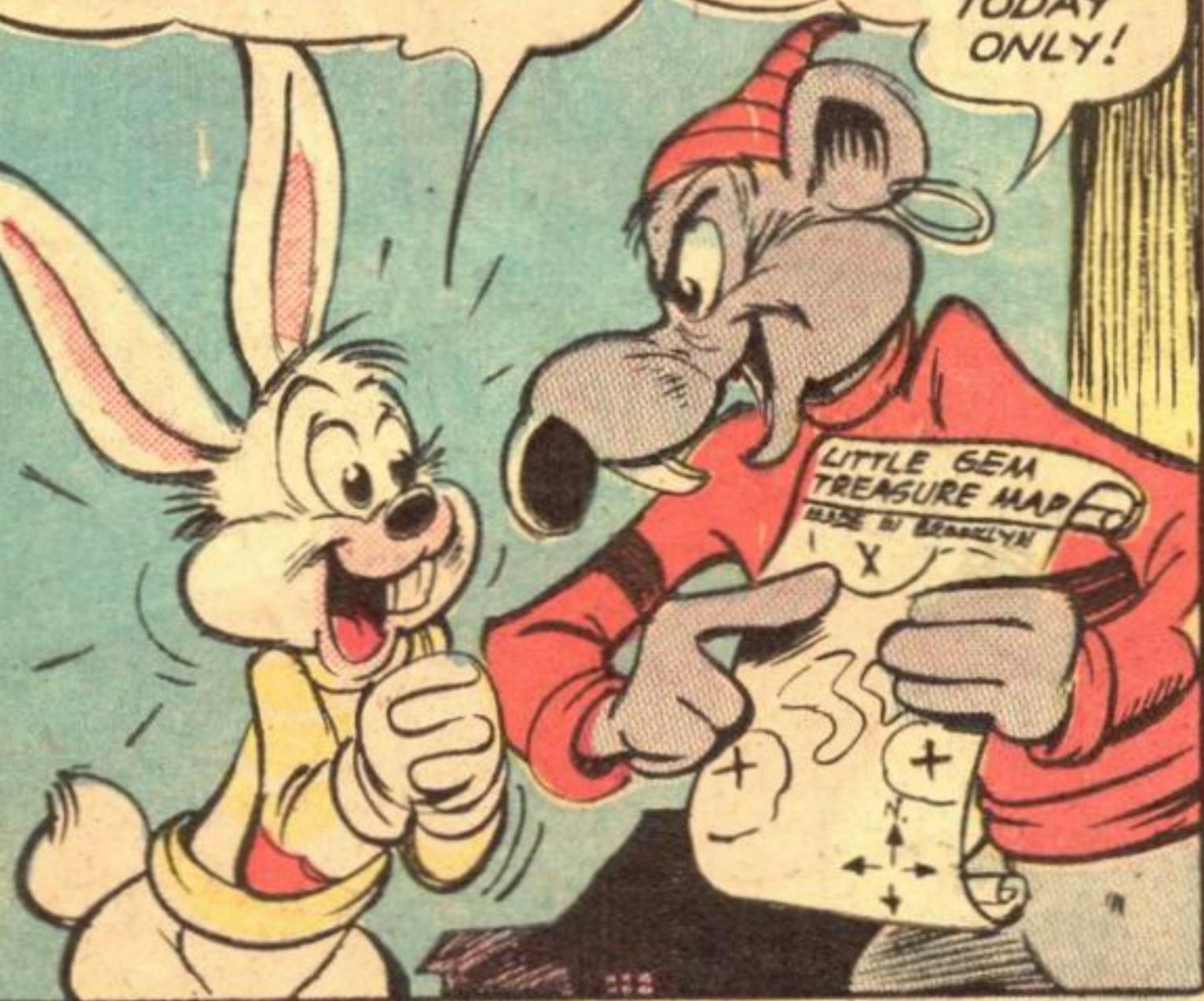


OH, BOY! IS THERE
AN "X" MARK WHERE
THE TREASURE IS?

THIS IS A THREE-X-
IN-ONE SPECIAL!
IT'S HALF PRICE!
TODAY
ONLY!

IS IT MORE
THAN 69¢?

IS THAT ALL
YOU GOT, MATEY?

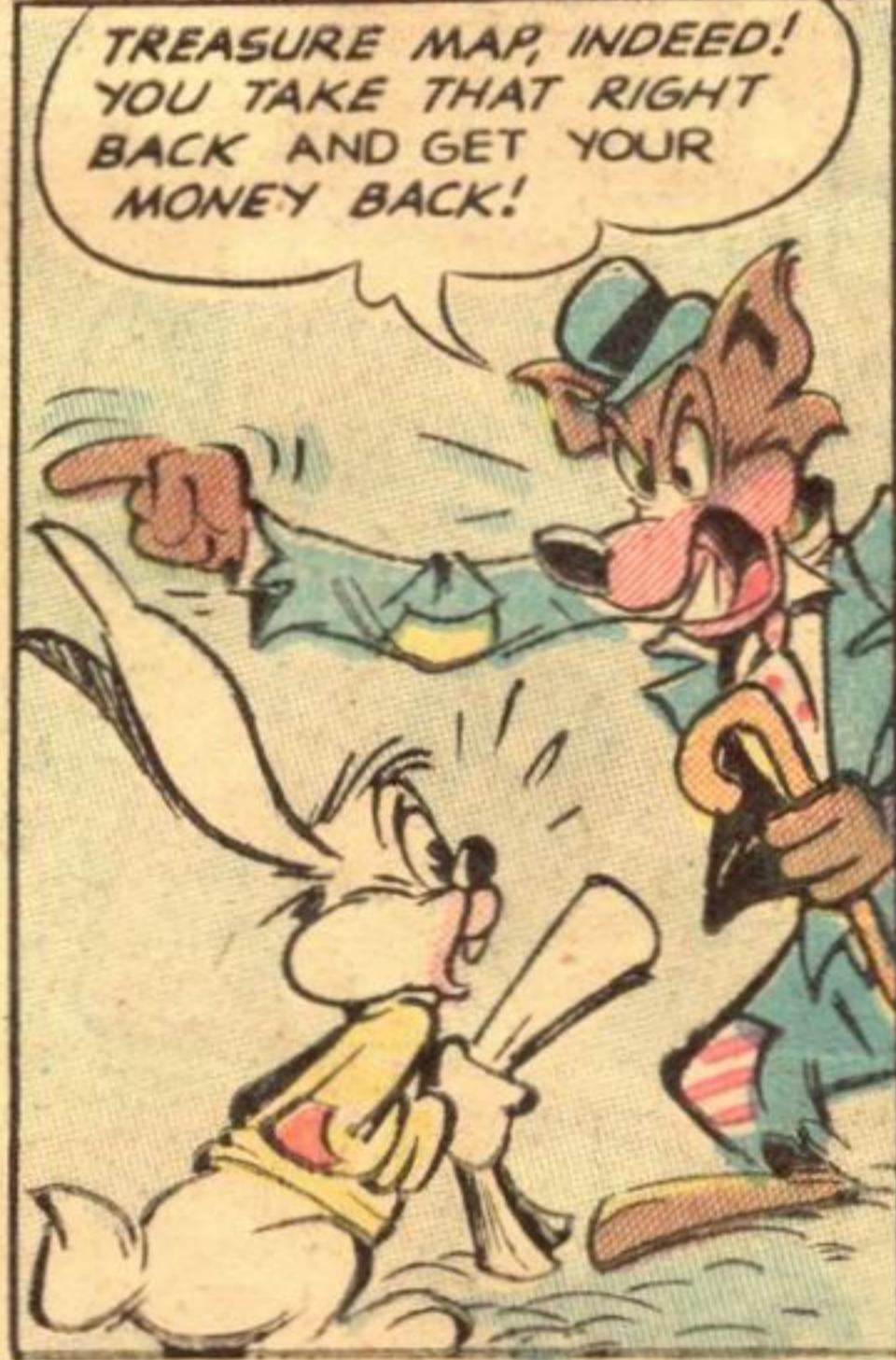
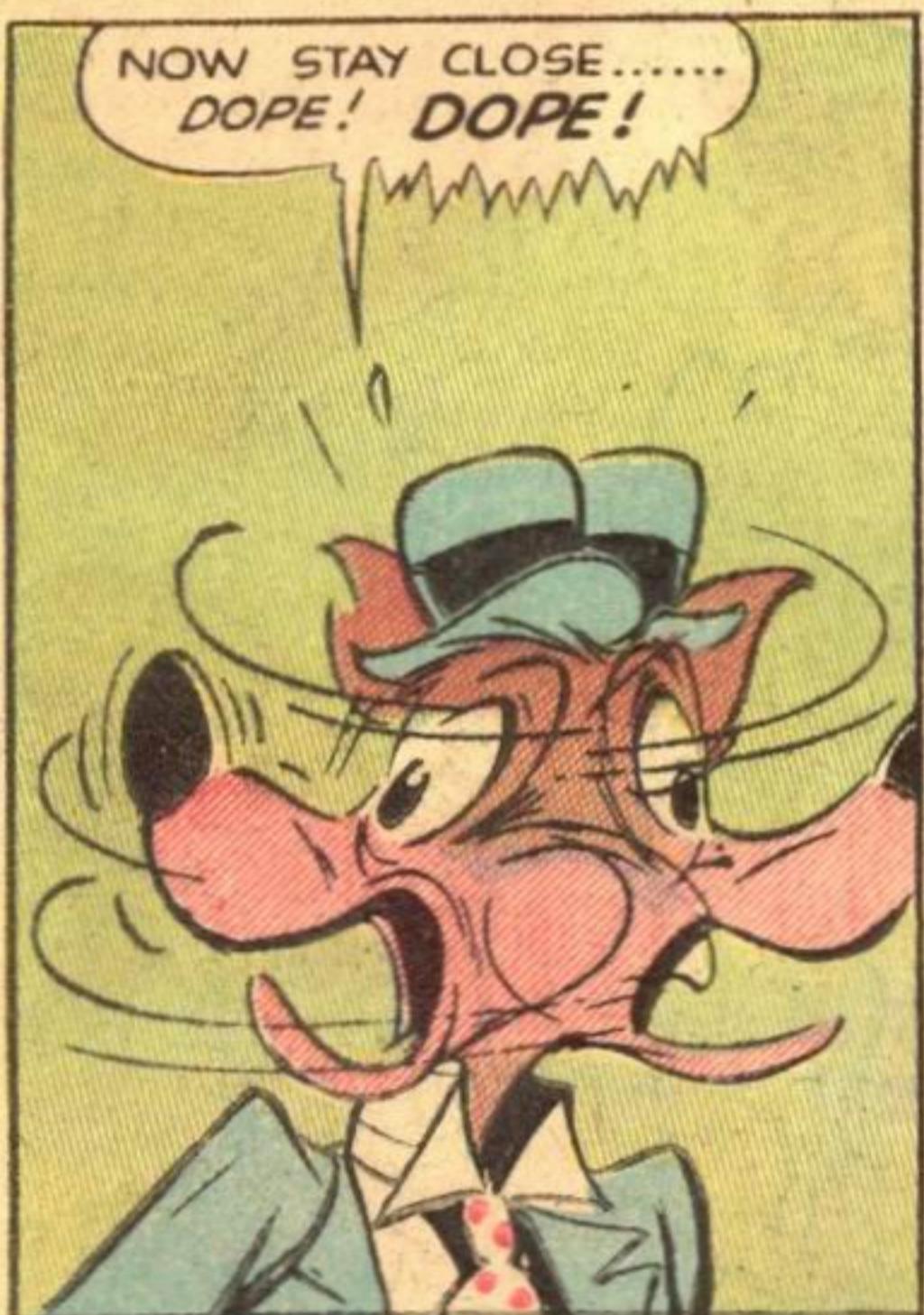


NOW STAY CLOSE.....
DOPE! DOPE!

LOOKY,
DUKE... I
BOUGHT
A TREASURE
MAP WITH
THREE BURIED
TREASURES!

WHAT?

TREASURE MAP, INDEED!
YOU TAKE THAT RIGHT
BACK AND GET YOUR
MONEY BACK!



SUMPIN' WRONG
WITH THAT MAP,
MATEY?

--WRONG?!...
--WHY-ER--NO!--
...ER--NICE FAKE...
ER... I MEAN...

OF COURSE NOT, SILLY--HE'S
A PERFECT GENTLEMAN!
WELL, TA-TA...♪

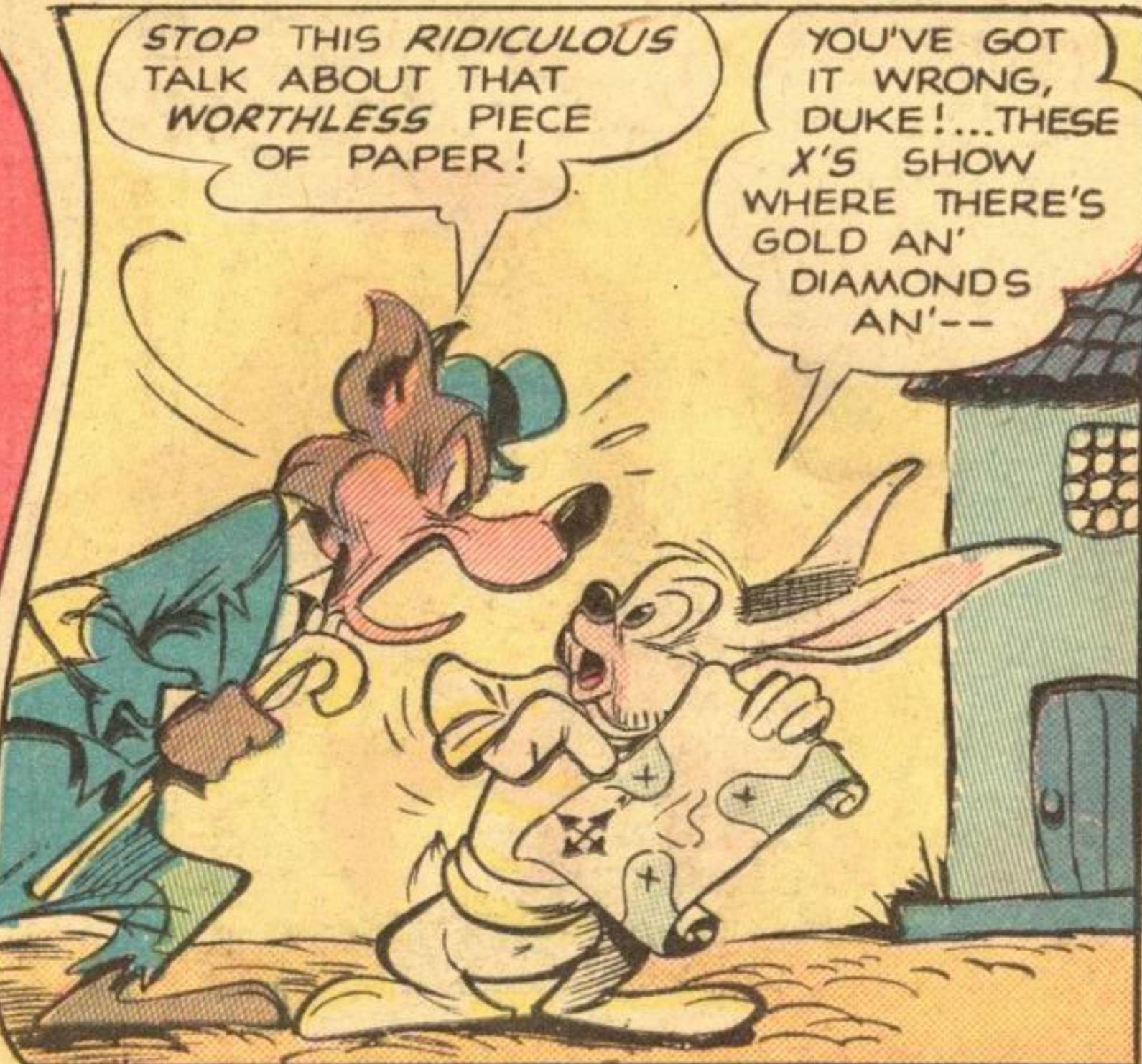


WHEW! I'M GLAD TO BE OUT OF RANGE OF THAT CHARACTER!

LET'S FIND OUT WHERE WE CAN BUY A SHIP SO WE CAN SEARCH FOR MY BURIED TREASURES!

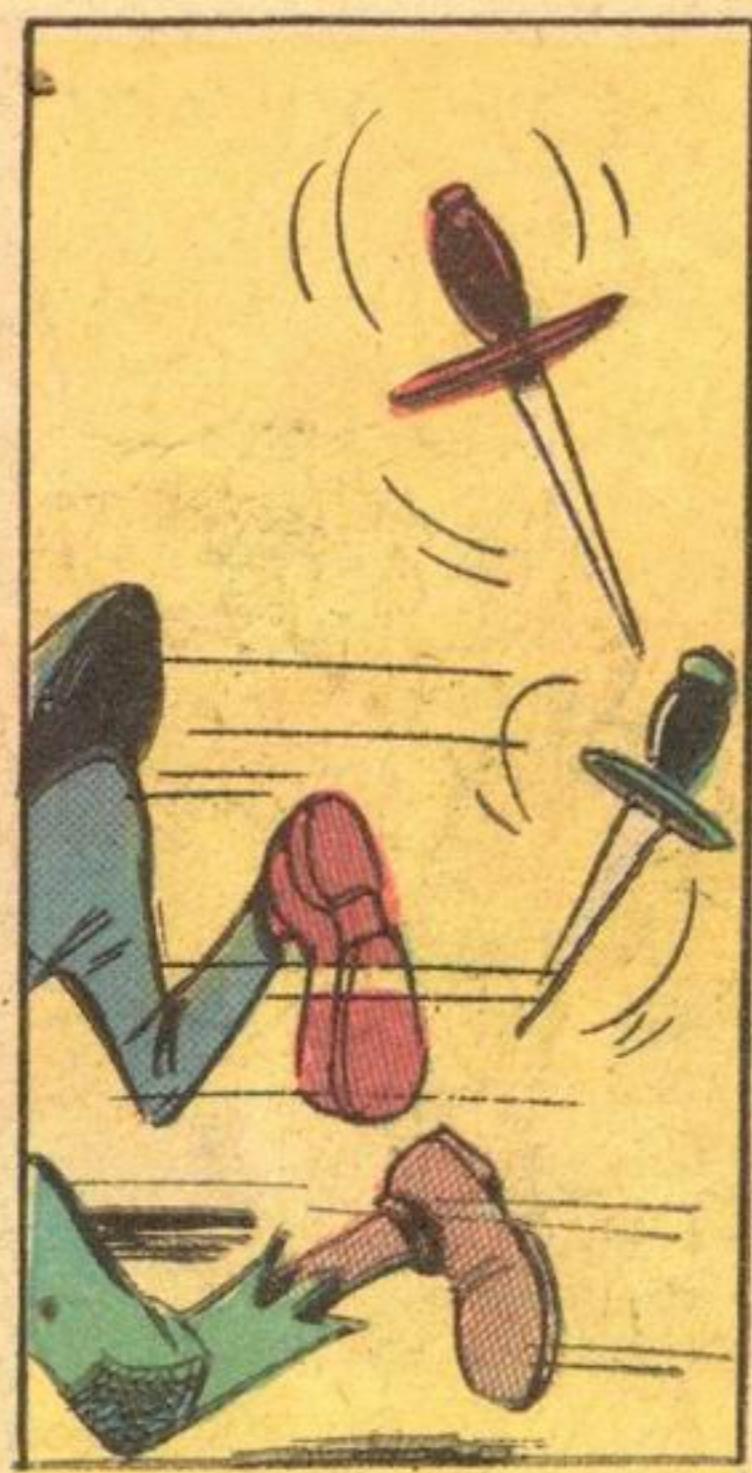
STOP THIS RIDICULOUS TALK ABOUT THAT WORTHLESS PIECE OF PAPER!

YOU'VE GOT IT WRONG, DUKE!...THESE X'S SHOW WHERE THERE'S GOLD AN' DIAMONDS AN'--



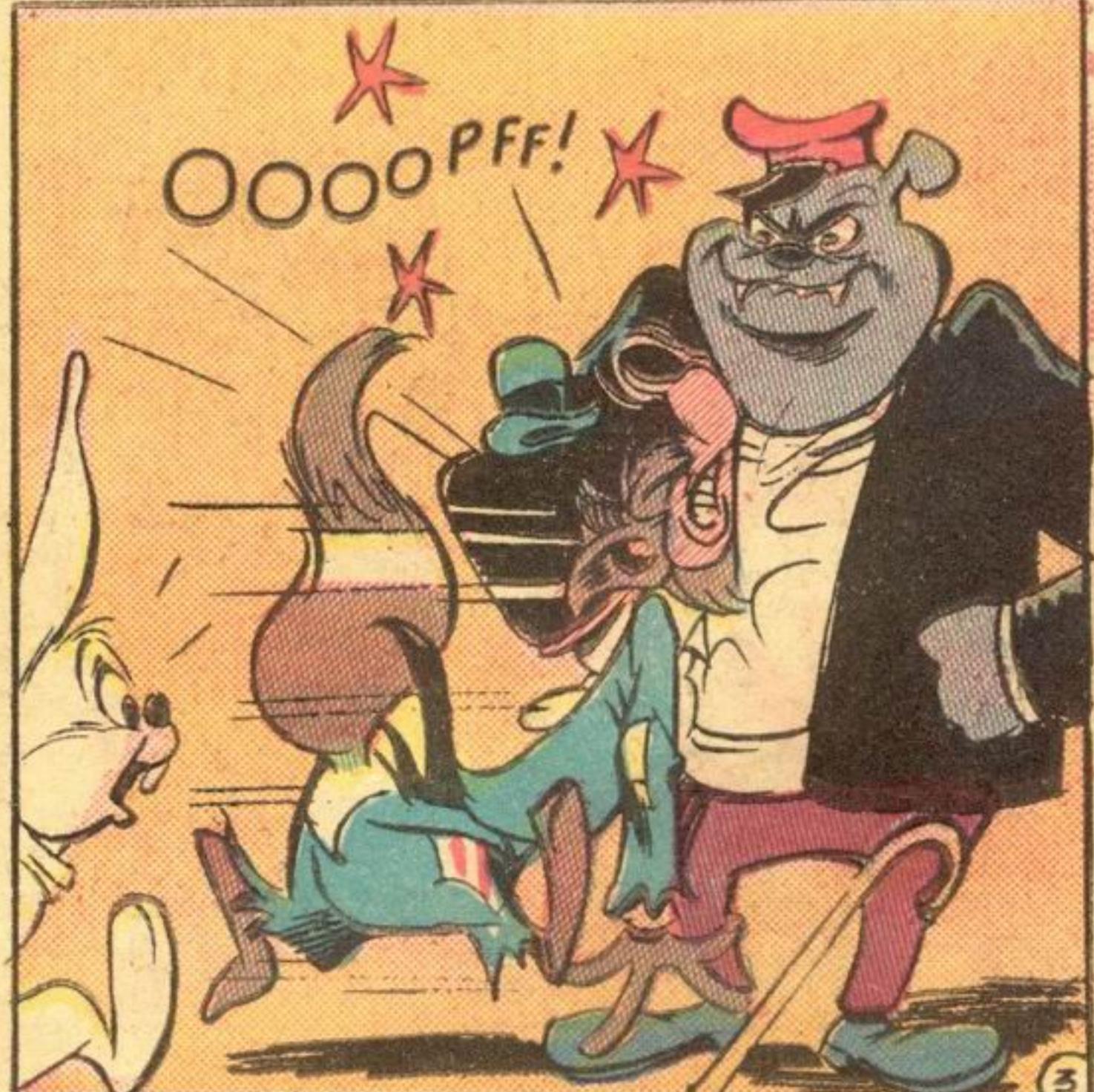
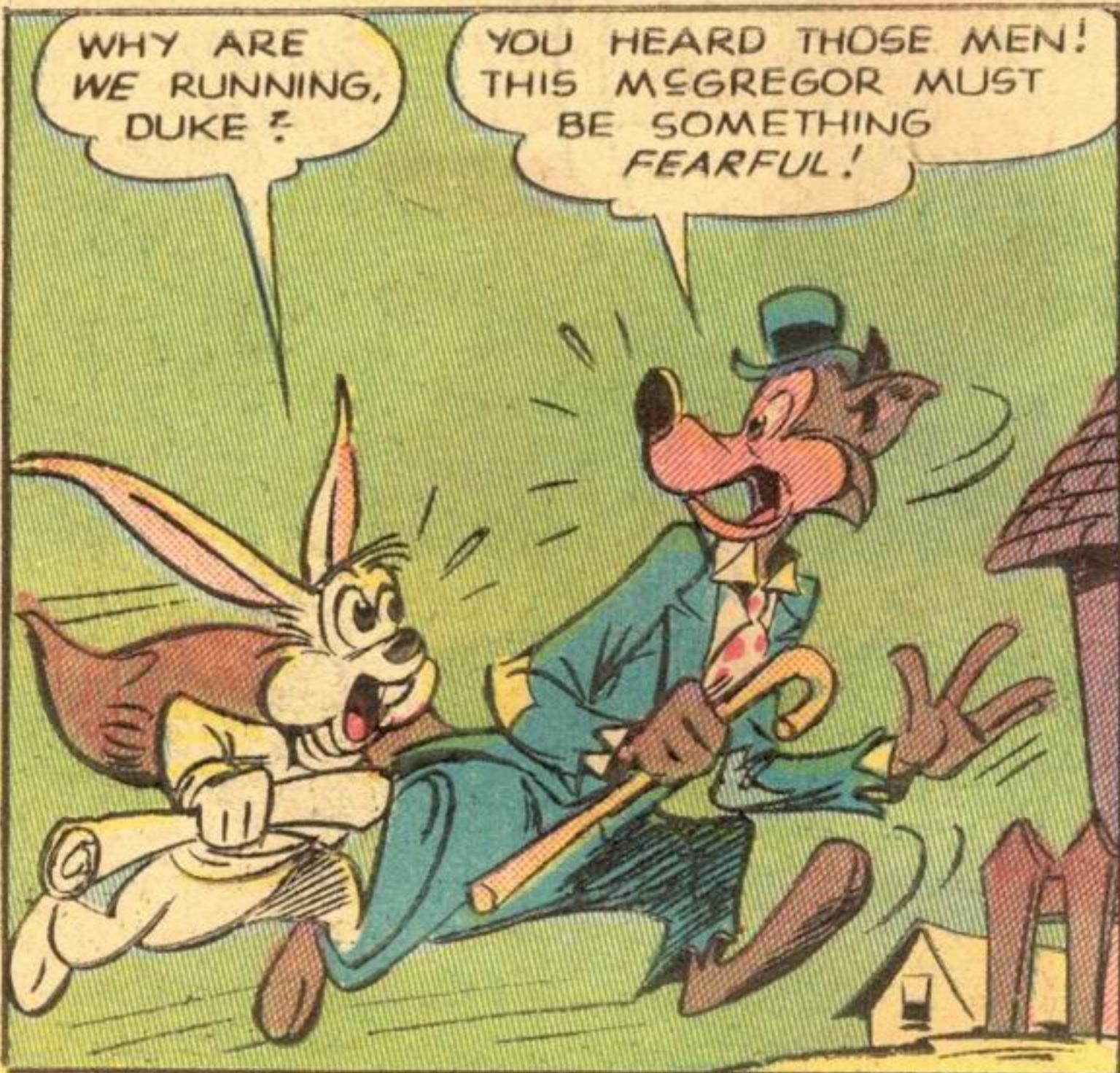
McGREGOR'S IN PORT!

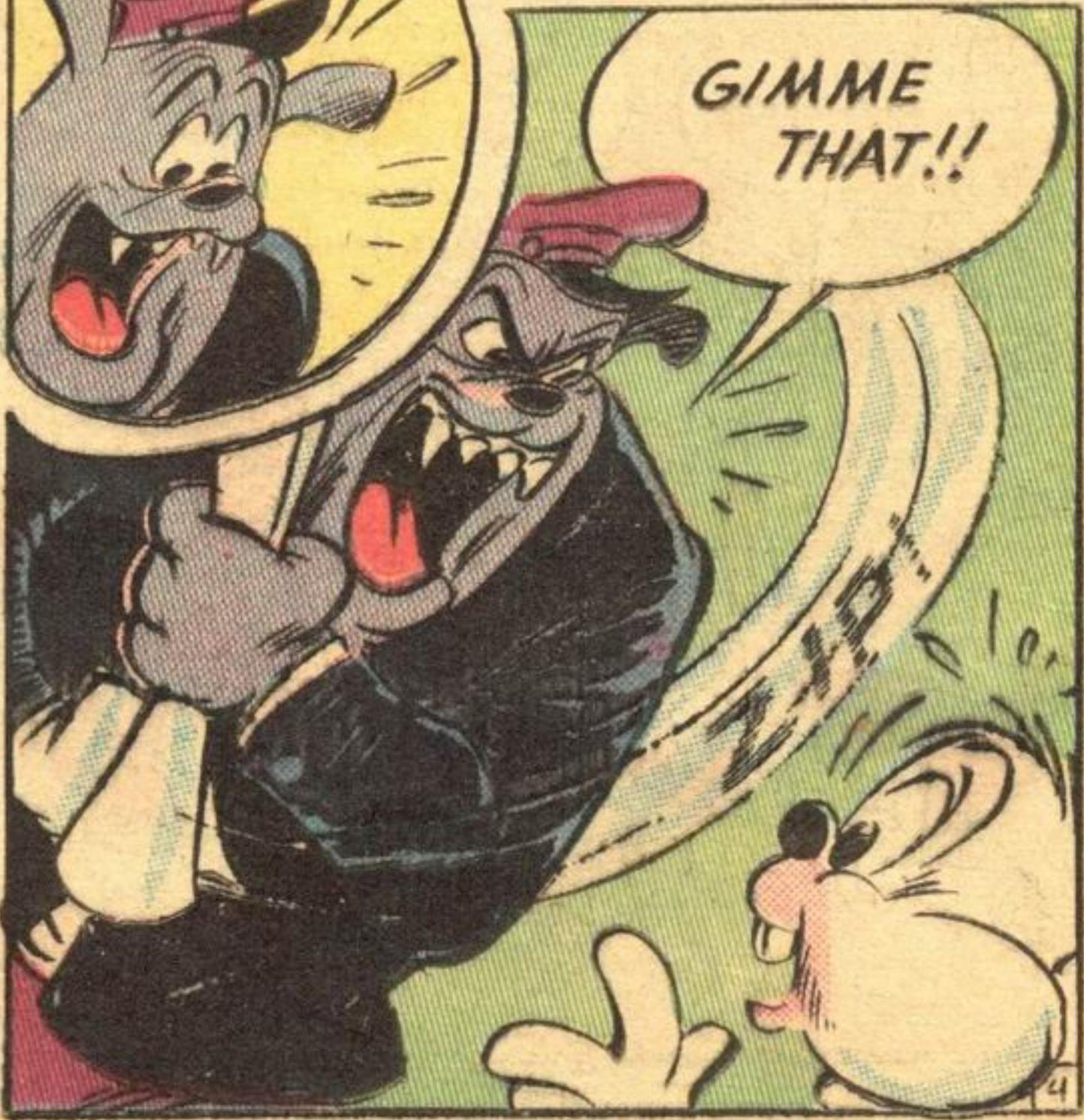
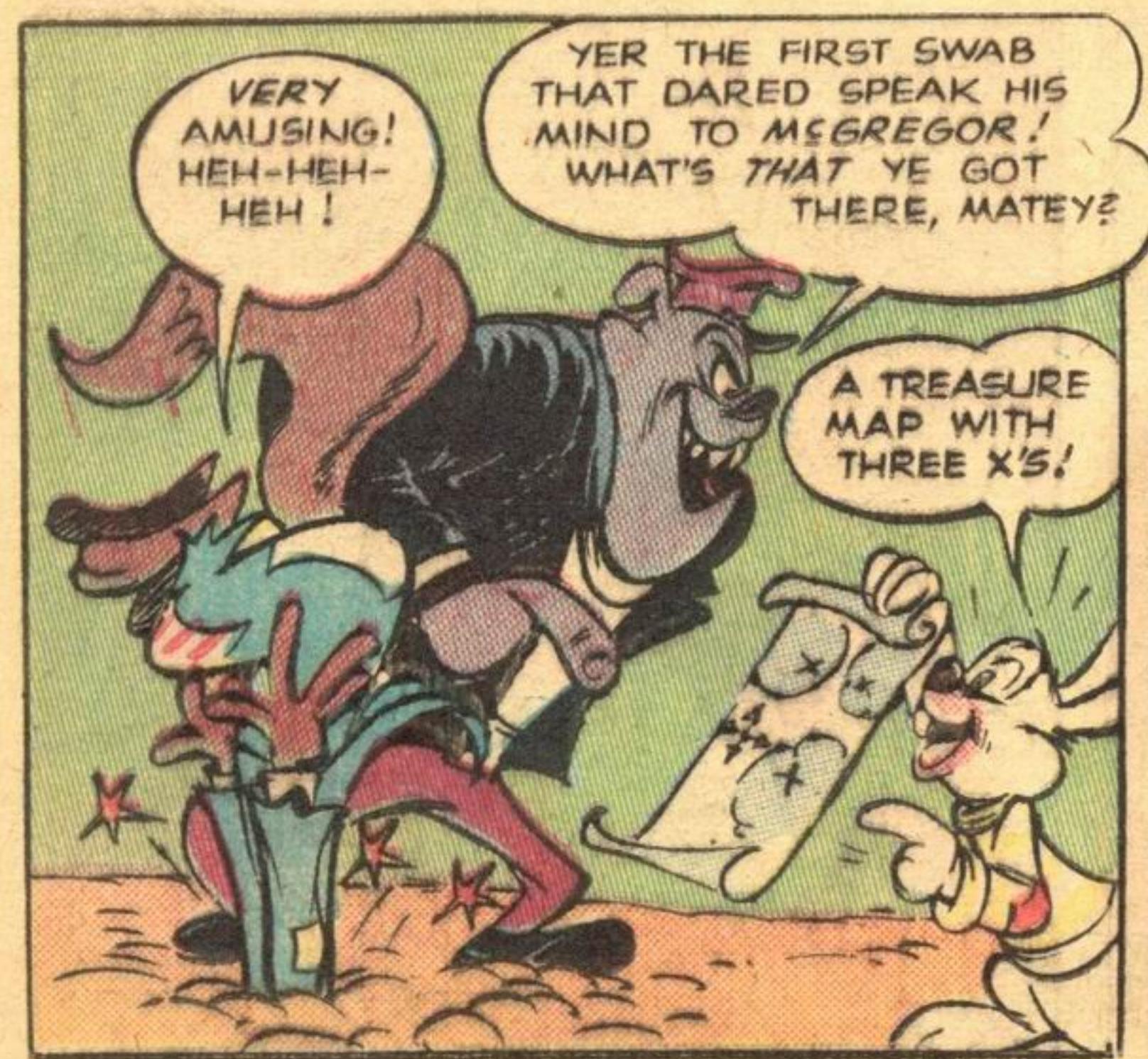
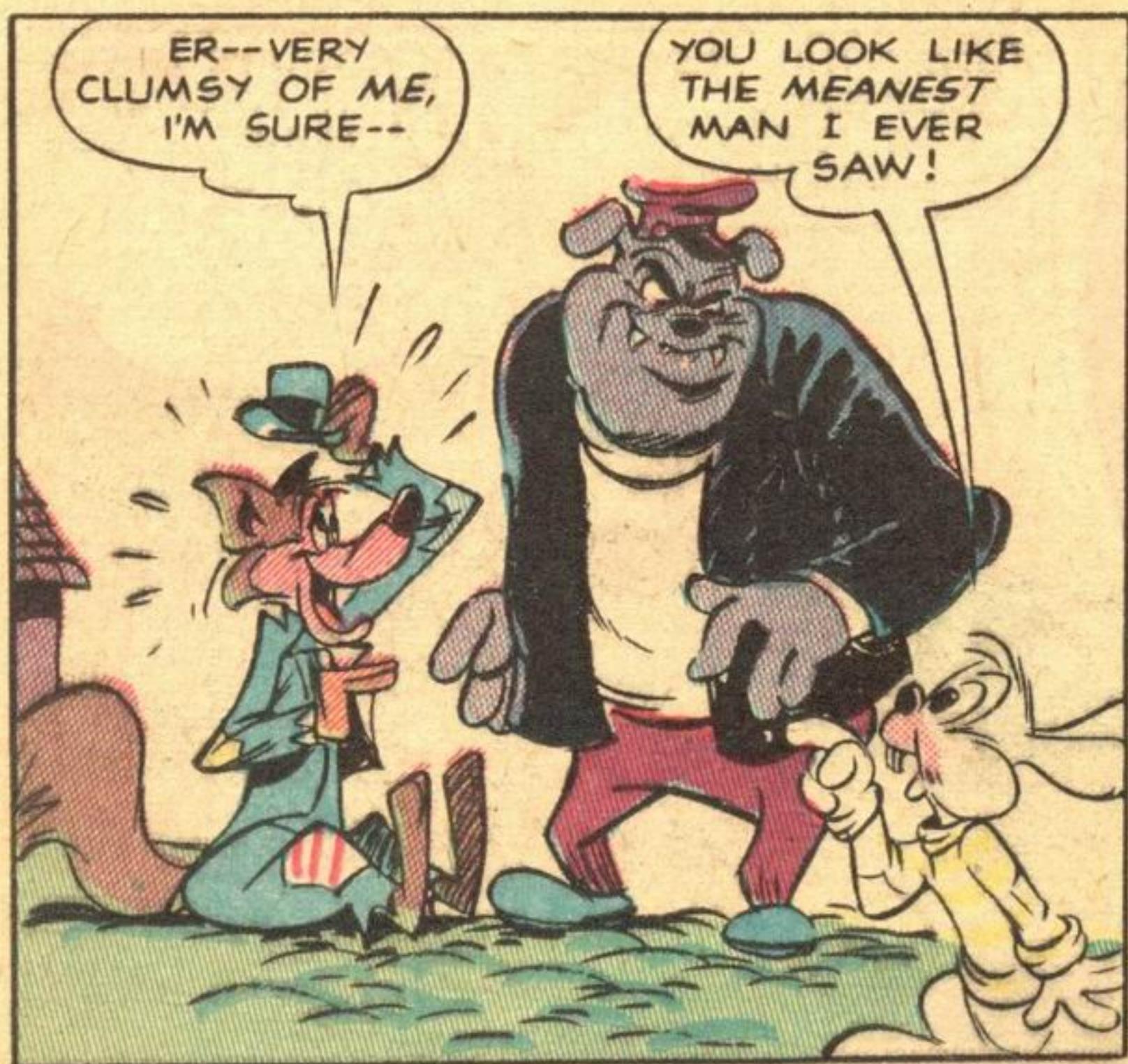
McGREGOR!!?



WHY ARE WE RUNNING, DUKE?

YOU HEARD THOSE MEN! THIS McGREGOR MUST BE SOMETHING FEARFUL!



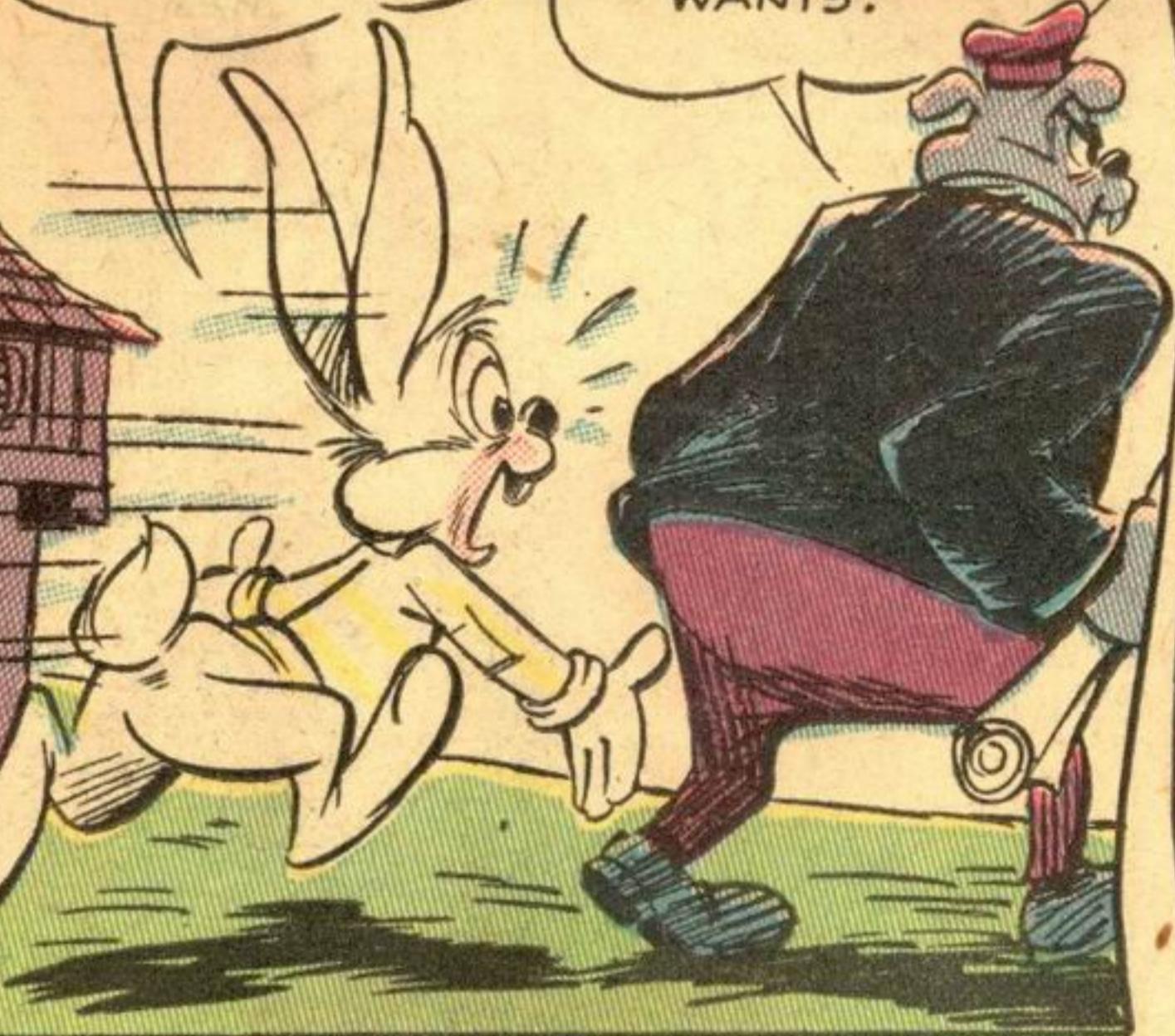


BUT IT'S MINE!!
I BOUGHT IT
AN---

PIPE DOWN AND
SHOVE OFF! I
TAKES WHAT I
WANTS!

DOPE! LEAVE WELL
ENOUGH ALONE...THAT
TREASURE MAP IS
WORTHLESS ANYWAY!

OH, YEAH?
THEN WHY
DID HE TAKE
IT?



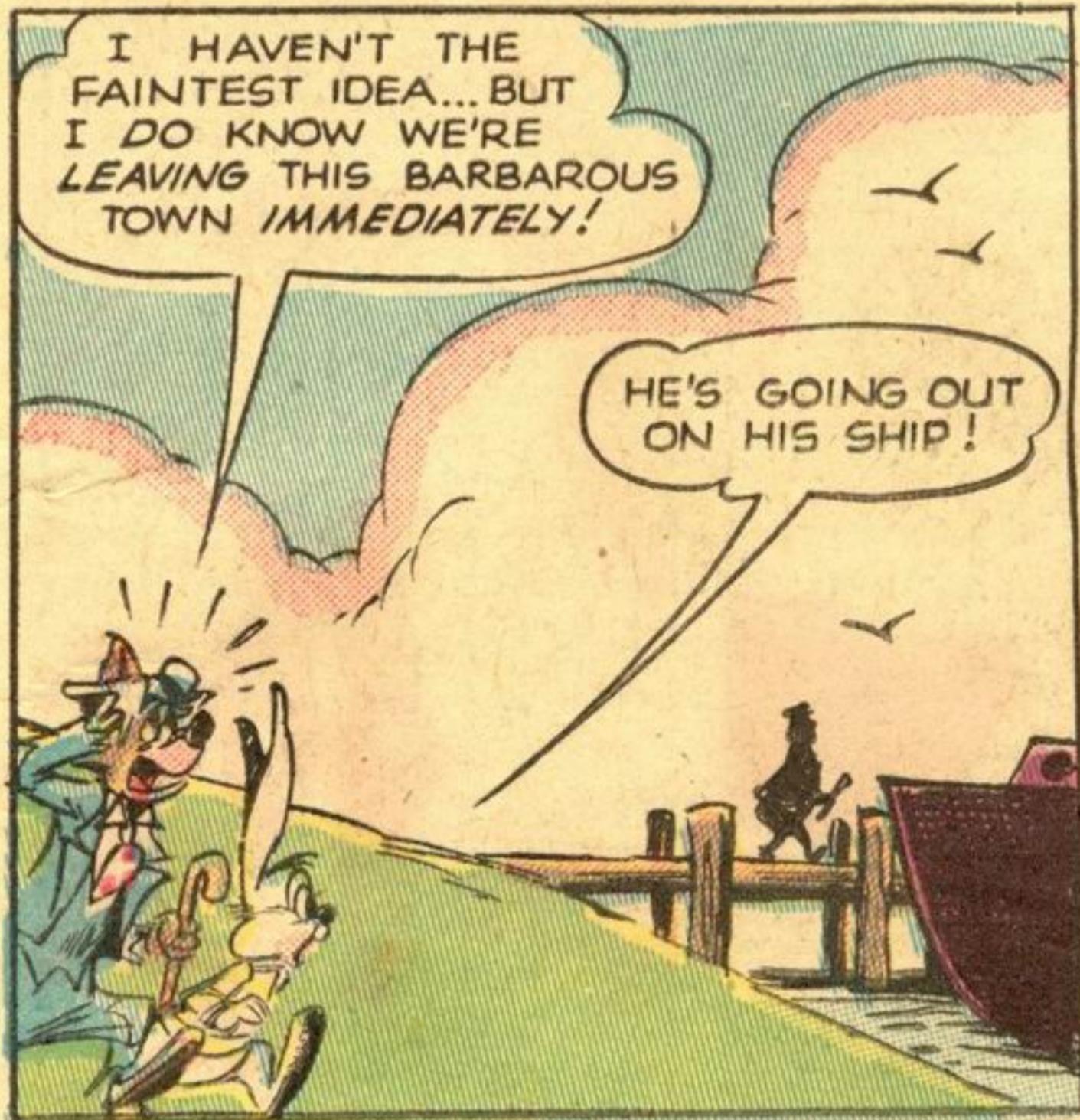
I HAVEN'T THE
FAINTEST IDEA...BUT
I DO KNOW WE'RE
LEAVING THIS BARBAROUS
TOWN IMMEDIATELY!

HE'S GOING OUT
ON HIS SHIP!

DOPE!!

SEE YUH
LATER, DUKE!
I'M GONNA GET
MY TREASURE
MAP!

VERY WELL! GO
YOUR WAY! BE
KILLED IF YOU
WANT, BUT DON'T
EXPECT ME TO
FOLLOW YOU!



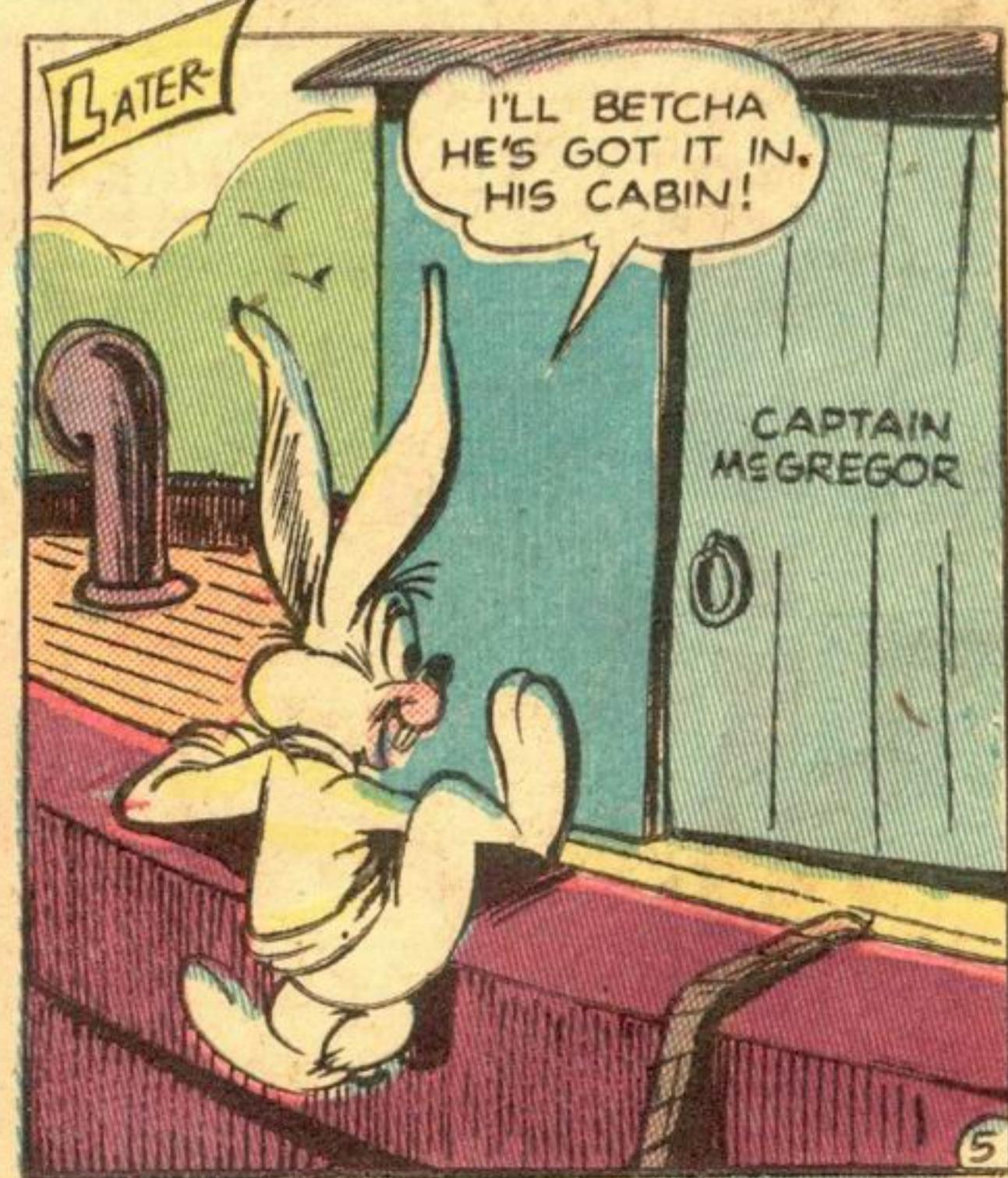
OH, WHAT'S THE USE
OF KIDDING MYSELF!

DOPE! DOPE!
WAIT FOR
ME!!

LATER

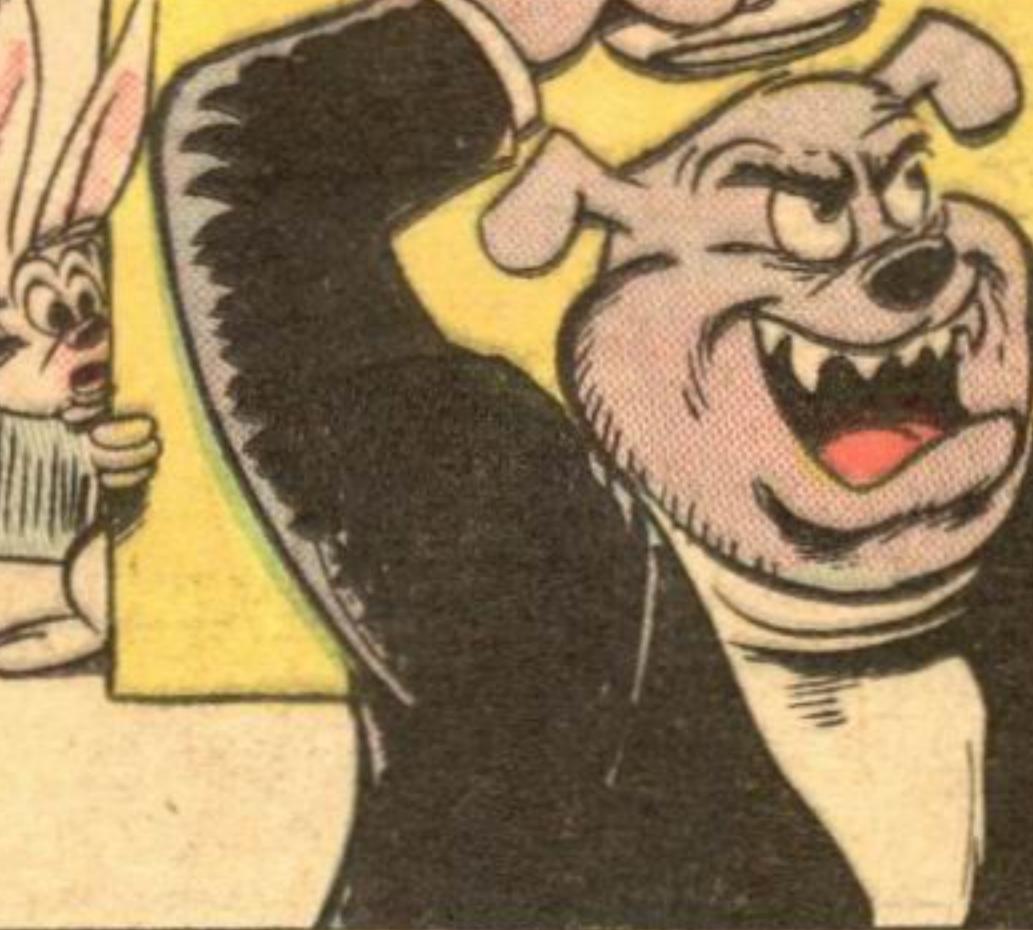
I'LL BETCHA
HE'S GOT IT IN.
HIS CABIN!

CAPTAIN
MCGREGOR



WITH THIS MAP FOLDED UP, I CAN HIDE IT UNDER MY CAP!

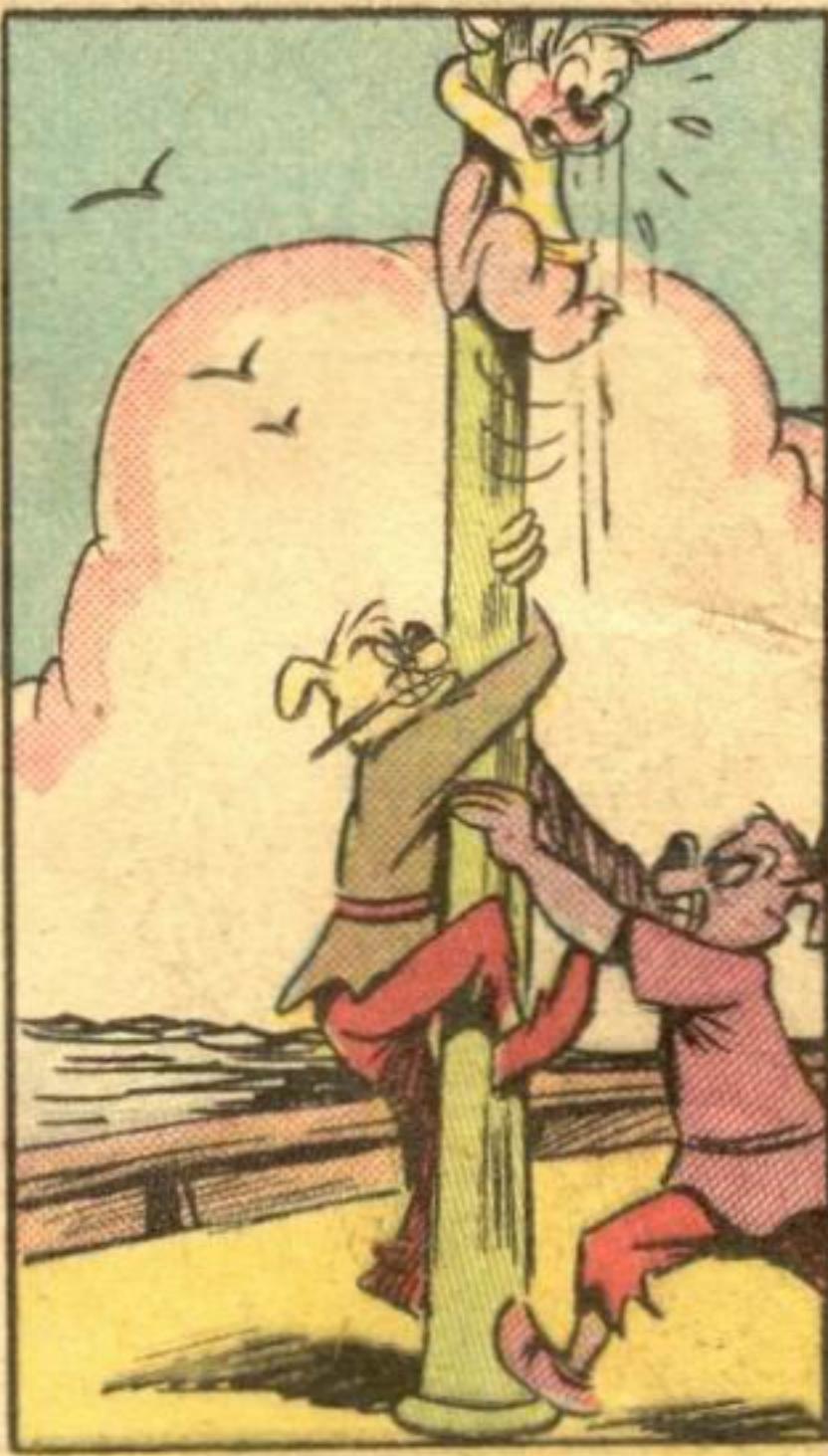
FINDERS
KEEPERS!



COME BACK HERE,
YOU--

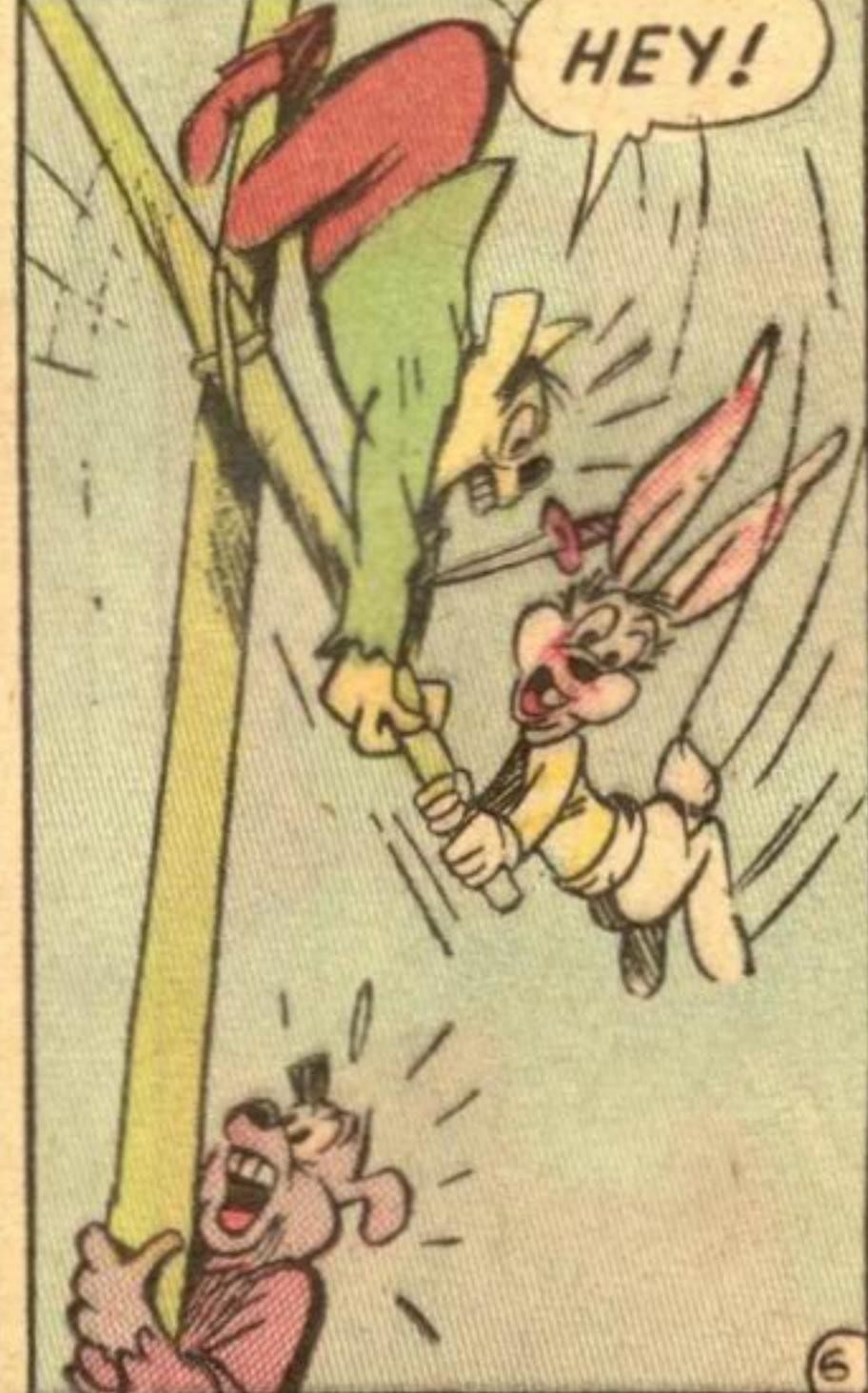
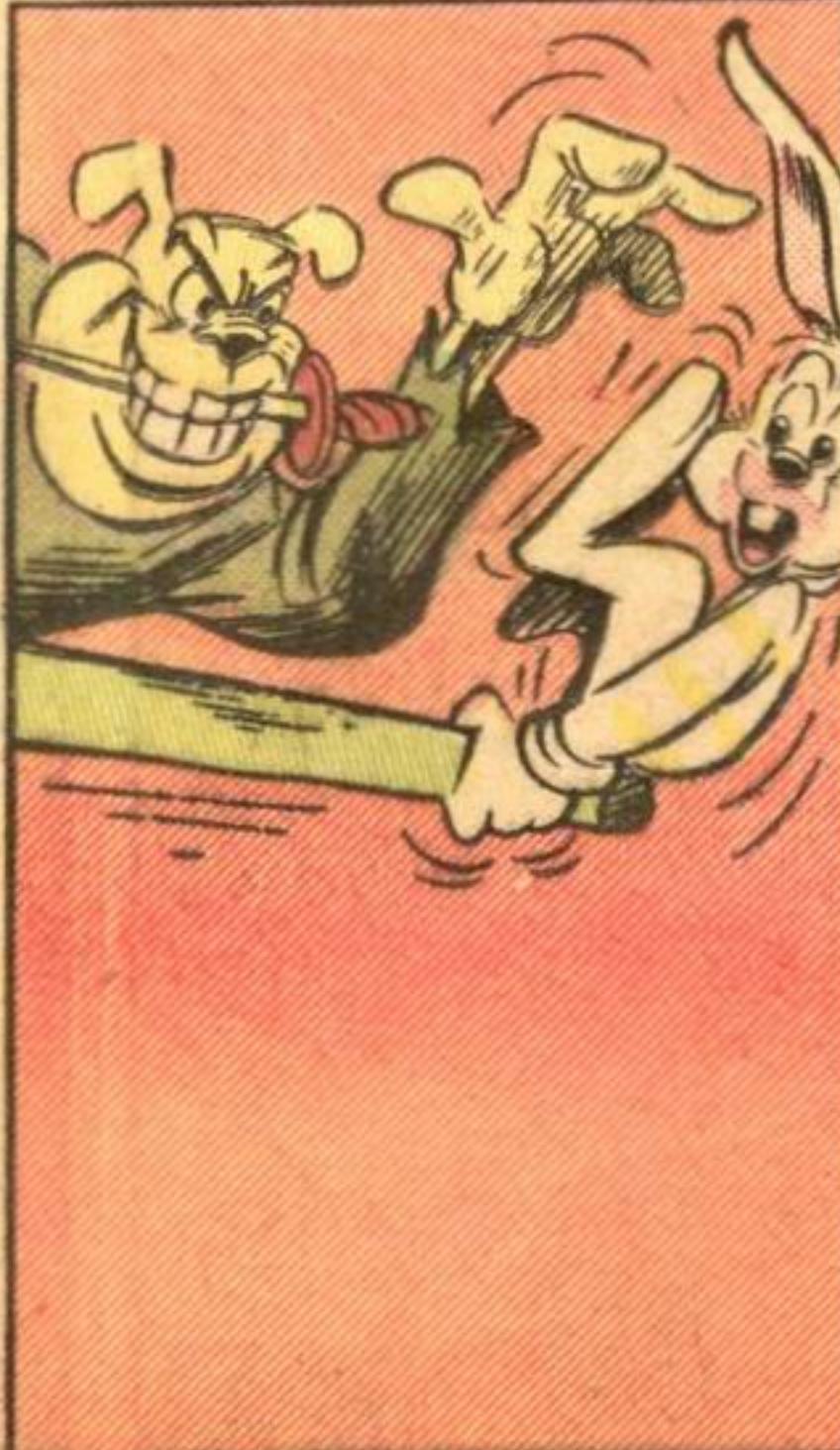
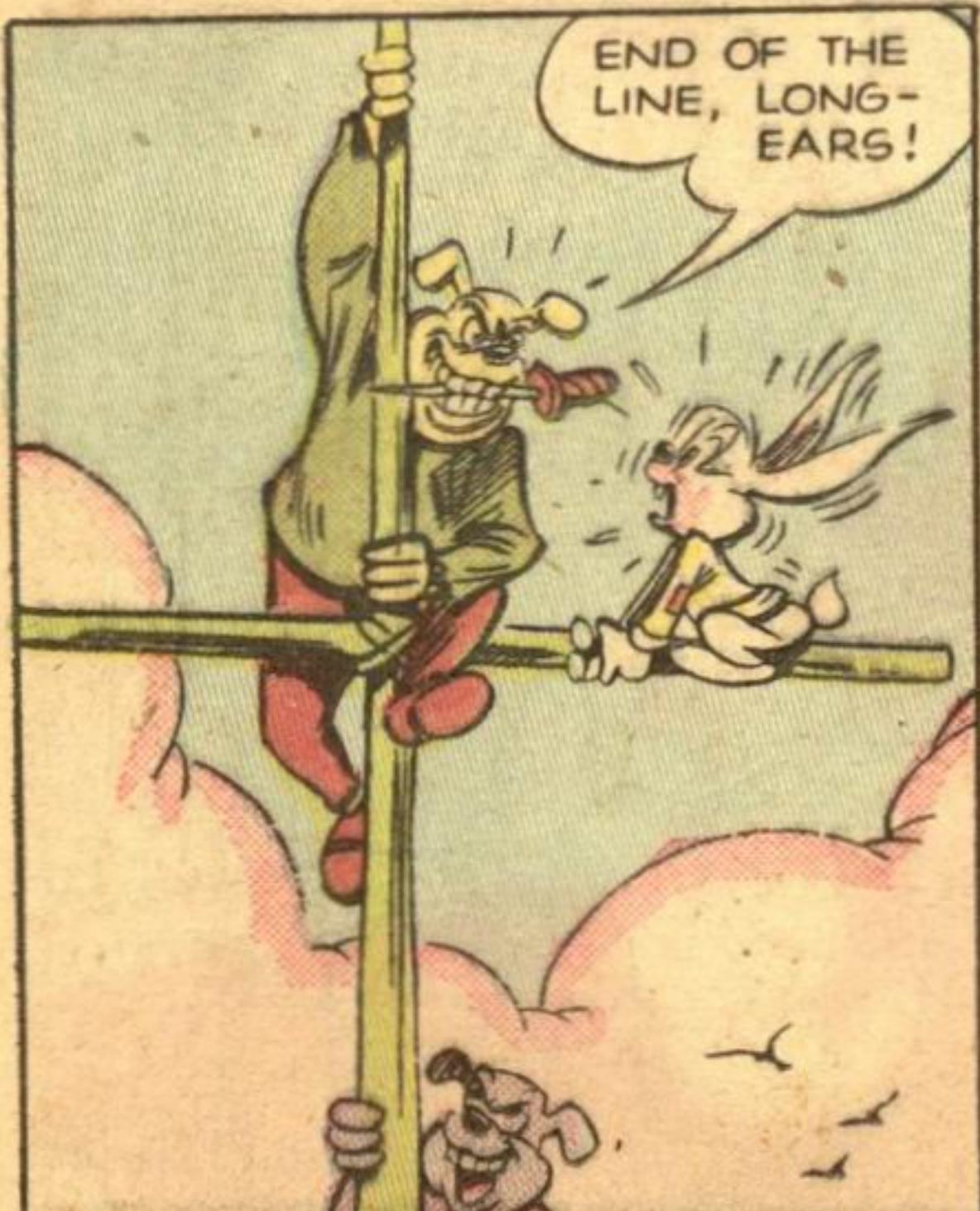
YIPE! I'M TOO LATE!
DOPE WILL BE
KILLED!

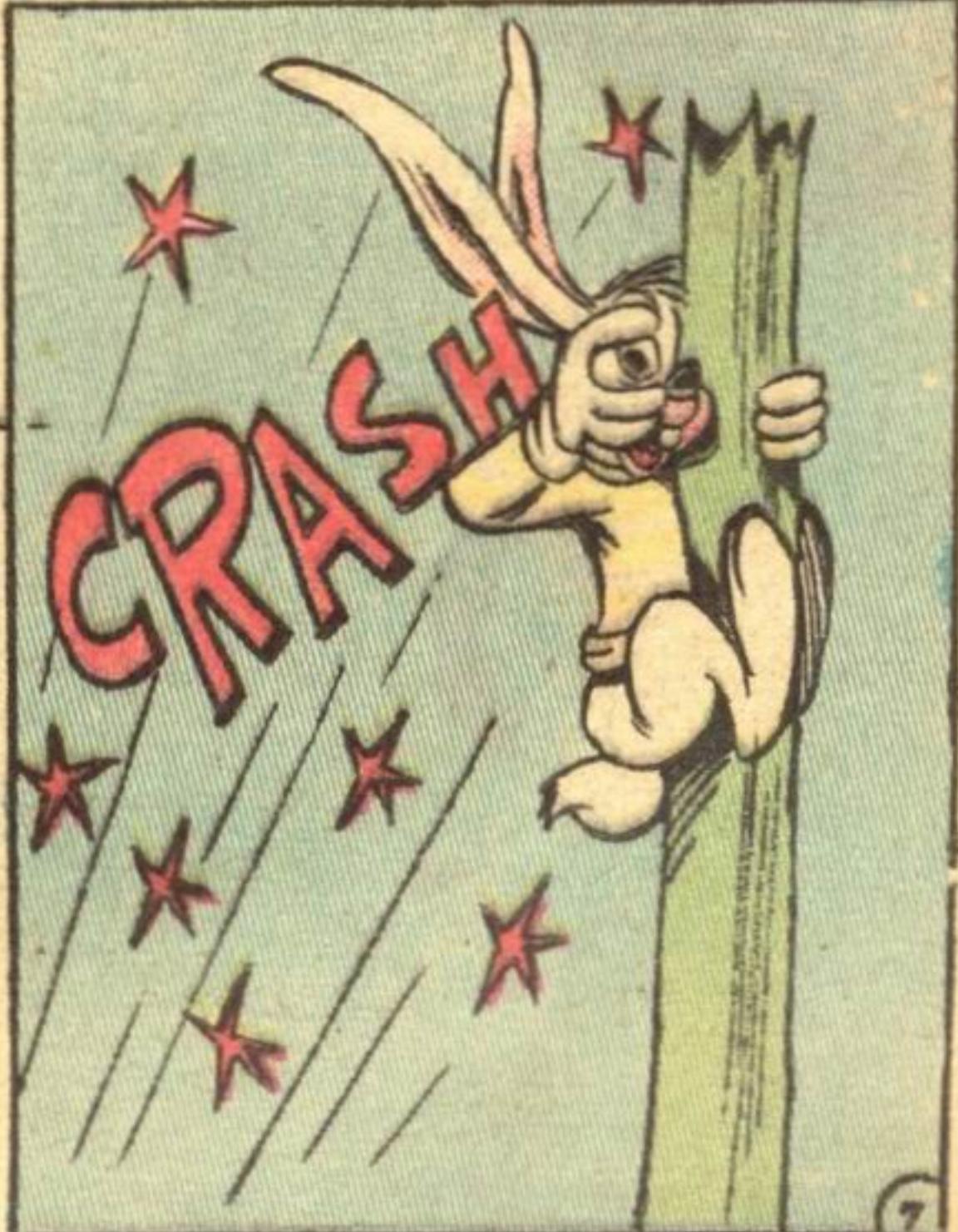
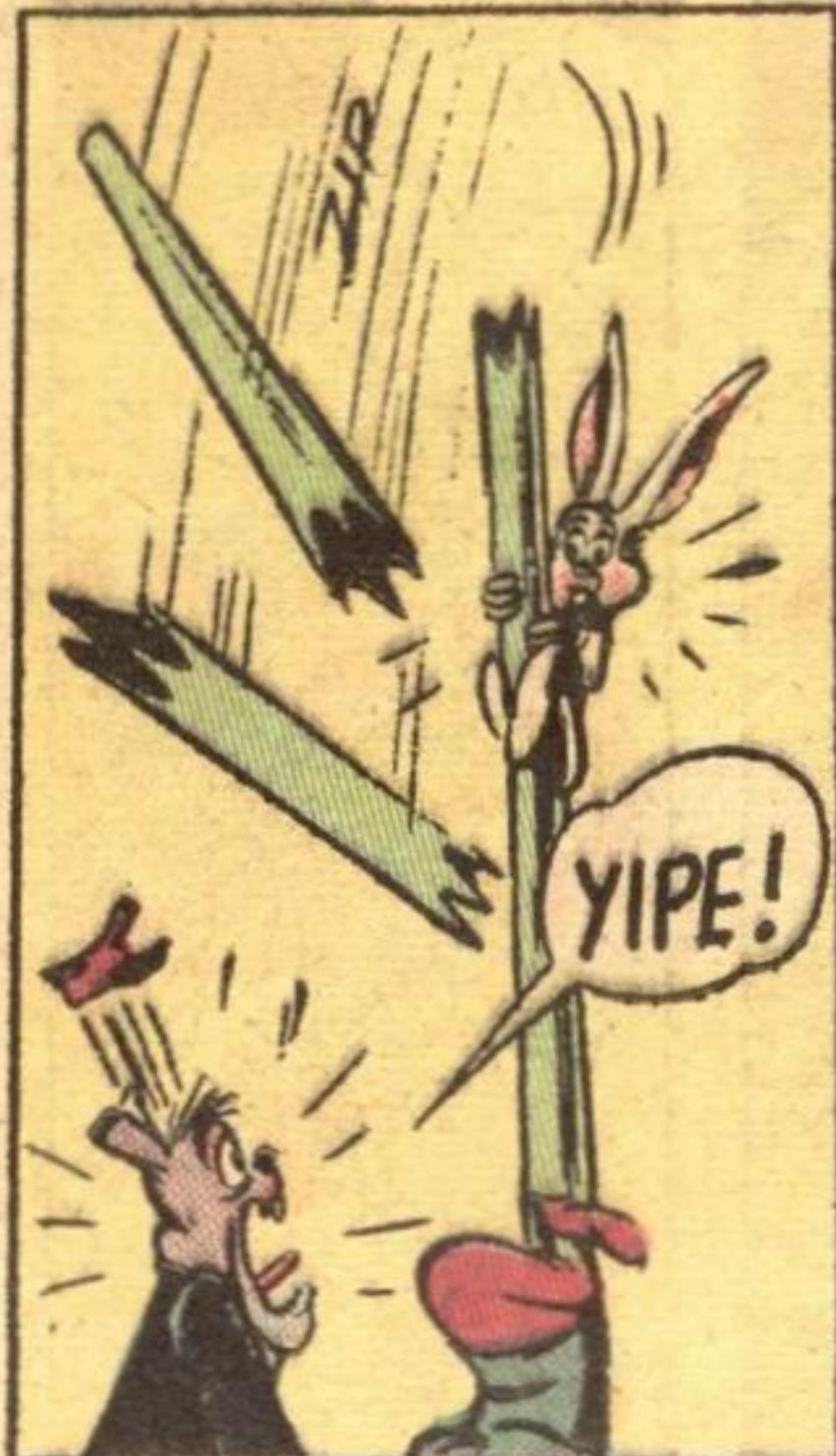
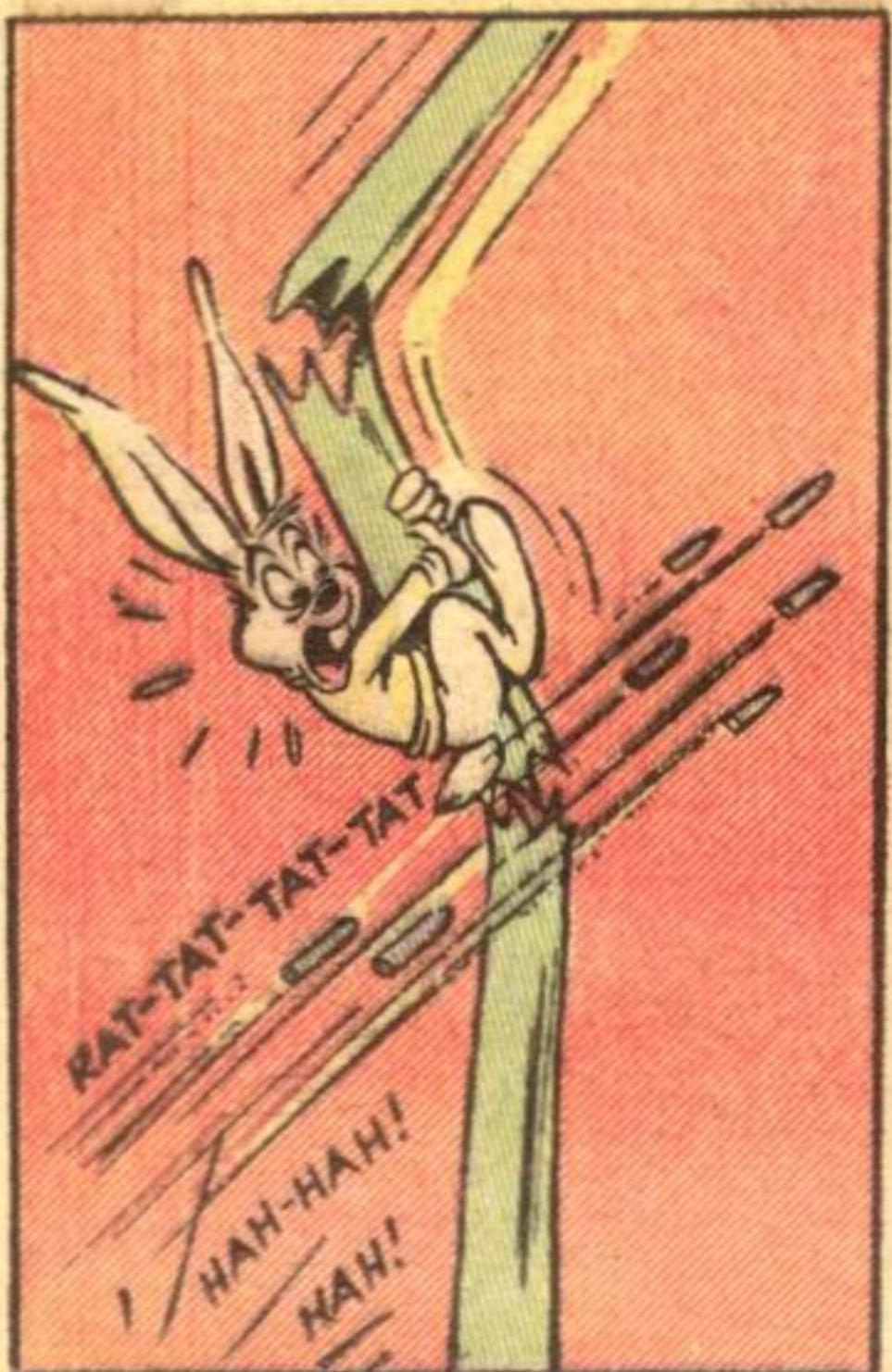
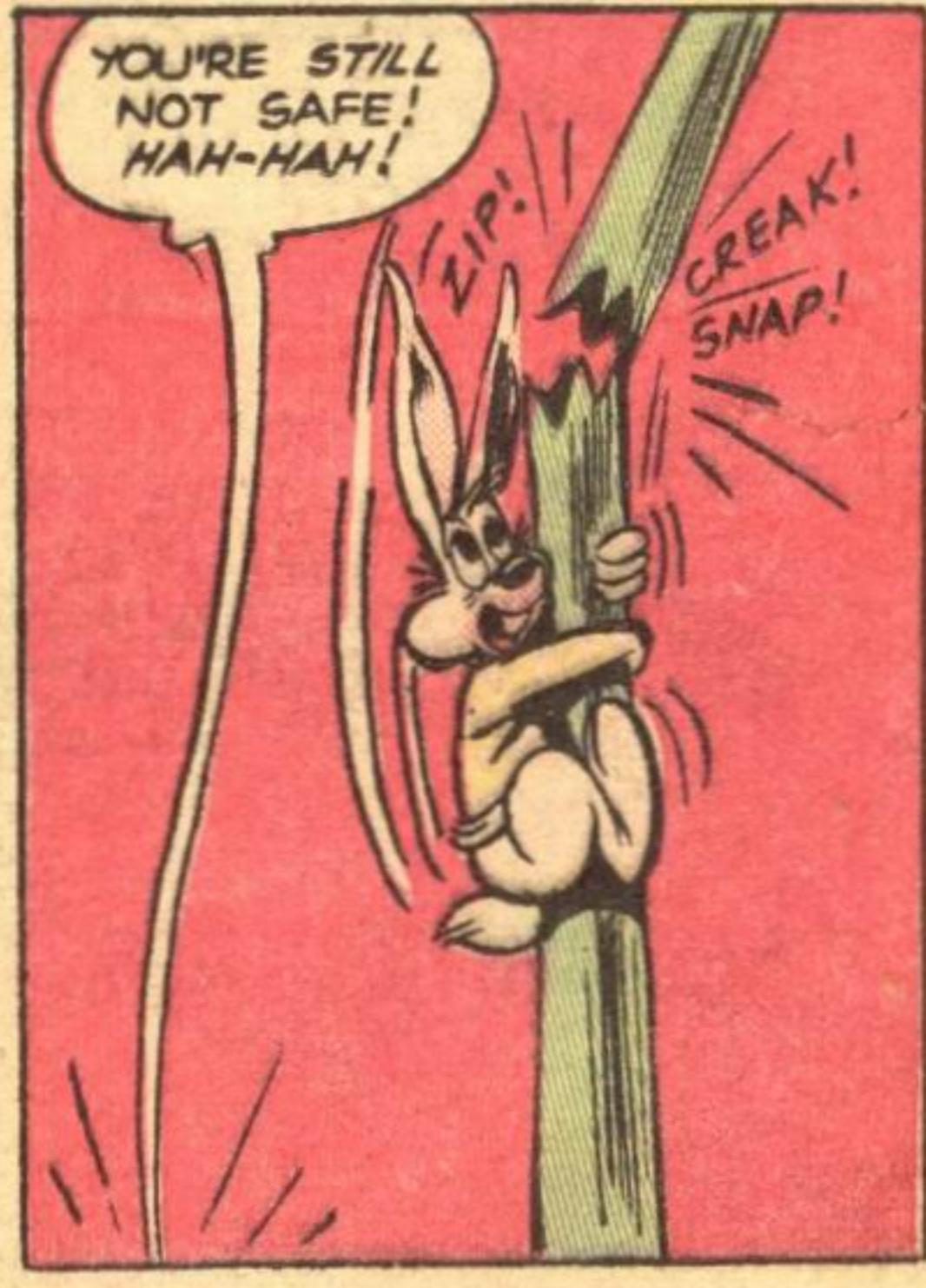
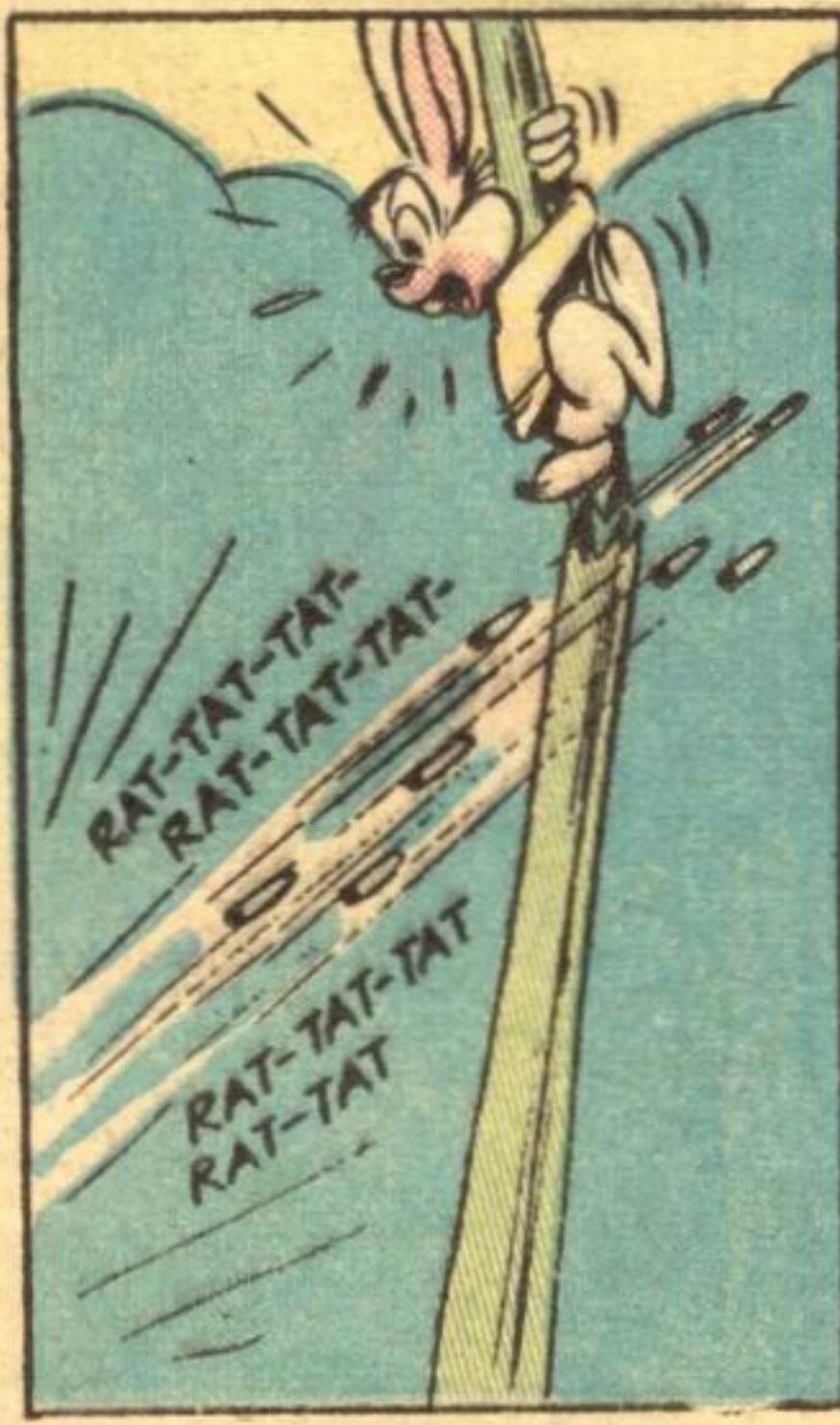
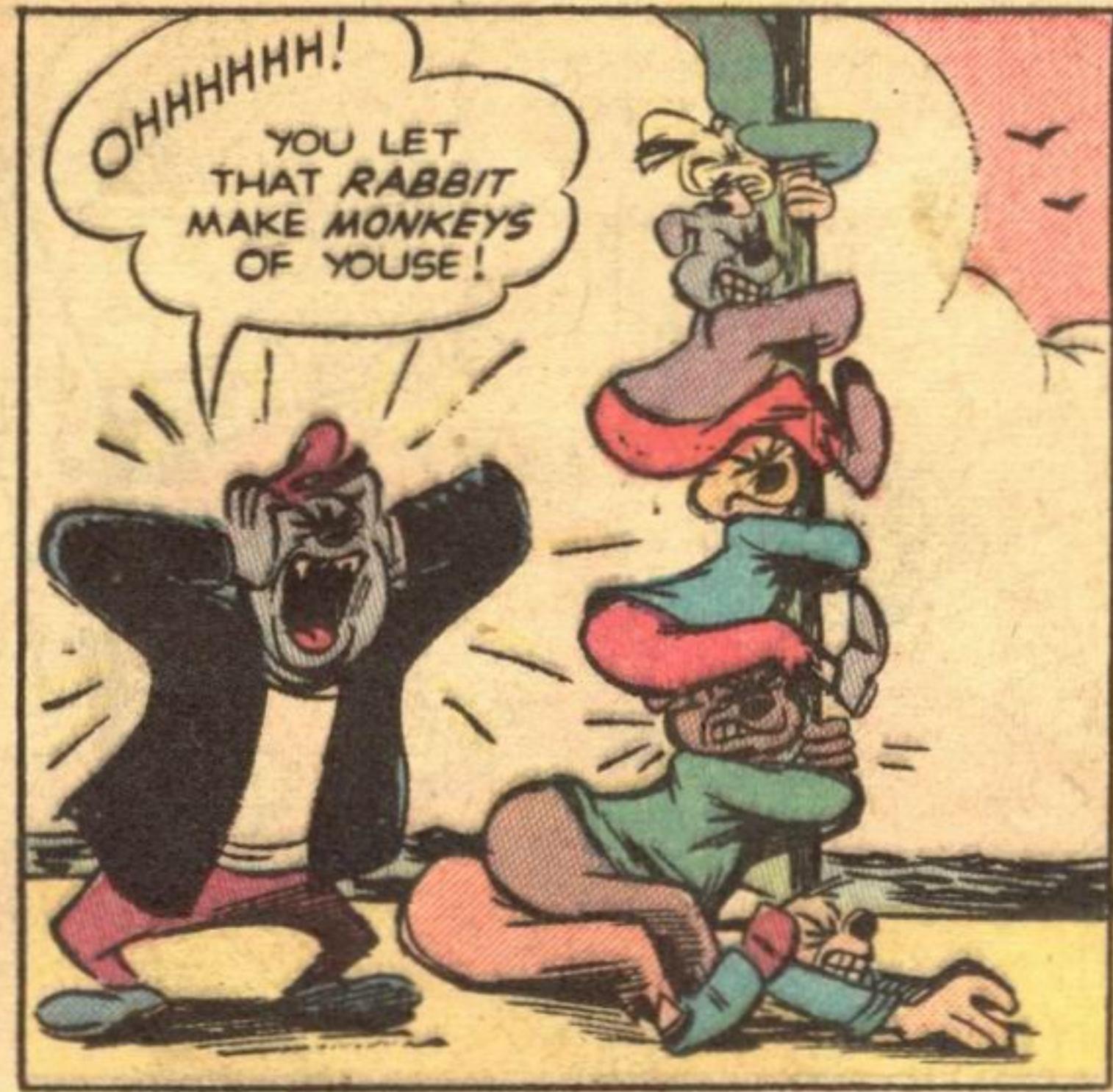
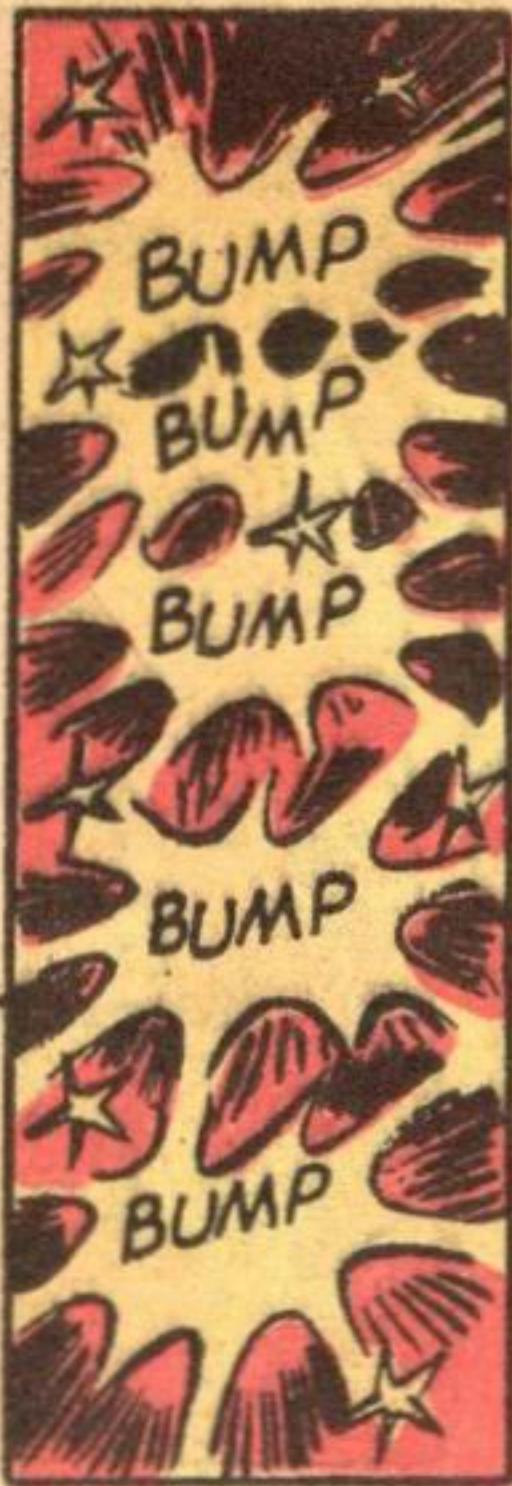
AFTER THAT
RABBIT, MEN!



END OF THE
LINE, LONG-
EARS!

HEY!





SERVES YOU
RIGHT FOR
STEALING!

OH H H H H H!

SHINING

AFTER HIM,
MEN!

MAYBE I CAN
ESCAPE THROUGH
THIS WINDOW!

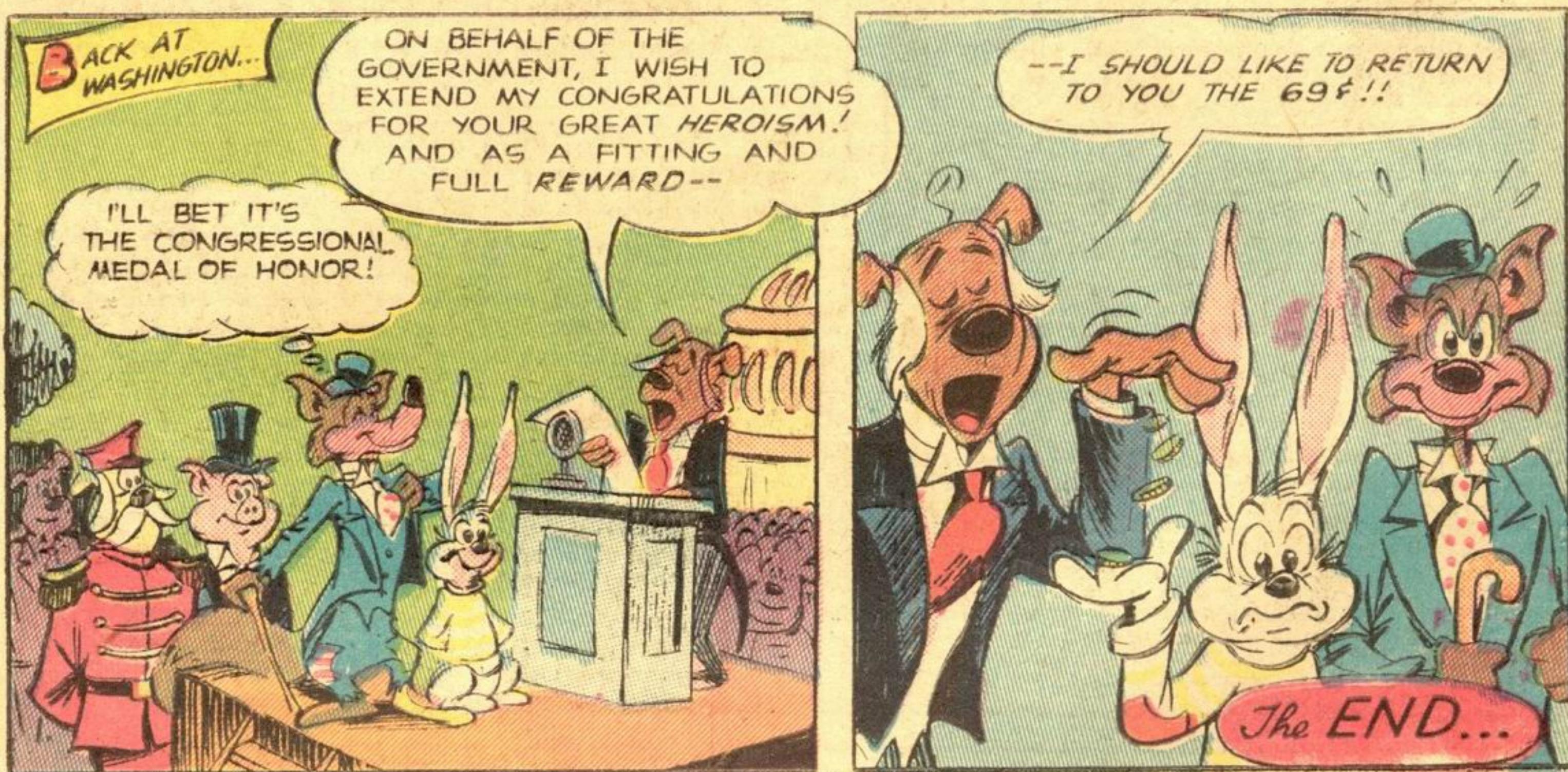
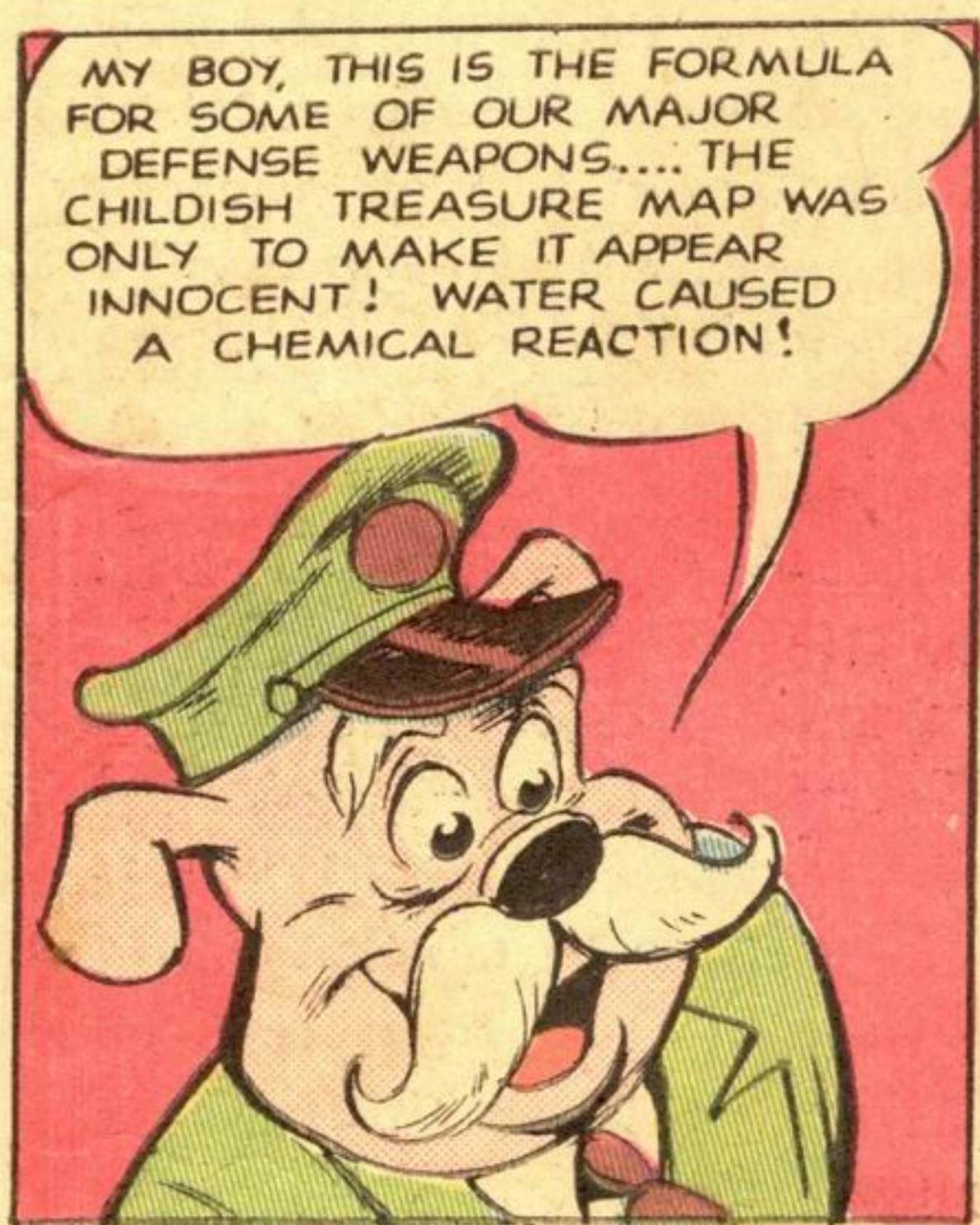
HUH?
IT MUST BE
RAININ' HARD
OUTSIDE!

I KNOW! I'LL
OPEN THIS WINDOW
AND LET THE WATER
DRAIN OUT! I'M
SMART!

HUH?

THERE'S THE
SHIP, CAPTAIN!—
HURRY! IT'S
SINKING!!

COAST
GUARD



CATCHING the CATCHER!

NEVER HAD PEEWEE Pup been so frightened! For the dog-catcher was after him, with his net held high in the air, ready to come down and take Peewee prisoner. The puppy ran as fast as his short legs could carry him, through the back streets of Little Town, around corners, in and out of buildings and across back yards.

"If...if he catches me, I'll be sent to the d...dog p...pound!" Peewee couldn't even think these dread words without trembling. He was a homeless puppy, you see, and had no collar or tag to tell his name or where he lived.

But as fast as he ran, the dog-catcher ran even faster, and soon Peewee could see his huge shadow catching up. Quickly, the puppy ducked into an alley. Perhaps he would be lucky enough to find a cellar in which to hide!

But no! There was no hiding place and the little puppy was trapped! The dog-catcher would get him now, for certain sure! Cornered, Peewee shivered and shook as the dog-catcher came closer. And then the little puppy, desperate, jumped into the air and landed...right in the dog-catcher's own pocket!

"Now, where is that confounded dog? He was here a second ago! I saw him!" But search as he might, the dog-catcher could

not find Peewee anywhere. He looked high and low, he looked everywhere but in his own pocket, and finally he snorted, "Oh, well, I give up! I might just as well go home, now that the dog's gone!"

Huddled inside the pocket, Peewee knew that the dog-catcher was taking him somewhere but...where? He was afraid to think! Now the dog-catcher was walking up a flight of steps. Now he was opening a door. And now, someone was squealing, "What did you bring me, Pop?"

A small hand was thrust into the pocket where Peewee cowered. The fingers closed on the puppy's soft fur and lifted him gently out. "It's a puppy, a beautiful puppy!" a little boy shouted. "Pop, how did you know he was just what I wanted?"

The little boy put his cheek close to Peewee's furry head as he held him close. "Gosh!" he sighed happily.

Peewee's heart began to pound in fright as the dog-catcher came towards the little boy. "There you are, you rascal," he said to Peewee. "Well, looks to me as though you came home with the dog-catcher, instead of the other way around! Guess you're one of the family now!"

So Peewee got a collar, a tag with his name and address on it, a real home to live in and best of all...a little boy to love!

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

of GIGGLE COMICS, published Bi-monthly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1st, 1950.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Creston Publications Corp., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 120 West 183 St., New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Frederick H. Igner, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Creston Publications Corp., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; B. W. Sanger, 7 West 81 Street, New York, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other

security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1950.

Nat C. Sherman, Notary Public, State of New York.
(My commission expires March 30, 1951.)

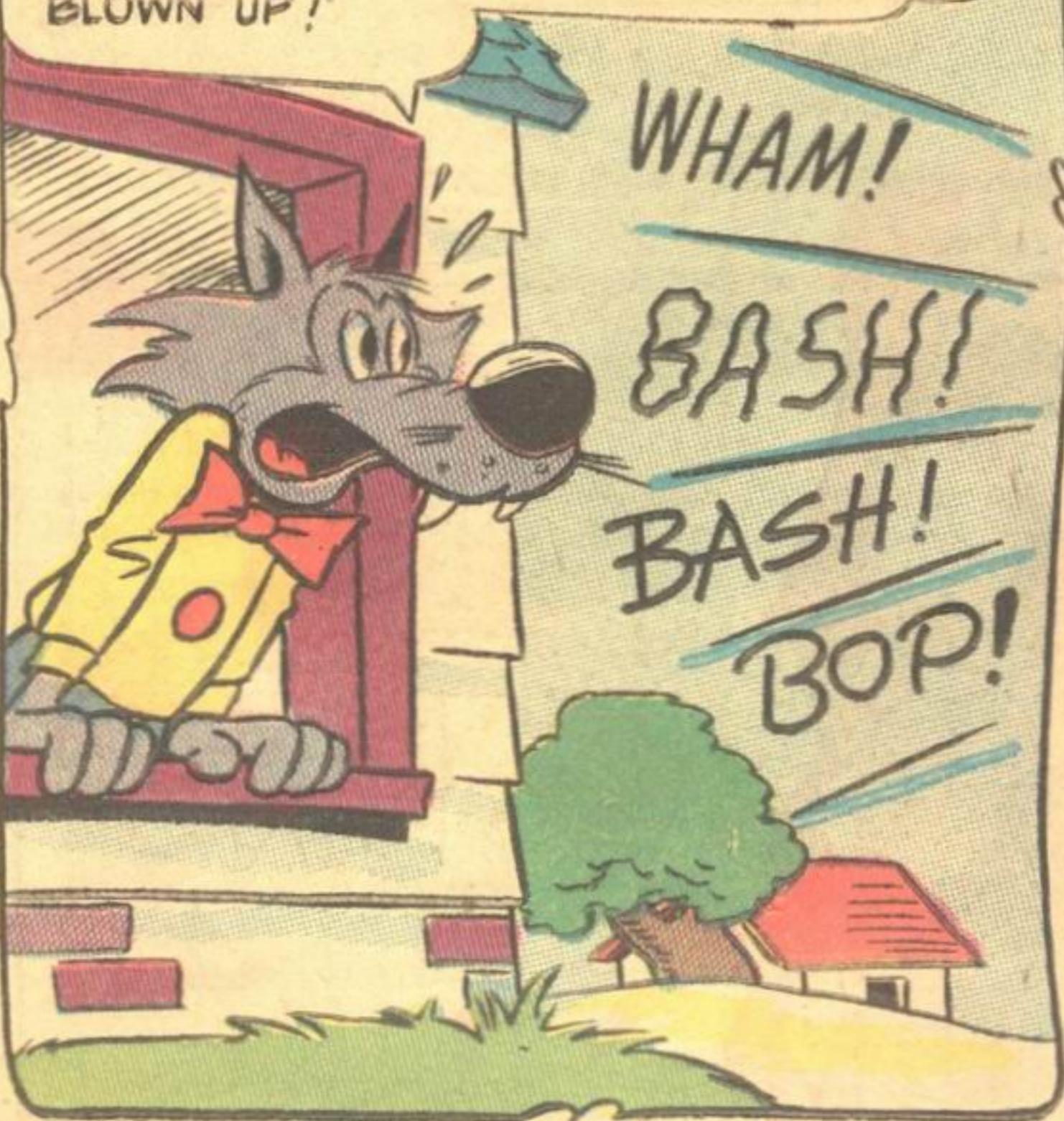
OUR PAL PIGGY

THE ONE THING I LIKE ABOUT THIS NEIGHBORHOOD IS THAT IT'S PEACEFUL AND QUIET! A FELLOW CAN RELAX WHEN---

YIPE!



THAT SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM PIGGY'S HOUSE! HIS FURNACE MUST'VE BLOWN UP!



WHAM!

BASH!

BASH!
BOP!

I MUST TRY TO BRING HIM FIRST AID! -- I WOULDN'T WANT TO **LOSE** HIM! HE'S ONE OF THE SOFTEST TOUCHES FOR LOANS I'VE GOT!



CRASH!

BAM!

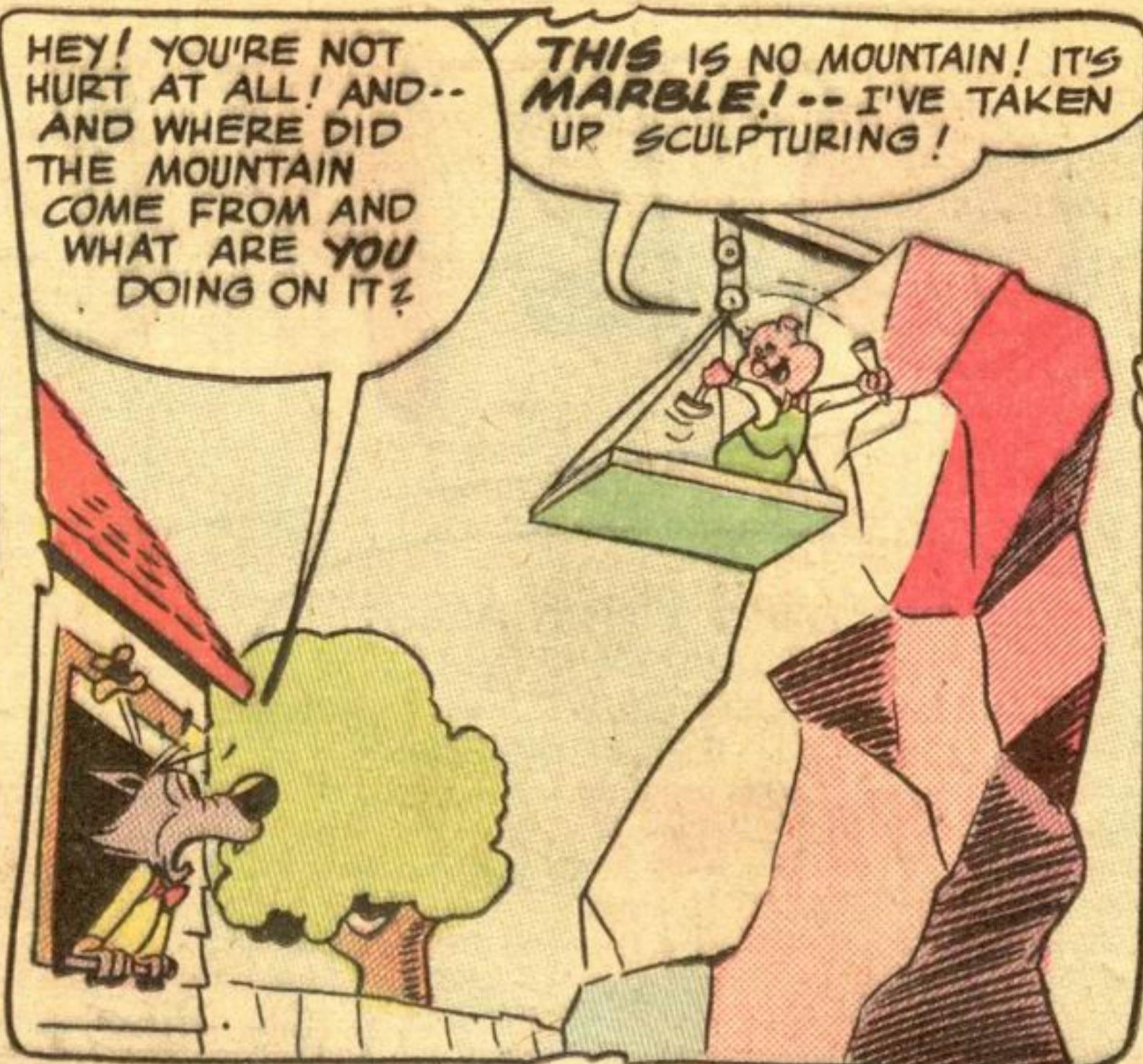
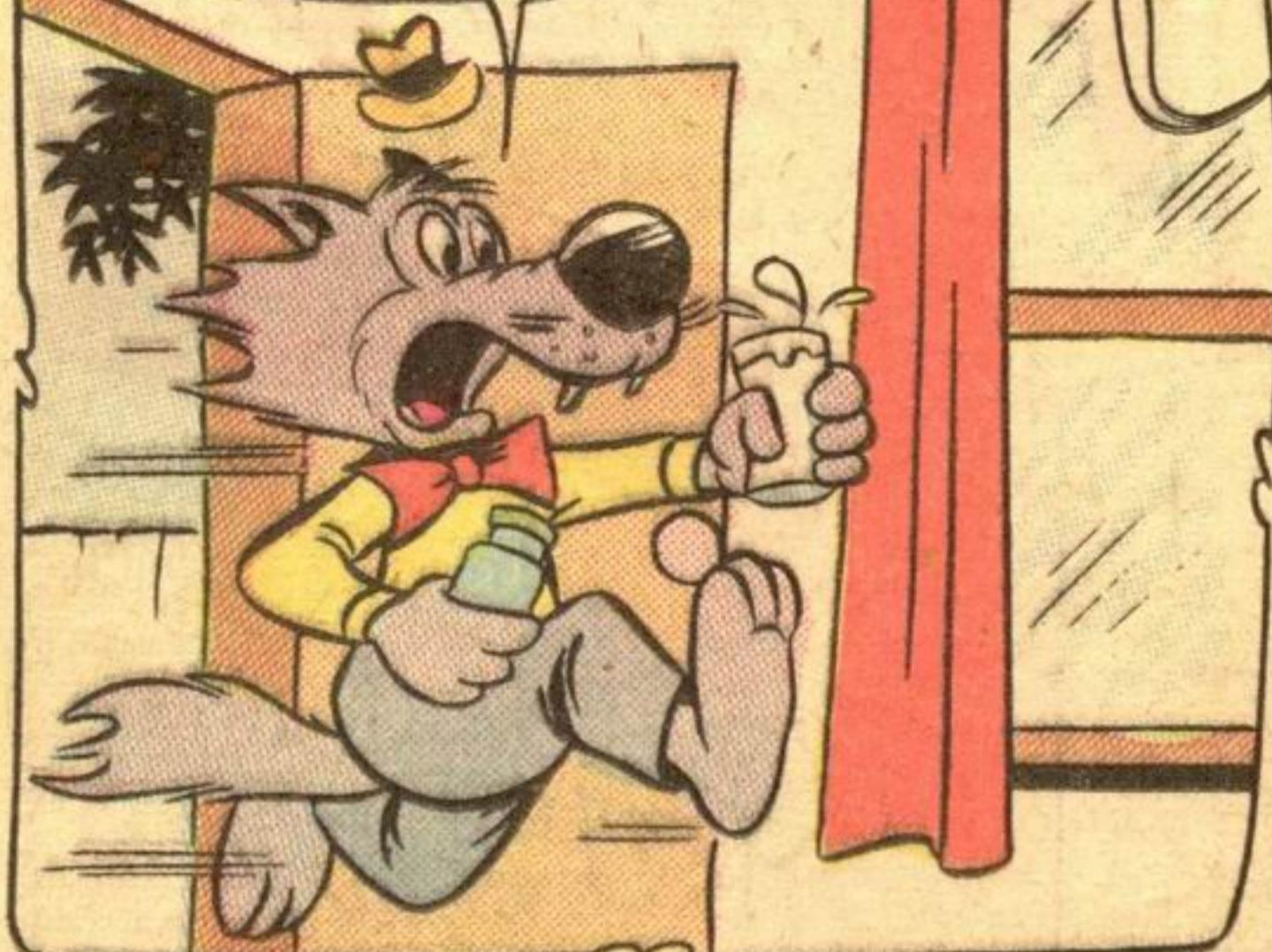
BAM!

LIE STILL! DON'T MOVE--
YOU MIGHT HAVE BROKEN--
HEY!-- WHERE IS
HE? OH, PIGGY!
PIGGY!

WHO IS IT? I'M
OUTSIDE
HERE

HEY! YOU'RE NOT
HURT AT ALL! AND--
AND WHERE DID
THE MOUNTAIN
COME FROM AND
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING ON IT?

THIS IS NO MOUNTAIN! IT'S
MARBLE! -- I'VE TAKEN
UP SCULPTURING!

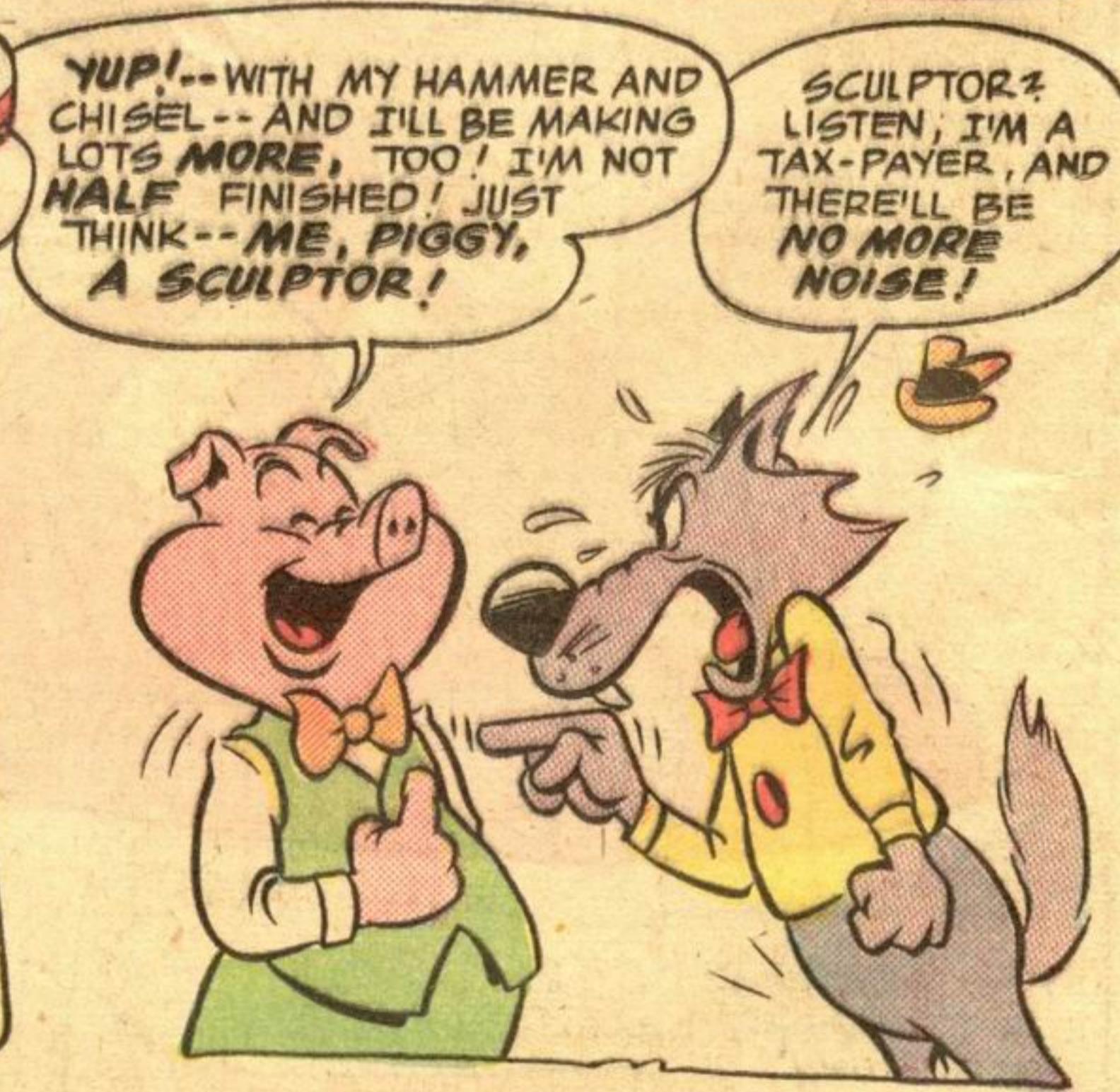


THEY'VE OFFERED A \$10,000 PRIZE FOR THE BEST AMATEUR STATUE, AND THAT'S WHAT I'M MAKING!

YOU MEAN YOU WERE MAKING ALL THAT NOISE?

YUP!-- WITH MY HAMMER AND CHISEL-- AND I'LL BE MAKING LOTS MORE, TOO! I'M NOT HALF FINISHED! JUST THINK-- ME, PIGGY, A SCULPTOR!

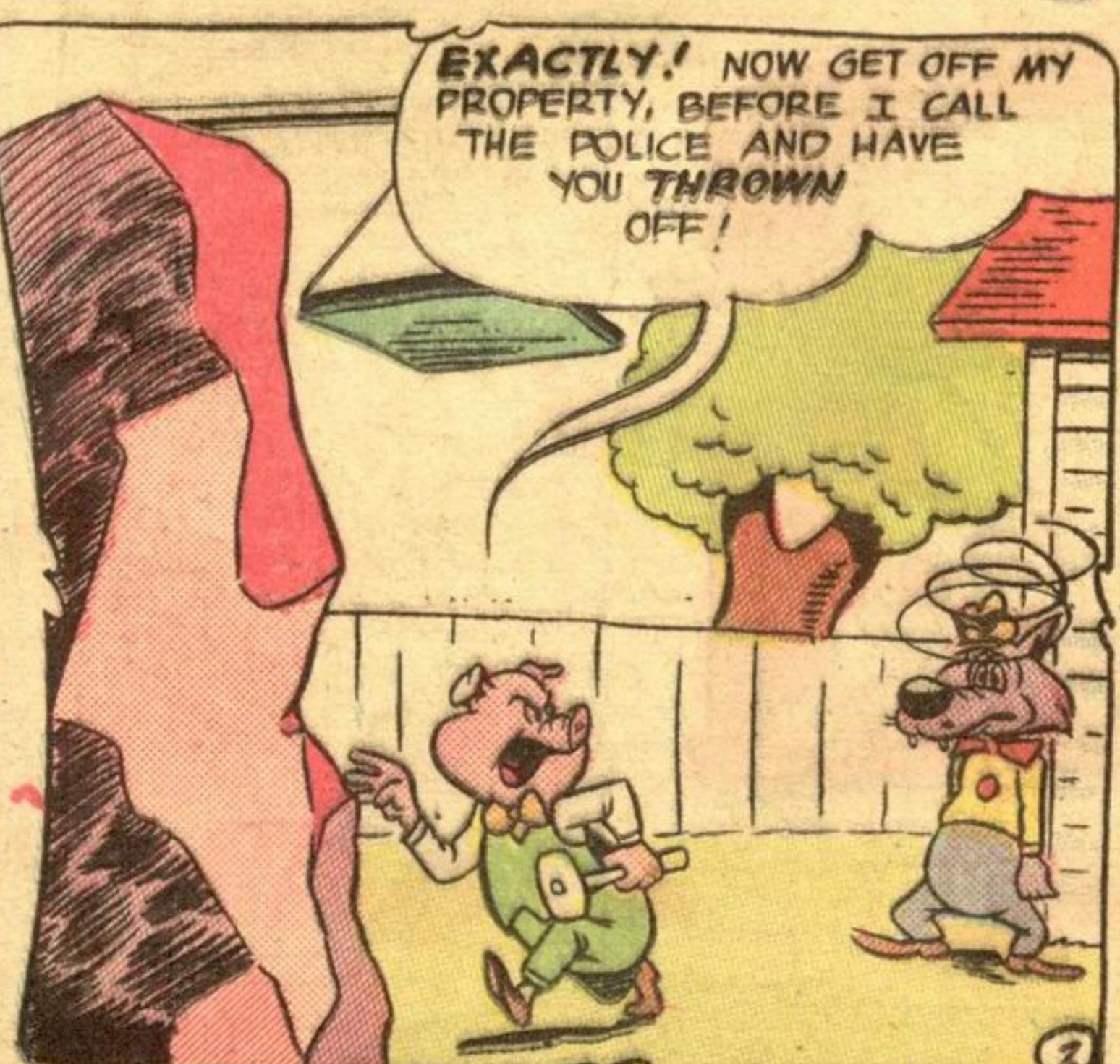
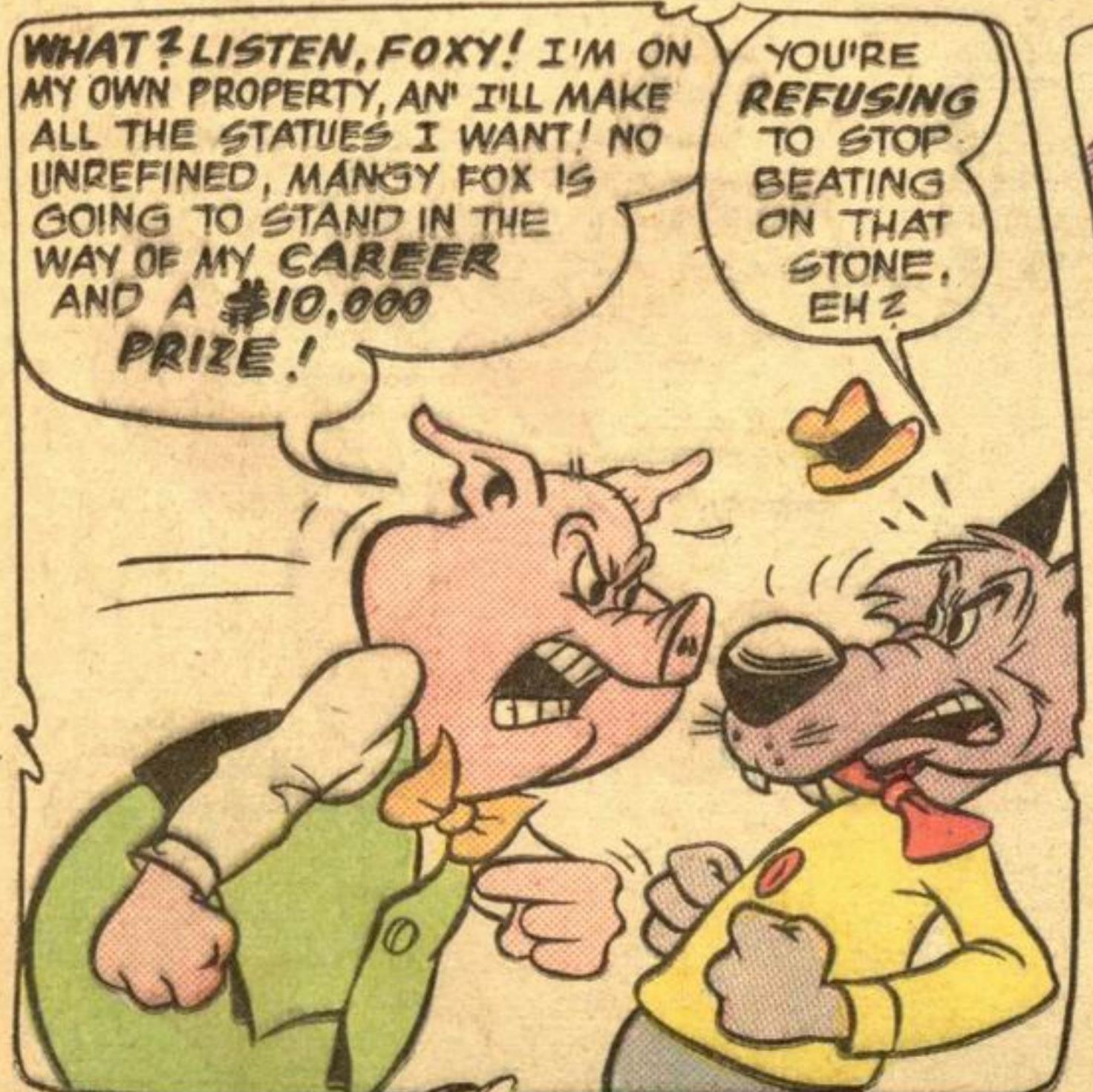
SCULPTOR? LISTEN, I'M A TAX-PAYER, AND THERE'LL BE NO MORE NOISE!



WHAT? LISTEN, FOXY! I'M ON MY OWN PROPERTY, AN' I'LL MAKE ALL THE STATUES I WANT! NO UNREFINED, MANGY FOX IS GOING TO STAND IN THE WAY OF MY CAREER AND A \$10,000 PRIZE!

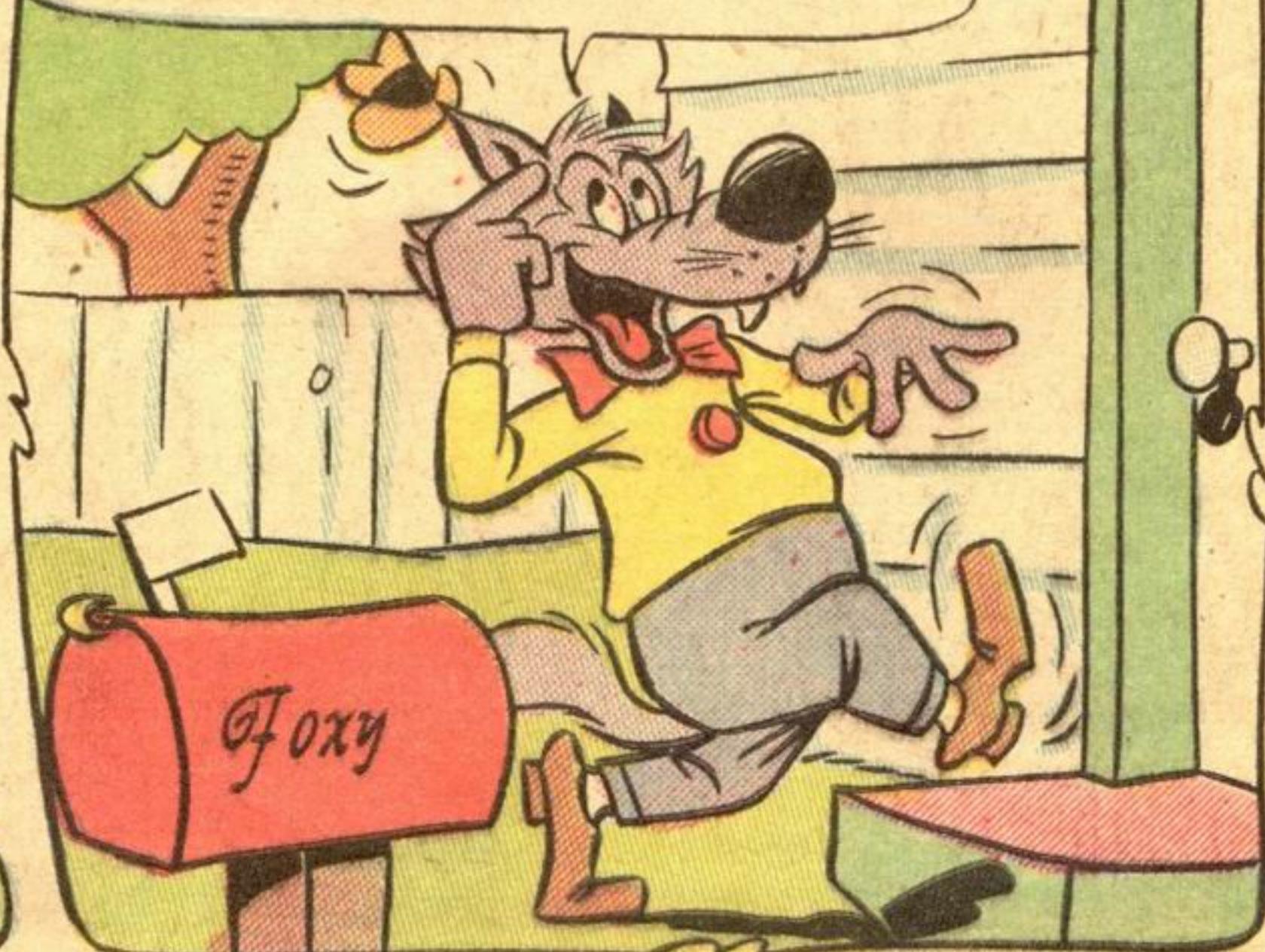
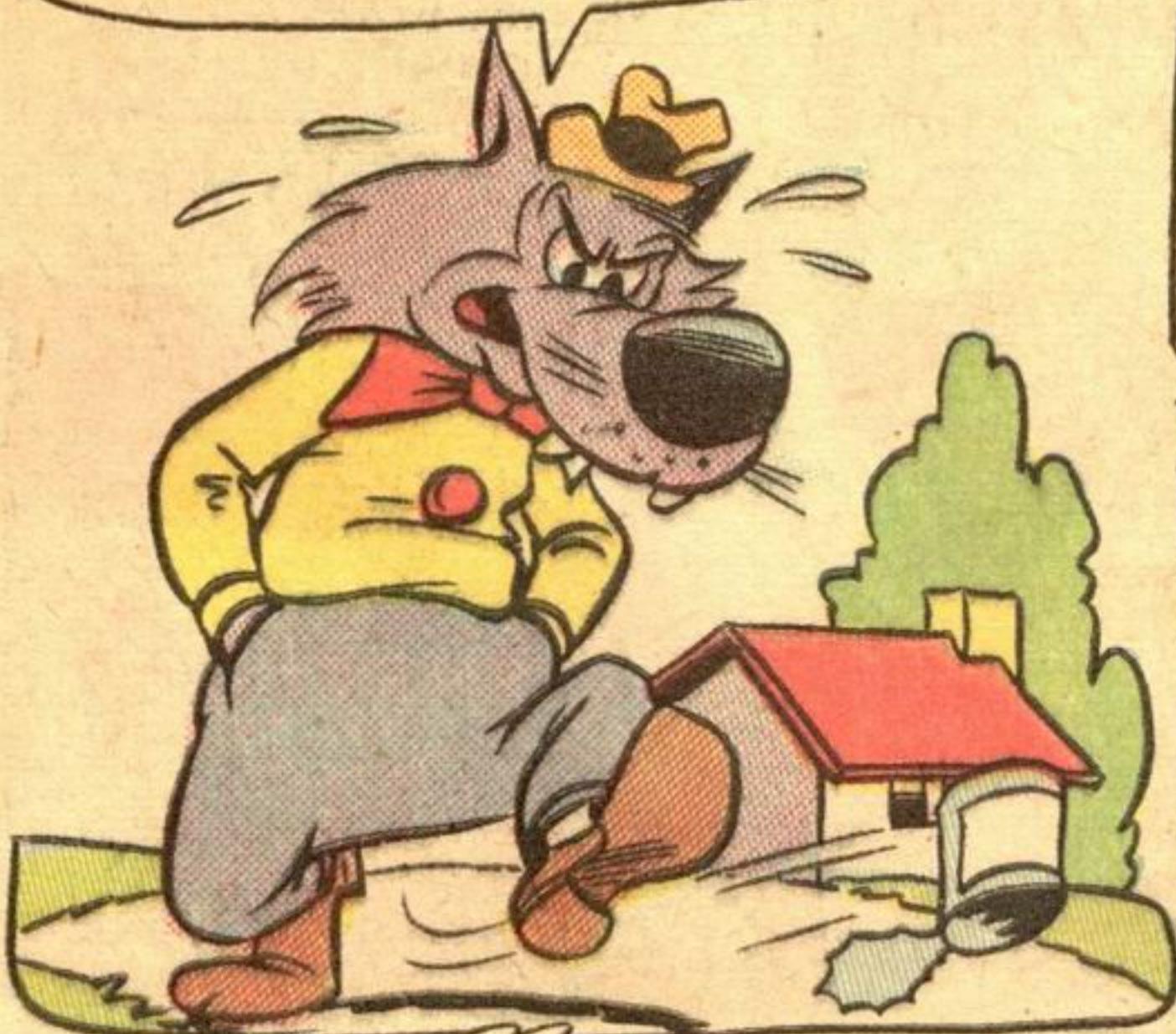
YOU'RE REFUSING TO STOP BEATING ON THAT STONE, EH?

EXACTLY! NOW GET OFF MY PROPERTY, BEFORE I CALL THE POLICE AND HAVE YOU THROWN OFF!



A MANGY FOX, HE CALLED ME! WELL, I'LL STOP THAT PIGGY FROM HACKING AT THAT MARBLE IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

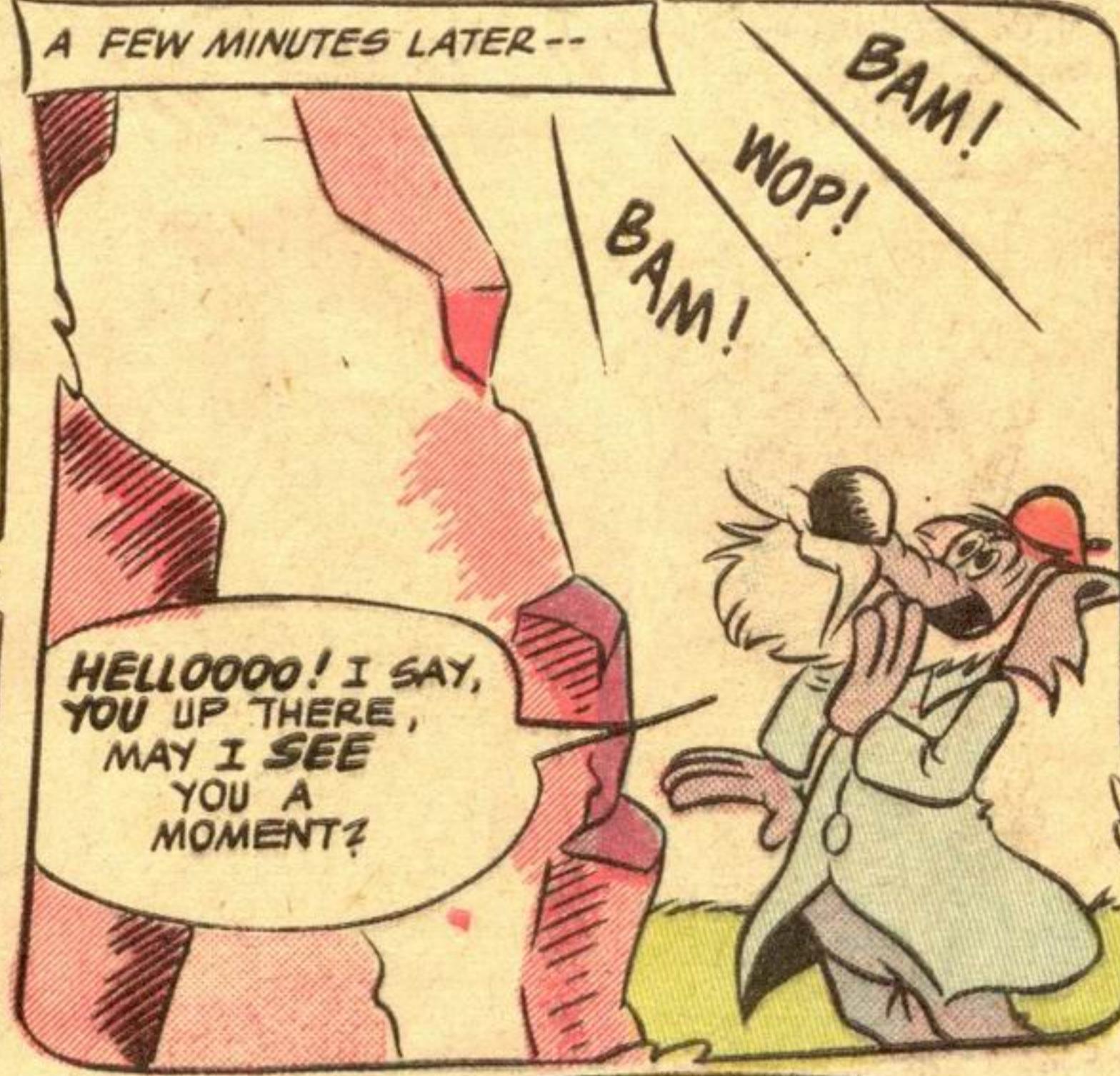
HMM! HE SAID HE'S ENTERED IN A CONTEST TO WIN \$10,000! HA! THAT'S IT!-- CONTESTS NEED JUDGES, SO I'LL BE THE JUDGE!



BEING A JUDGE OF ARTISTIC THINGS CALLS FOR AN ARTISTIC-LOOKING JUDGE!-- HEH!-- WELL, I'M READY NOW!



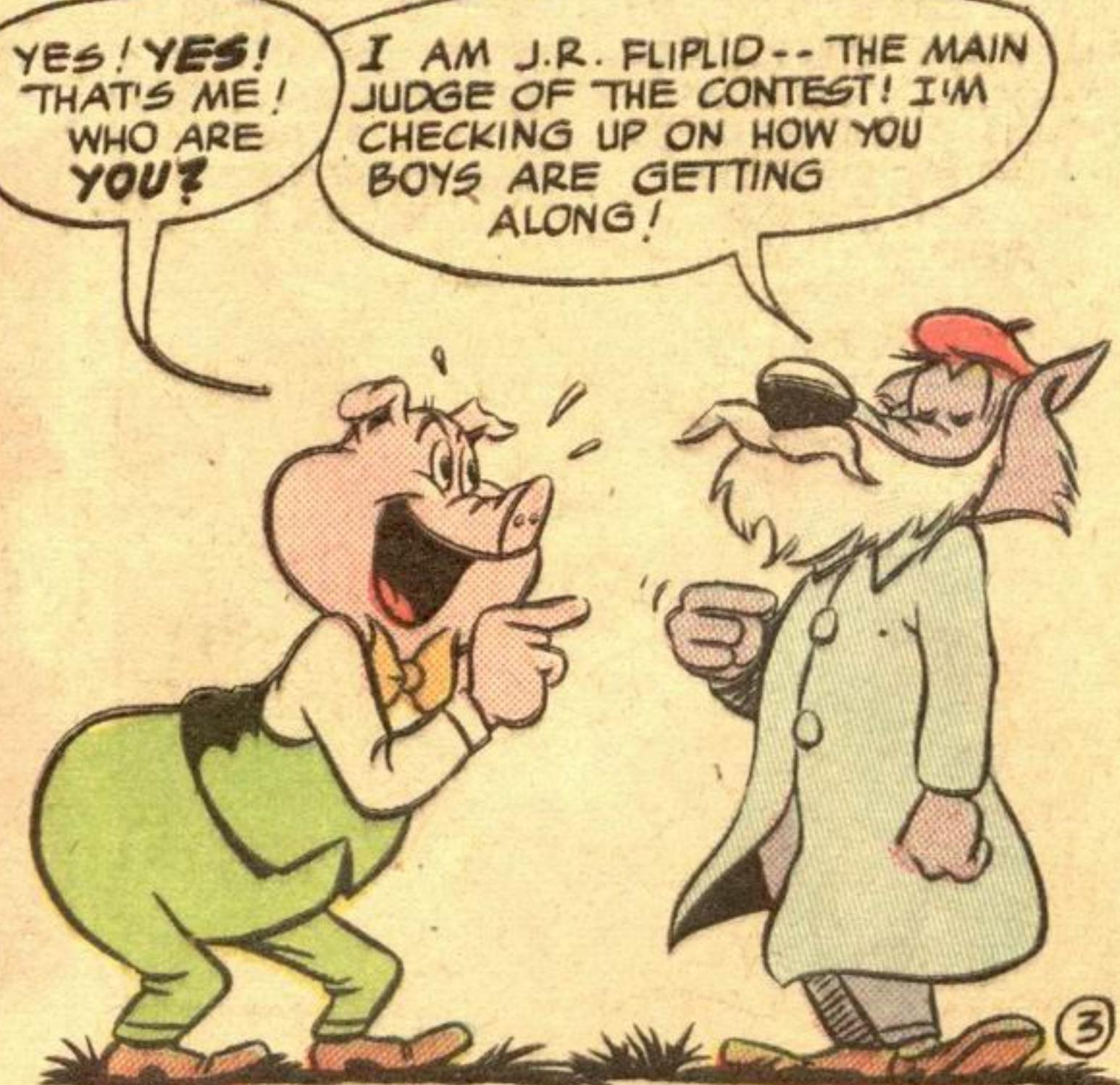
A FEW MINUTES LATER--



YES? ARE YOU ONE PIGGY CONTESTANT NO. 5,961 IN OUR CONTEST TO FIND NEW, TALENTED SCULPTORS?

YES! YES! THAT'S ME! WHO ARE YOU?

I AM J.R. FLIPLID-- THE MAIN JUDGE OF THE CONTEST! I'M CHECKING UP ON HOW YOU BOYS ARE GETTING ALONG!

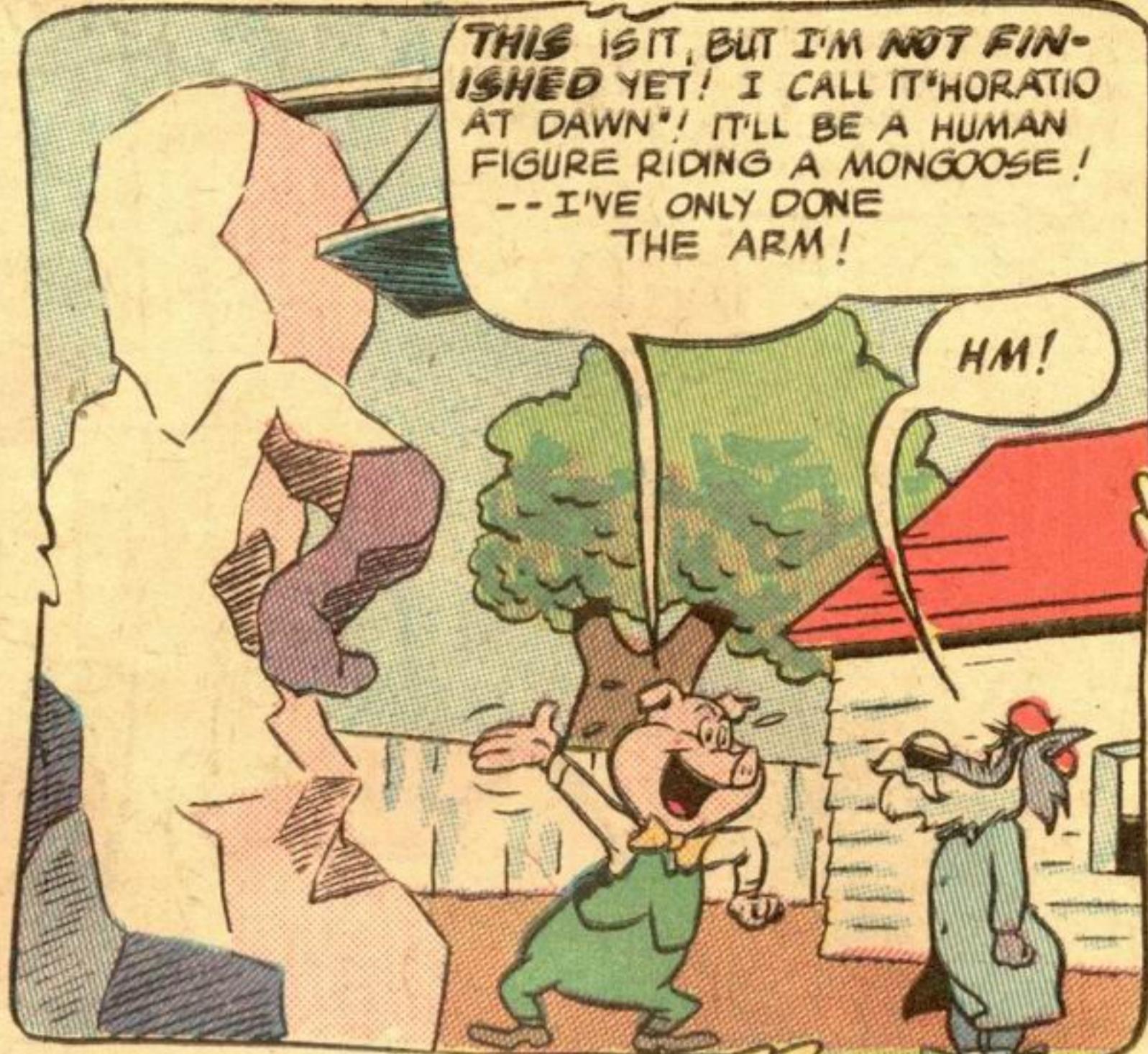


ONE OF THE JUDGES?
THIS IS WONDERFUL!
WHAT AN HONOR!--
WHAT CAN I DO
FOR YOU, SIR?

I WISH TO
SEE YOUR
STATUE AND
OFFER MY
CRITICISM!

THIS IS IT, BUT I'M NOT FIN-
ISHED YET! I CALL IT "HORATIO
AT DAWN"! IT'LL BE A HUMAN
FIGURE RIDING A MONGOOSE!
-- I'VE ONLY DONE
THE ARM!

HM!

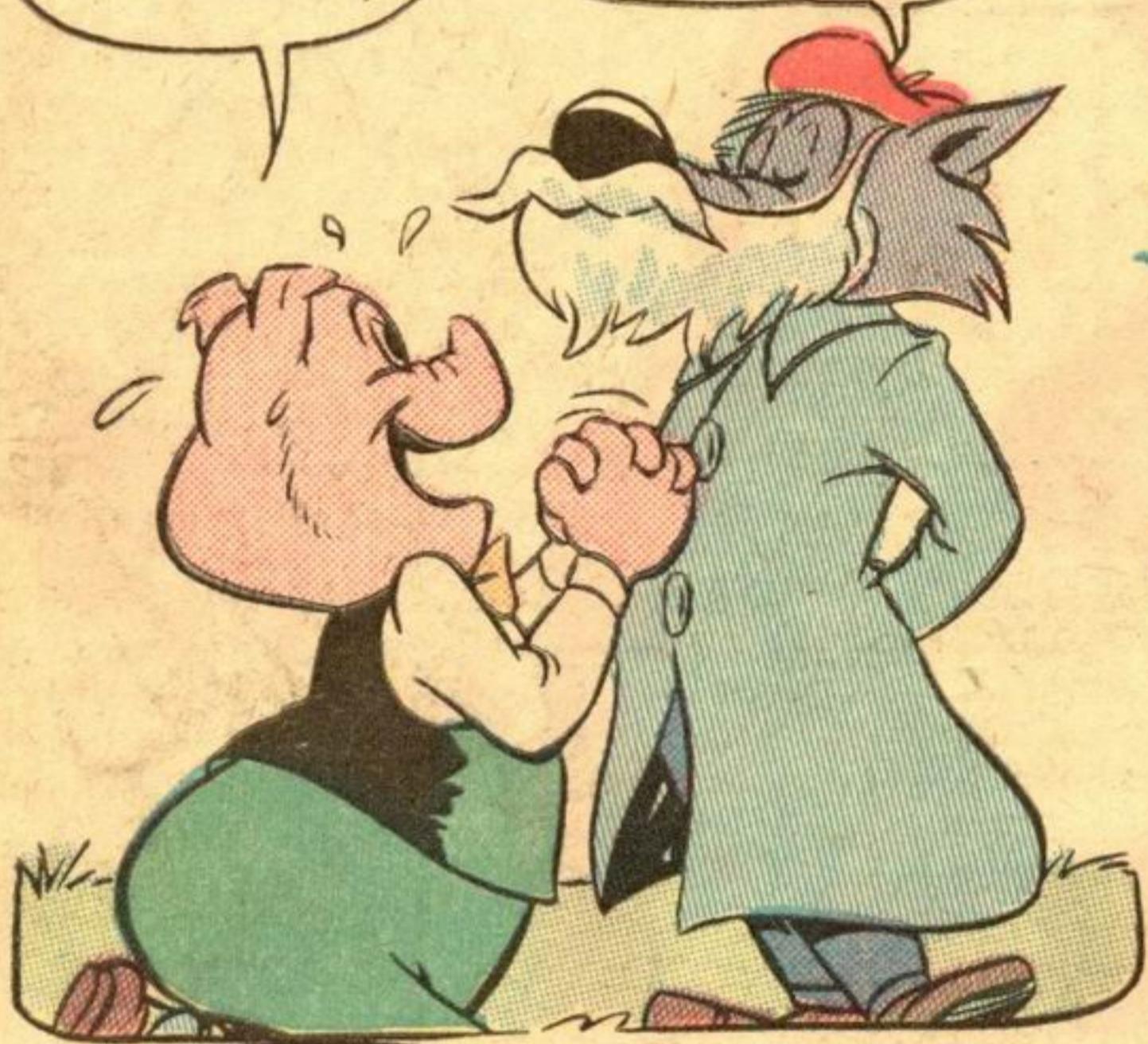


NOW TELL ME--
WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF IT?

IT STINKS!

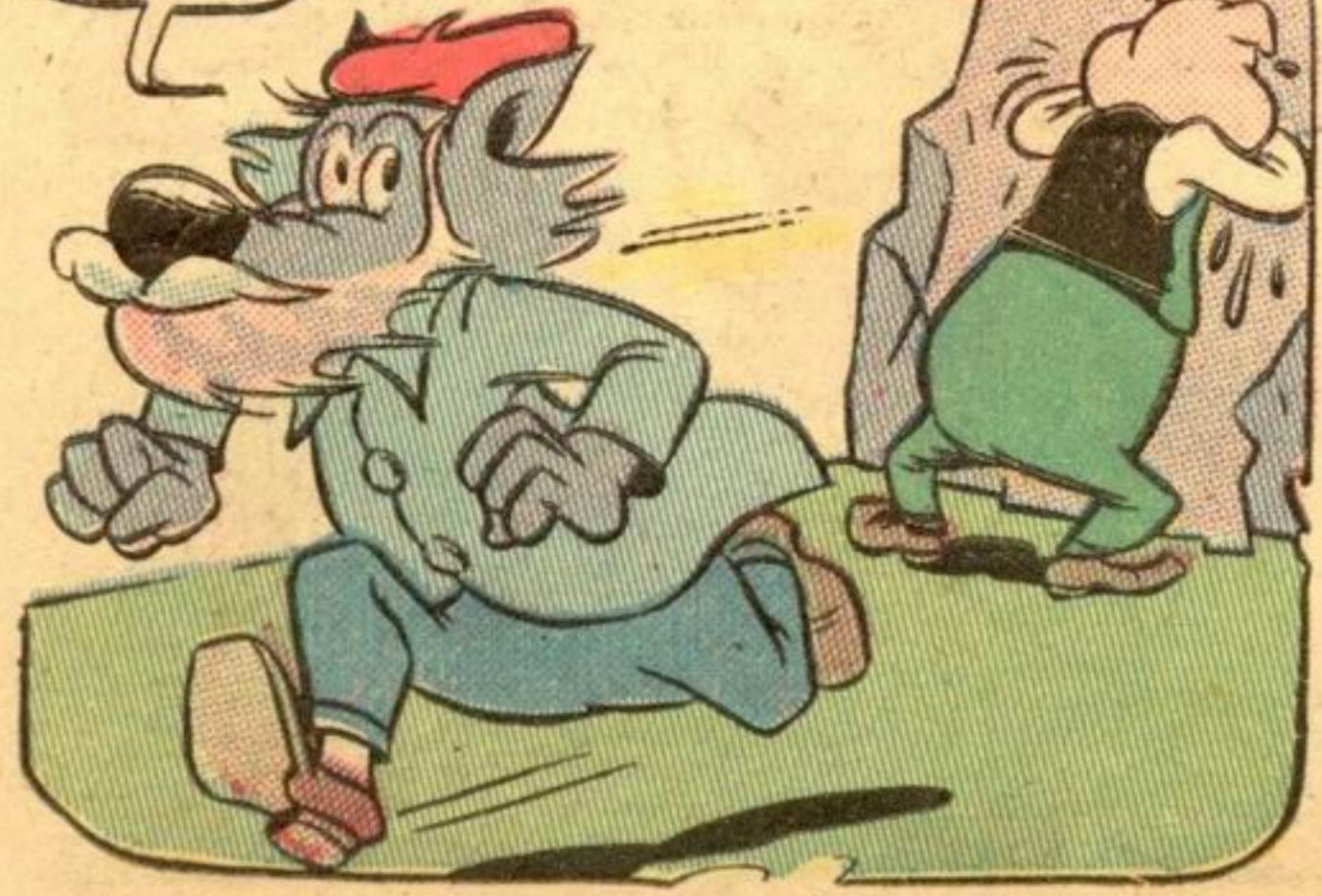
WHAT DID YOU SAY?

IT'S TERRIBLE!
BETTER YOU SHOULD BE
A SHOEMAKER!



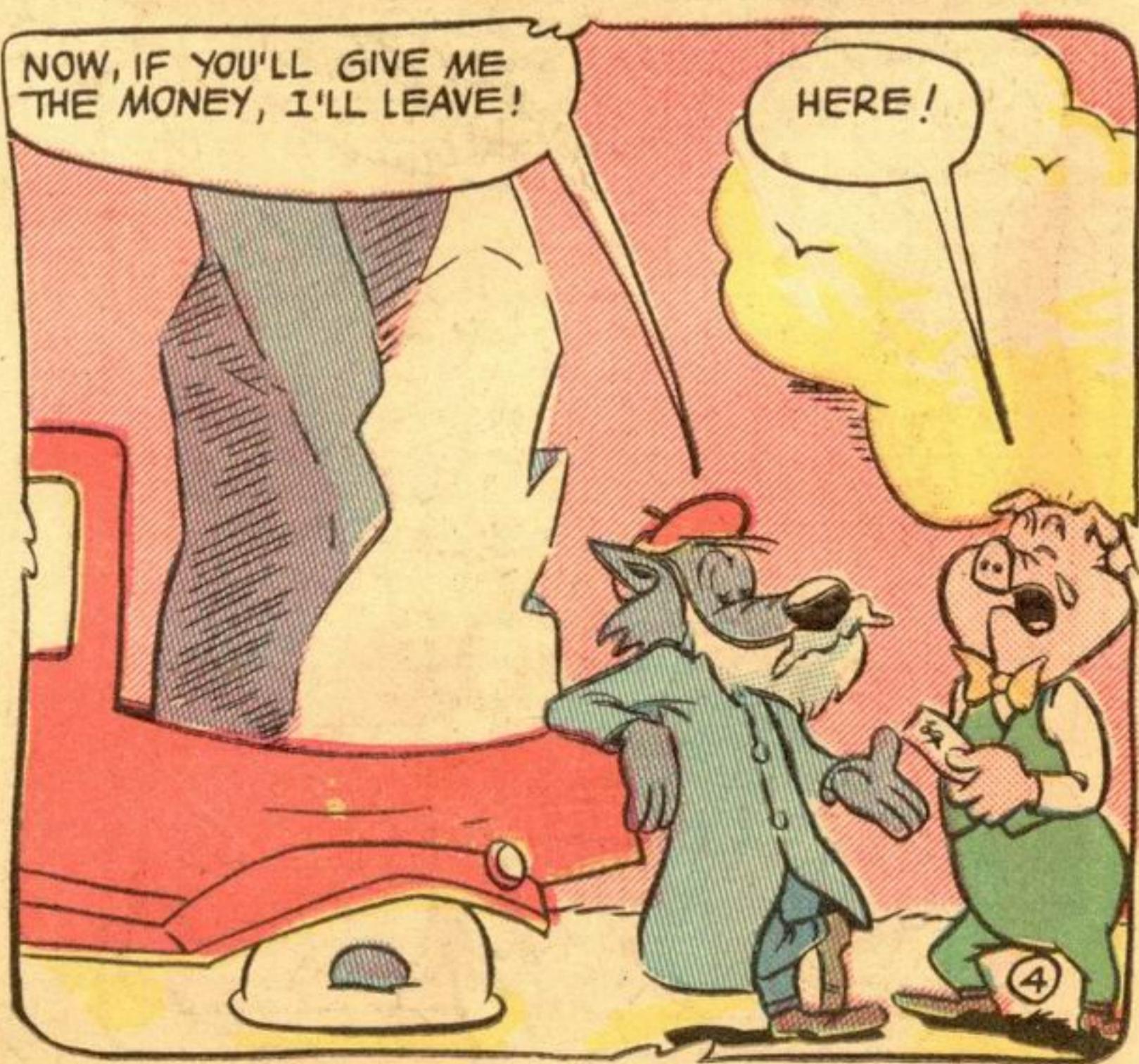
NOW THAT YOUR CAREER
IS OVER, YOU'LL WANT
THAT STONE REMOVED!
-- AS HEAD OF THE
CONTEST, I'M PRE-
PARED TO HAUL
AWAY ANY UNUSED
ROCK FOR \$10!
OKAY?

YES! YES! TAKE
IT AWAY!... (SOB)
AND I THOUGHT I
WAS GETTING ON
SO WELL!



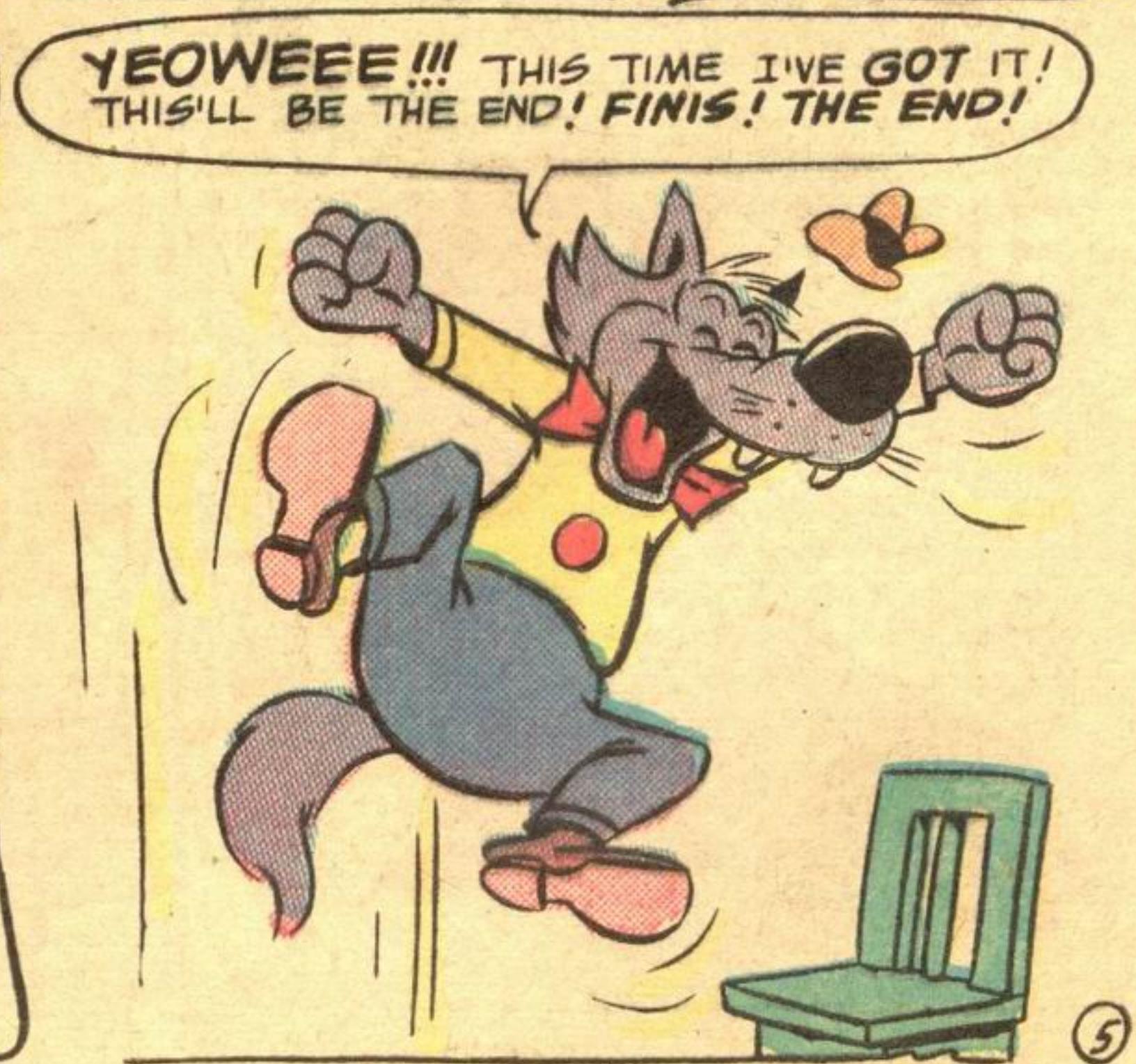
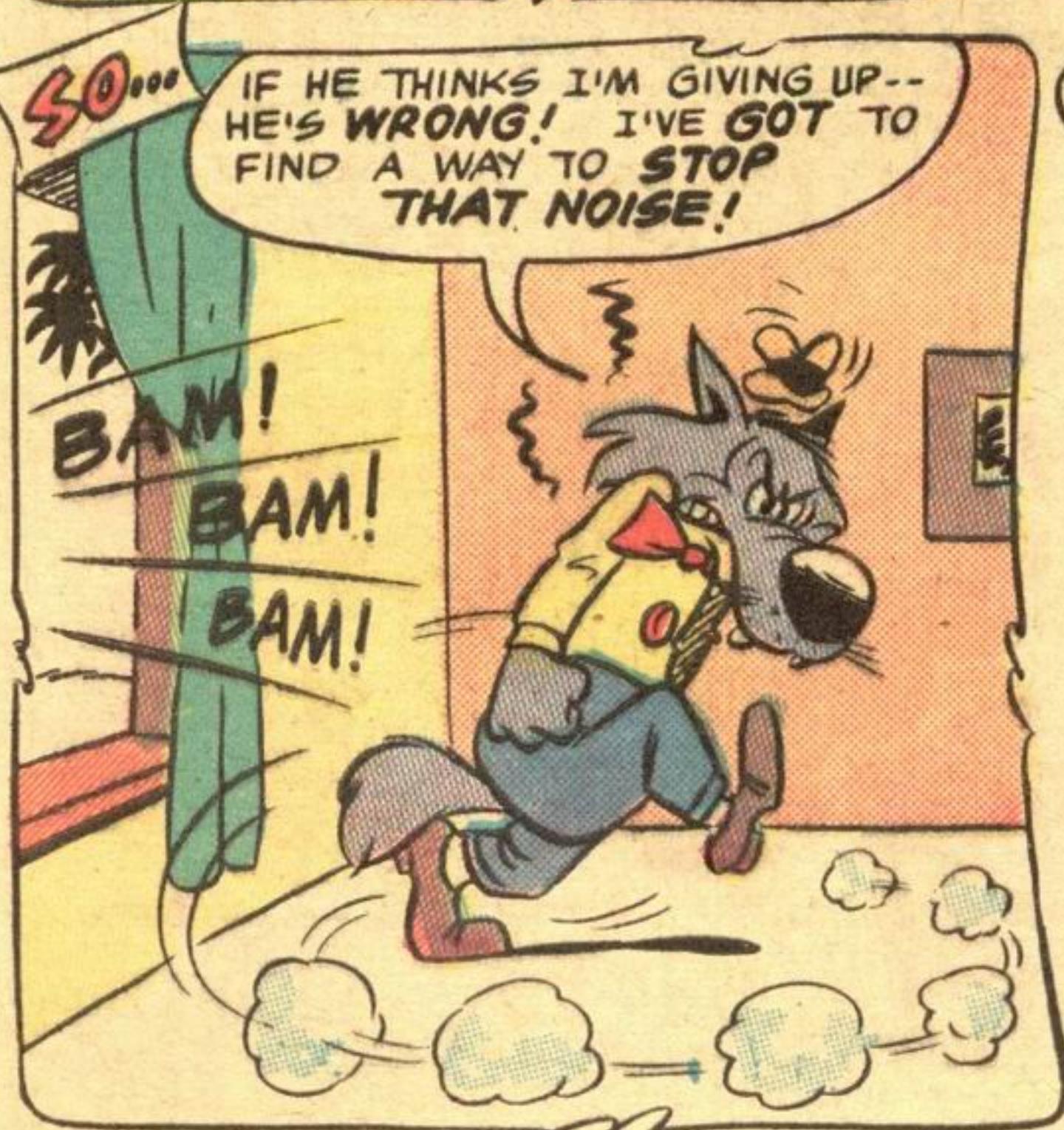
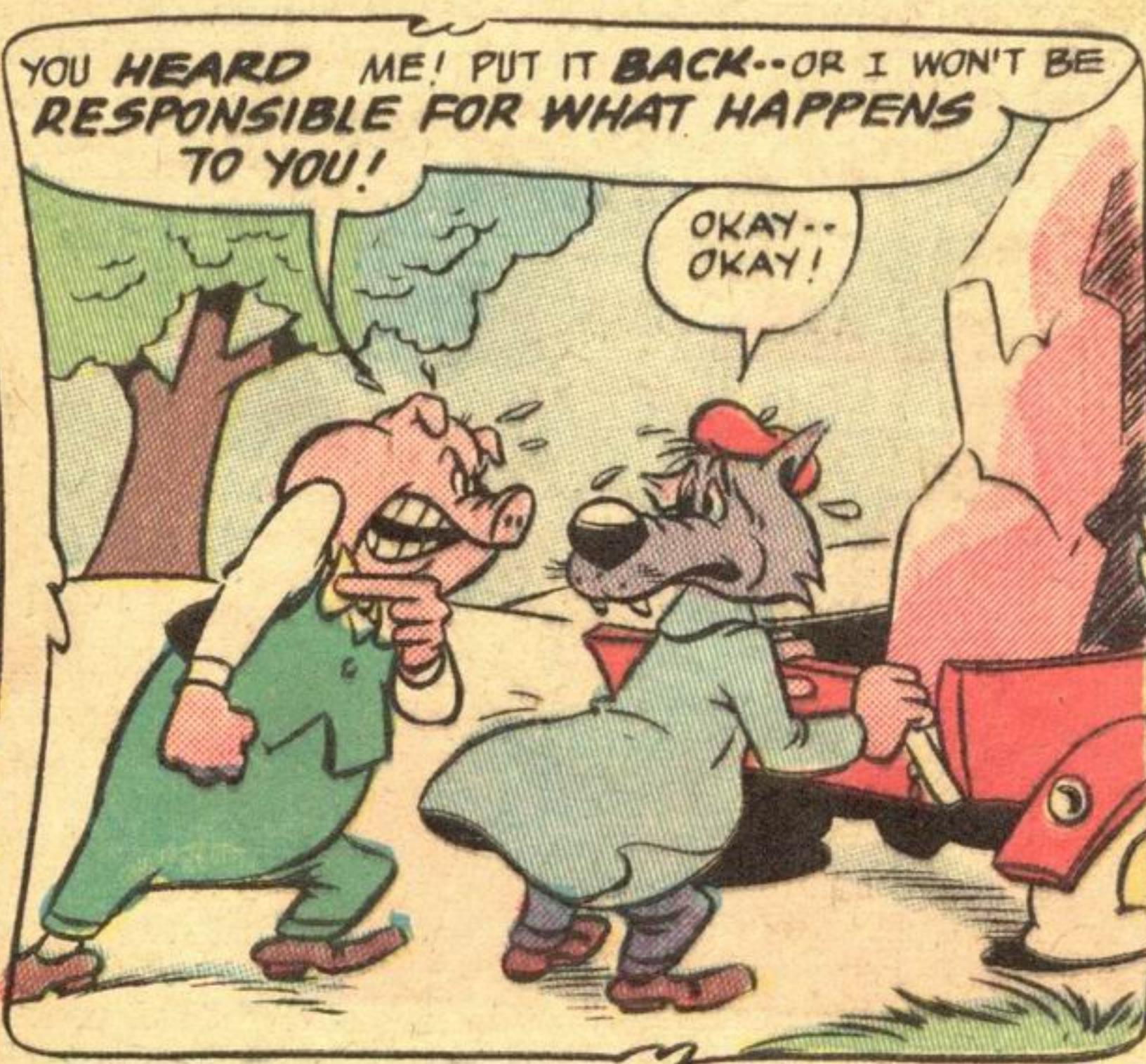
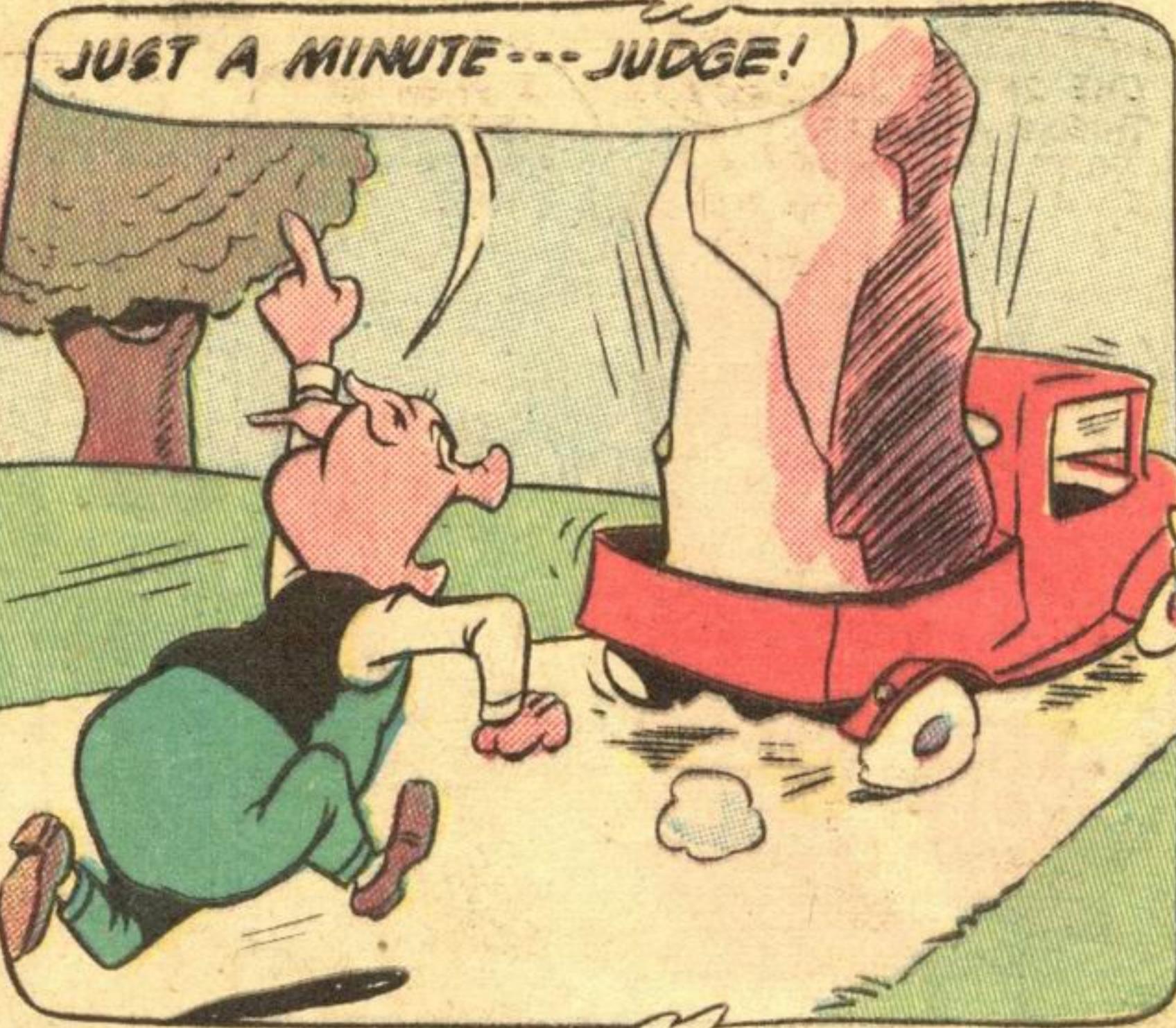
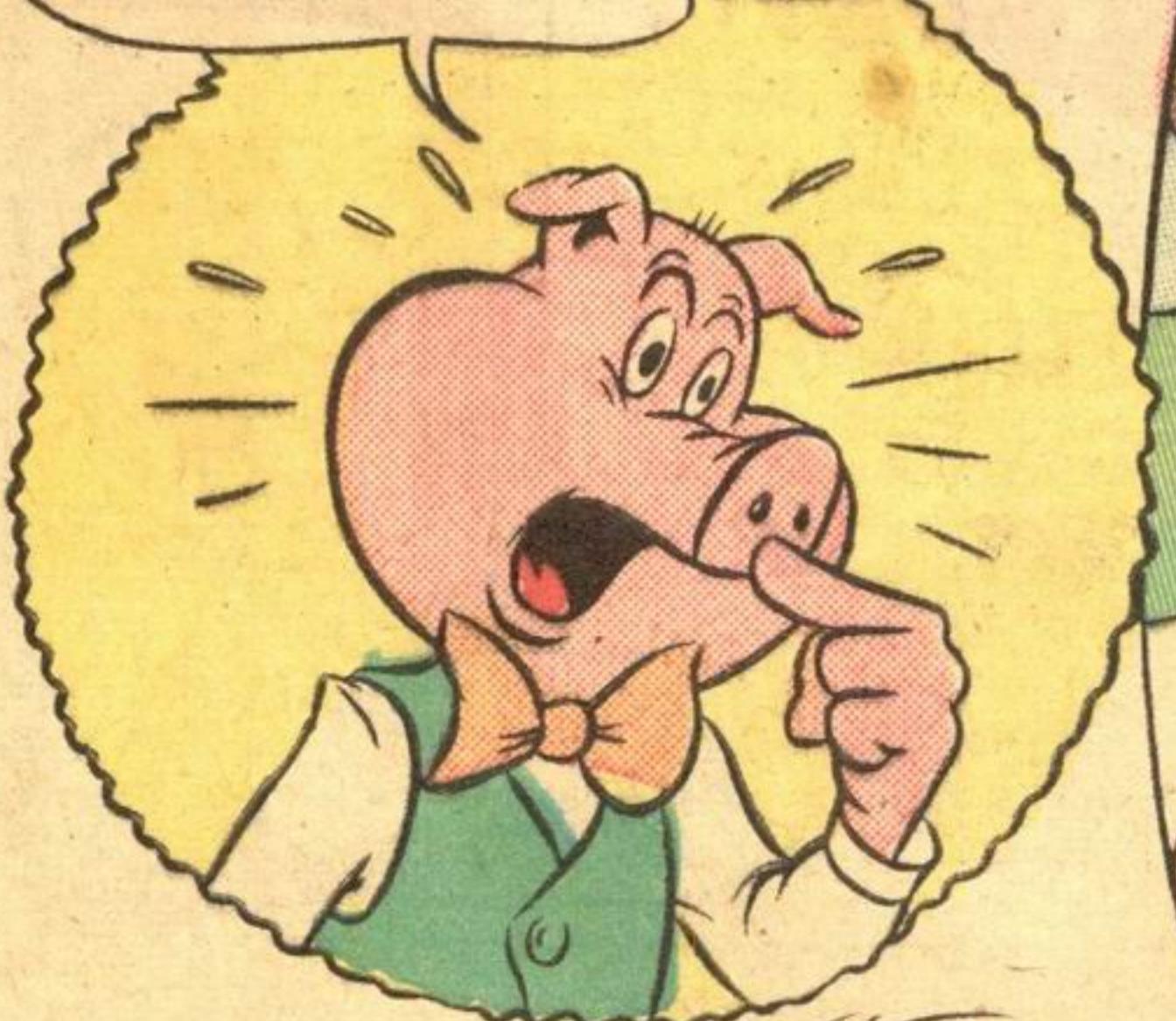
NOW, IF YOU'LL GIVE ME
THE MONEY, I'LL LEAVE!

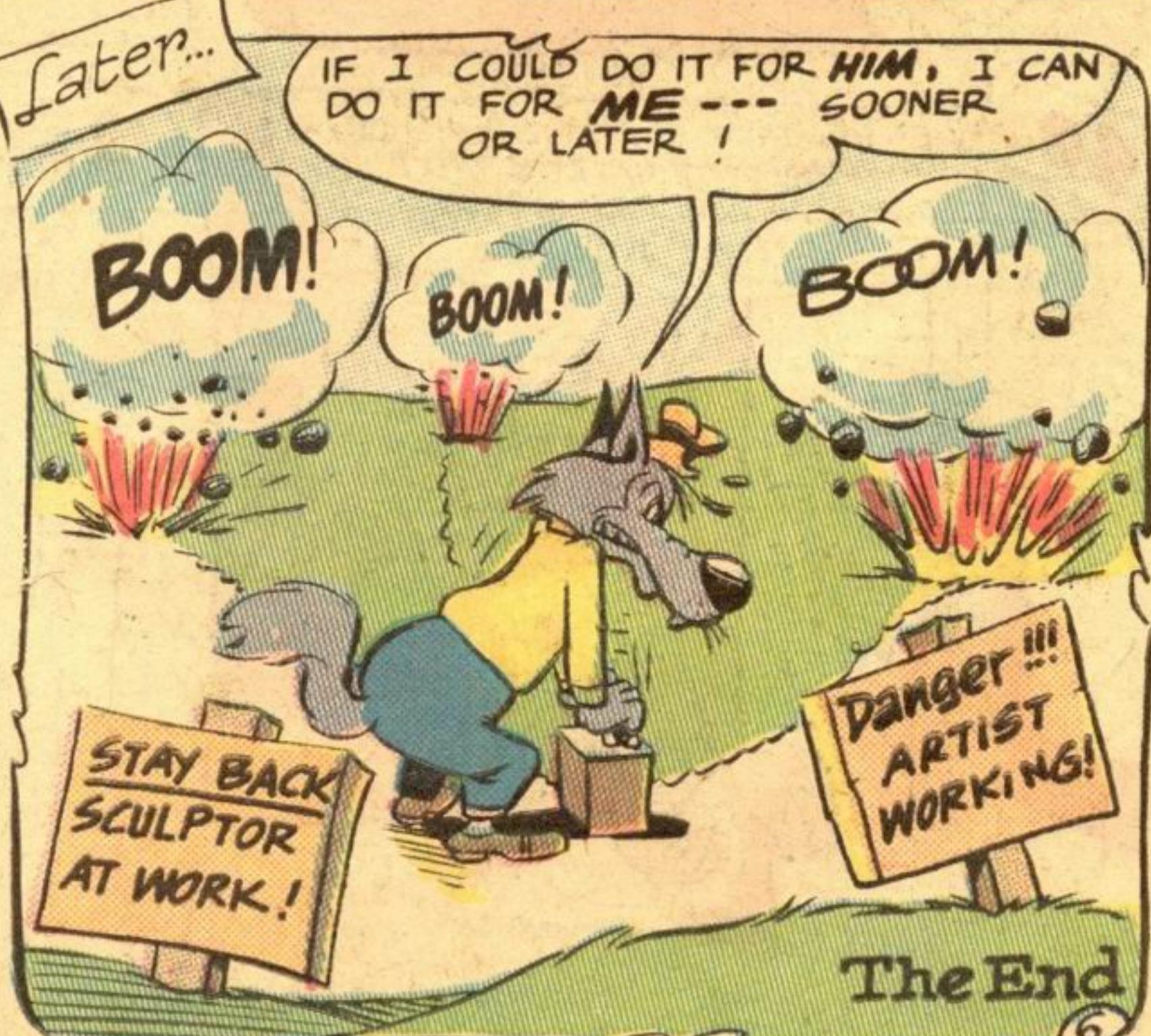
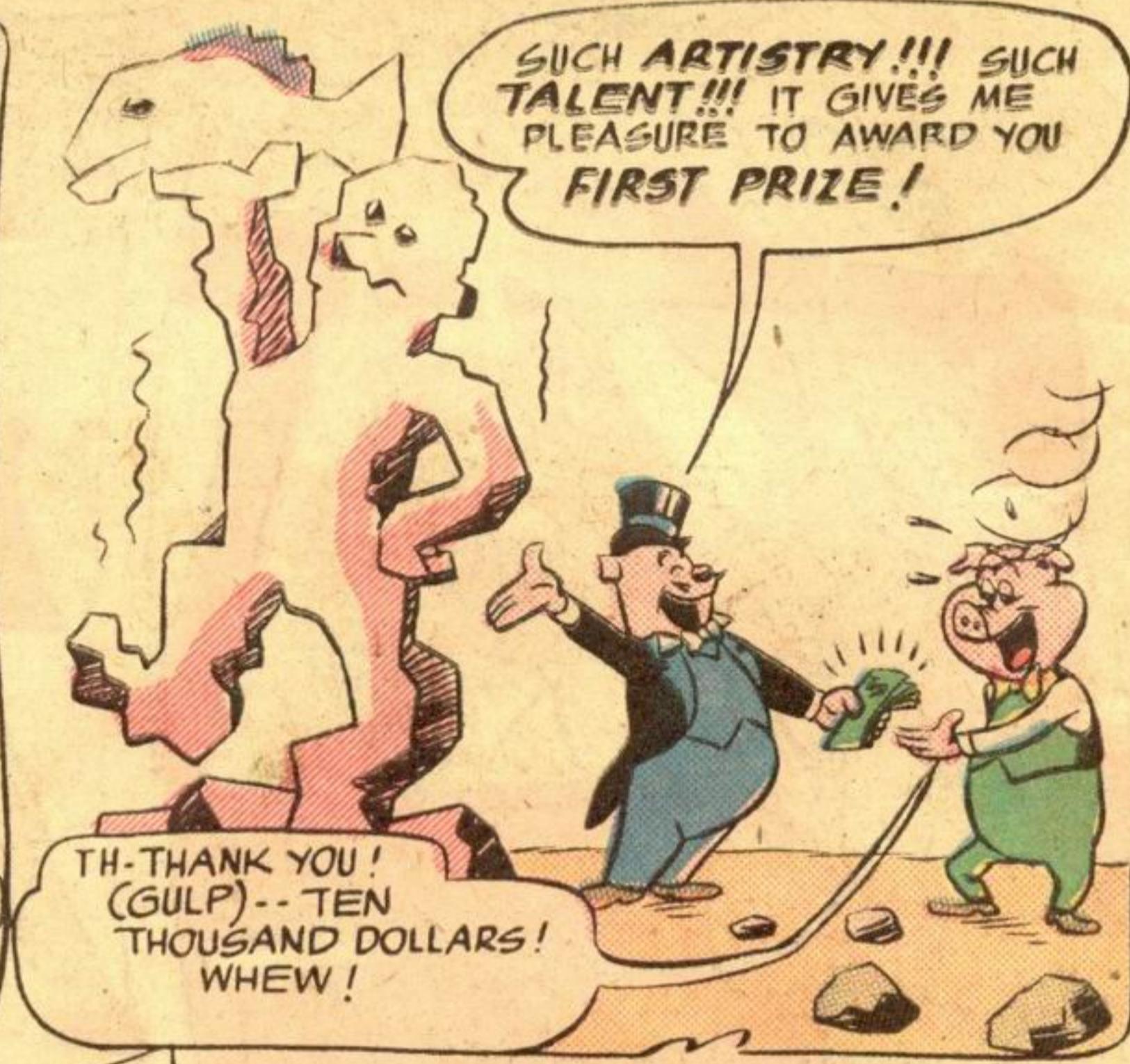
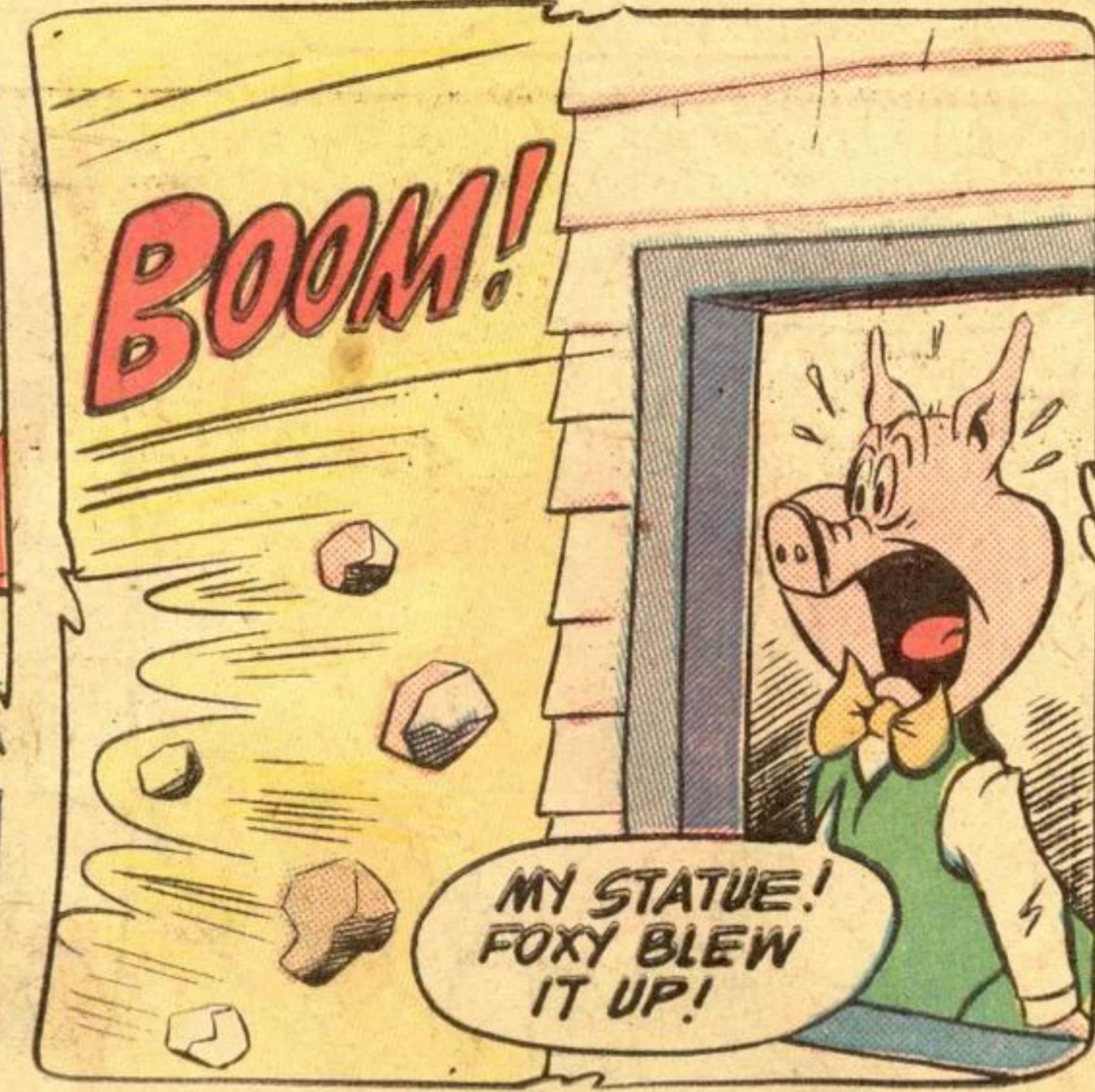
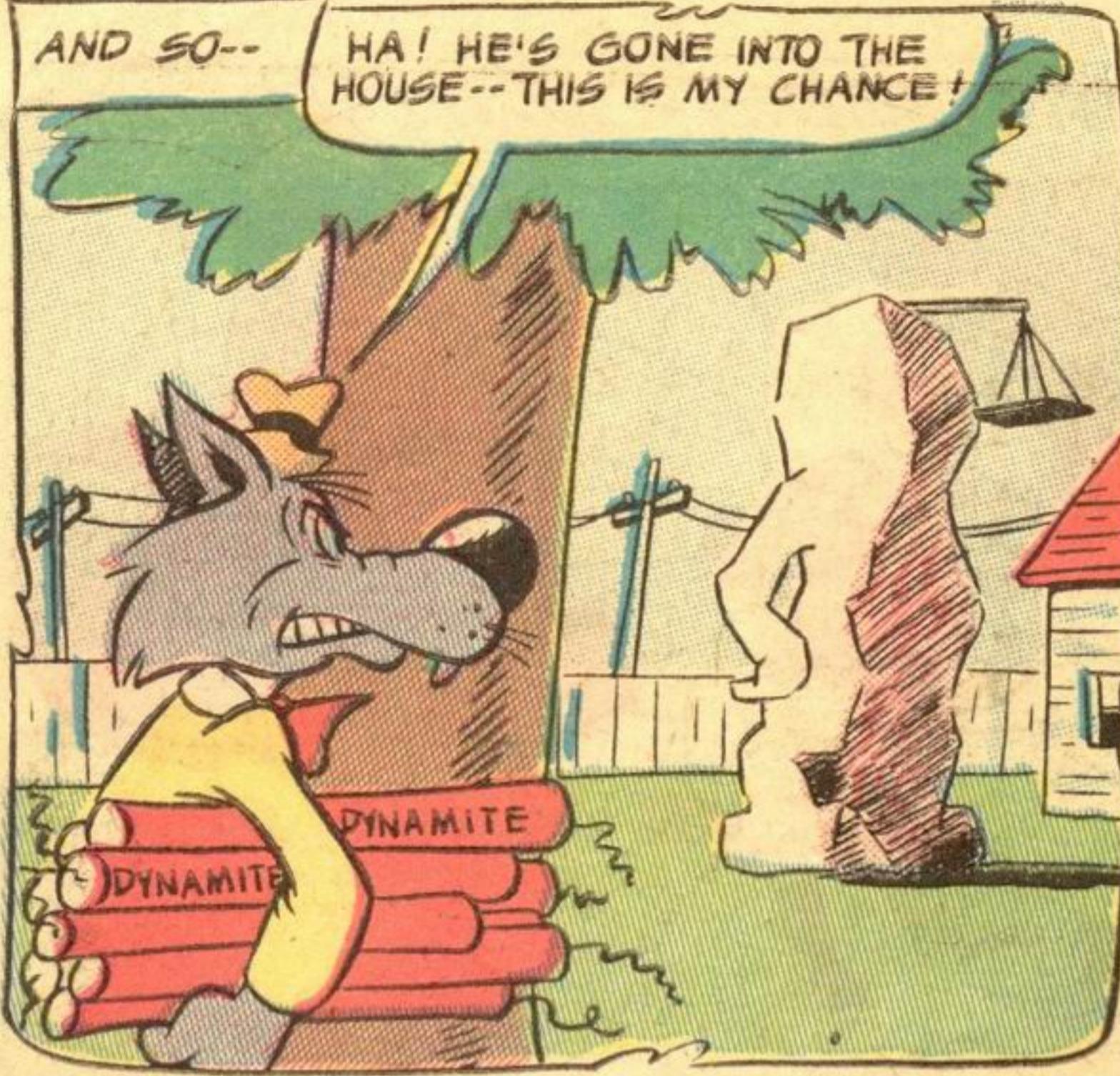
HERE!



SAY! THAT LONG NOSE, AND SNEER
WHEN HE ASKED FOR THE MONEY! -- BY
GOSH, THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON
I KNOW THAT ACTS AND LOOKS
LIKE THAT!

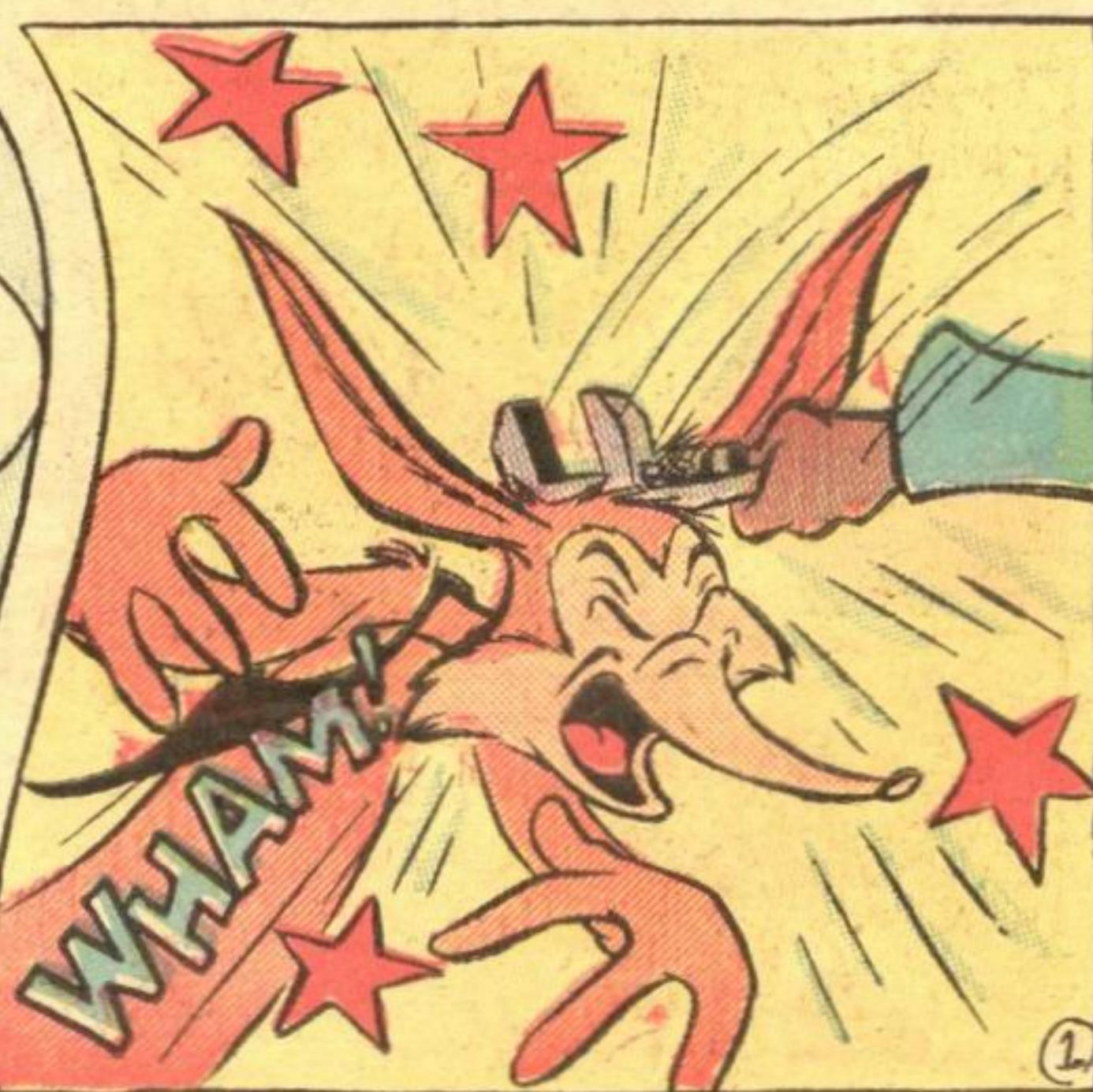
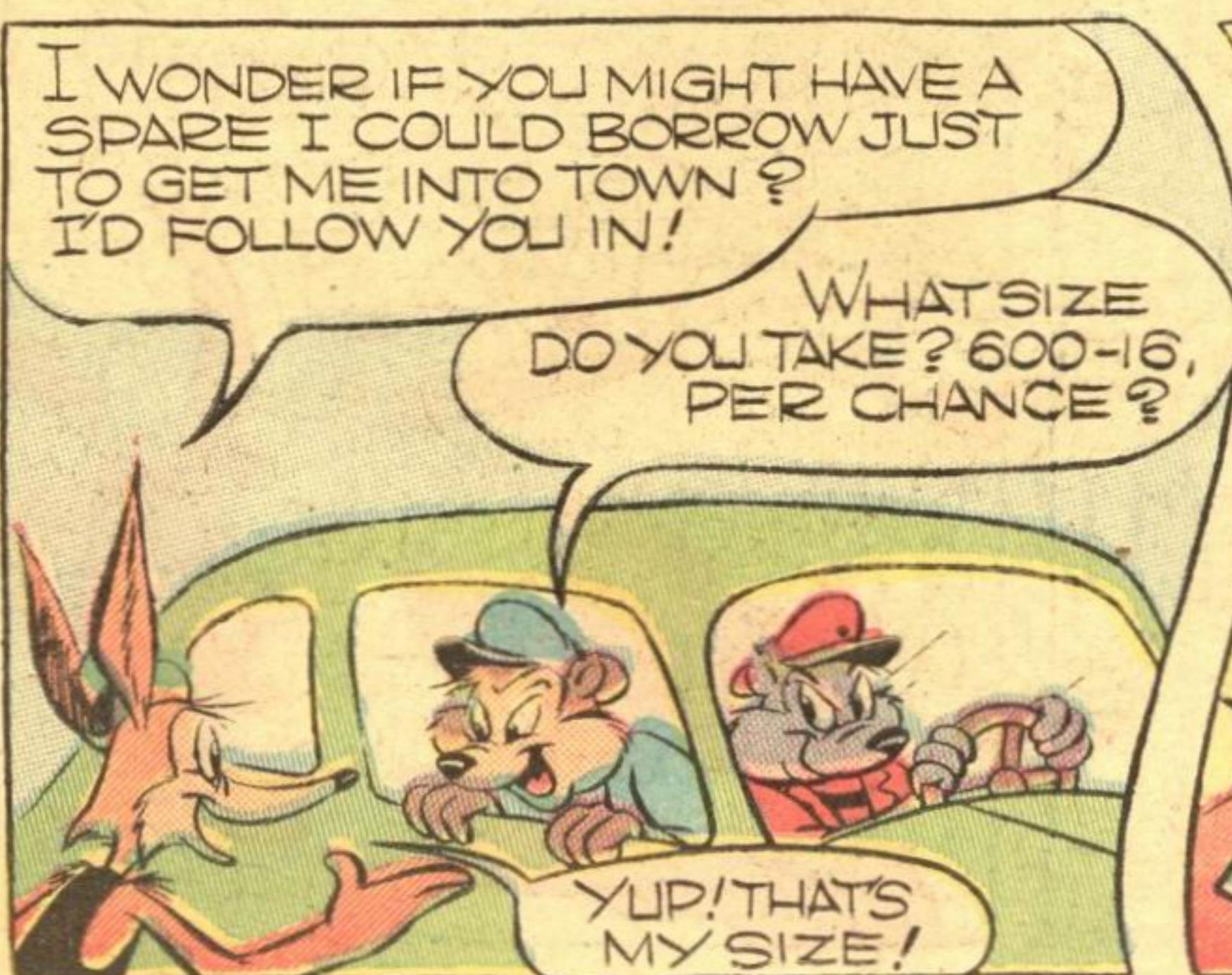
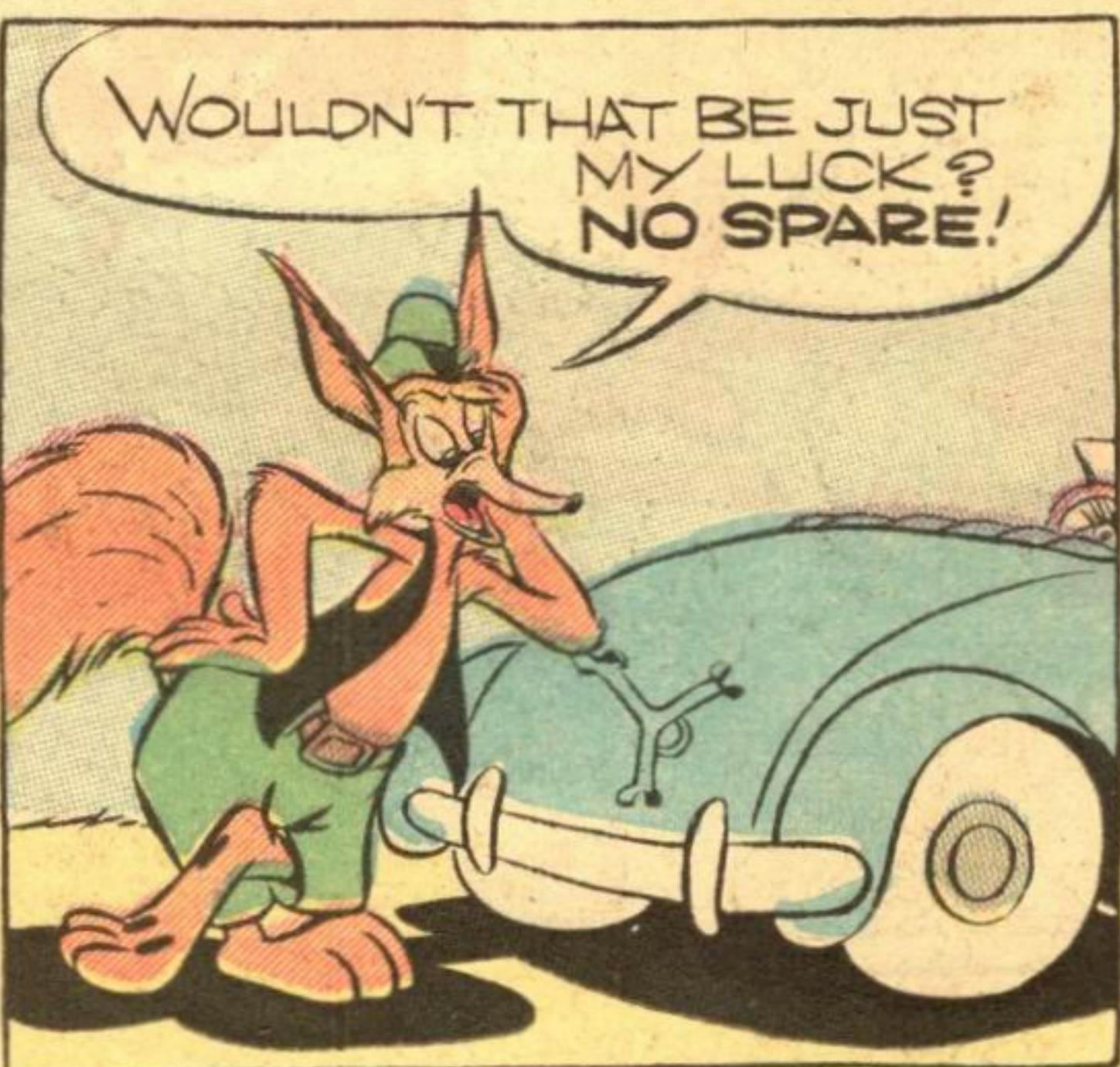
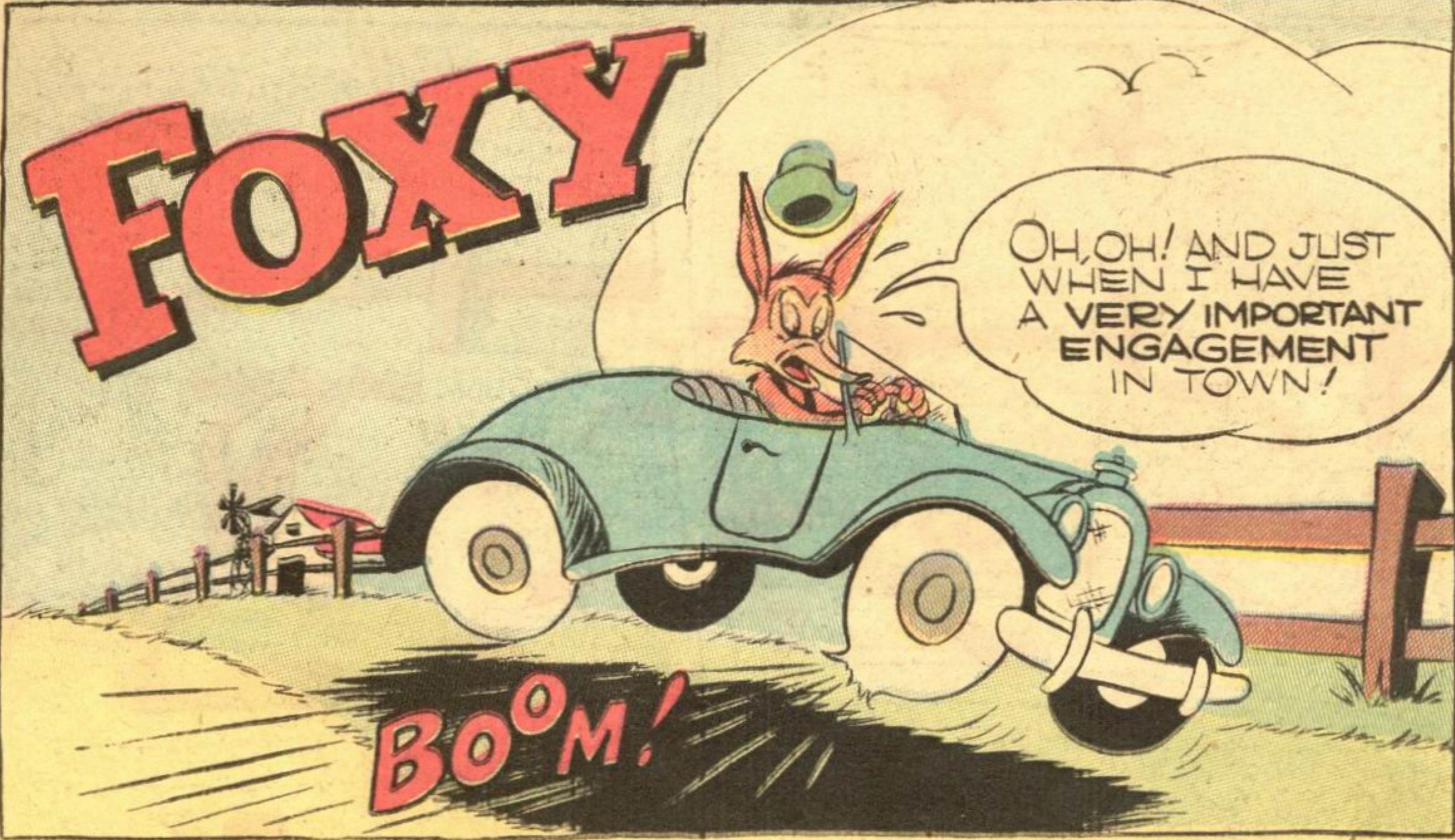
JUST A MINUTE --- JUDGE!

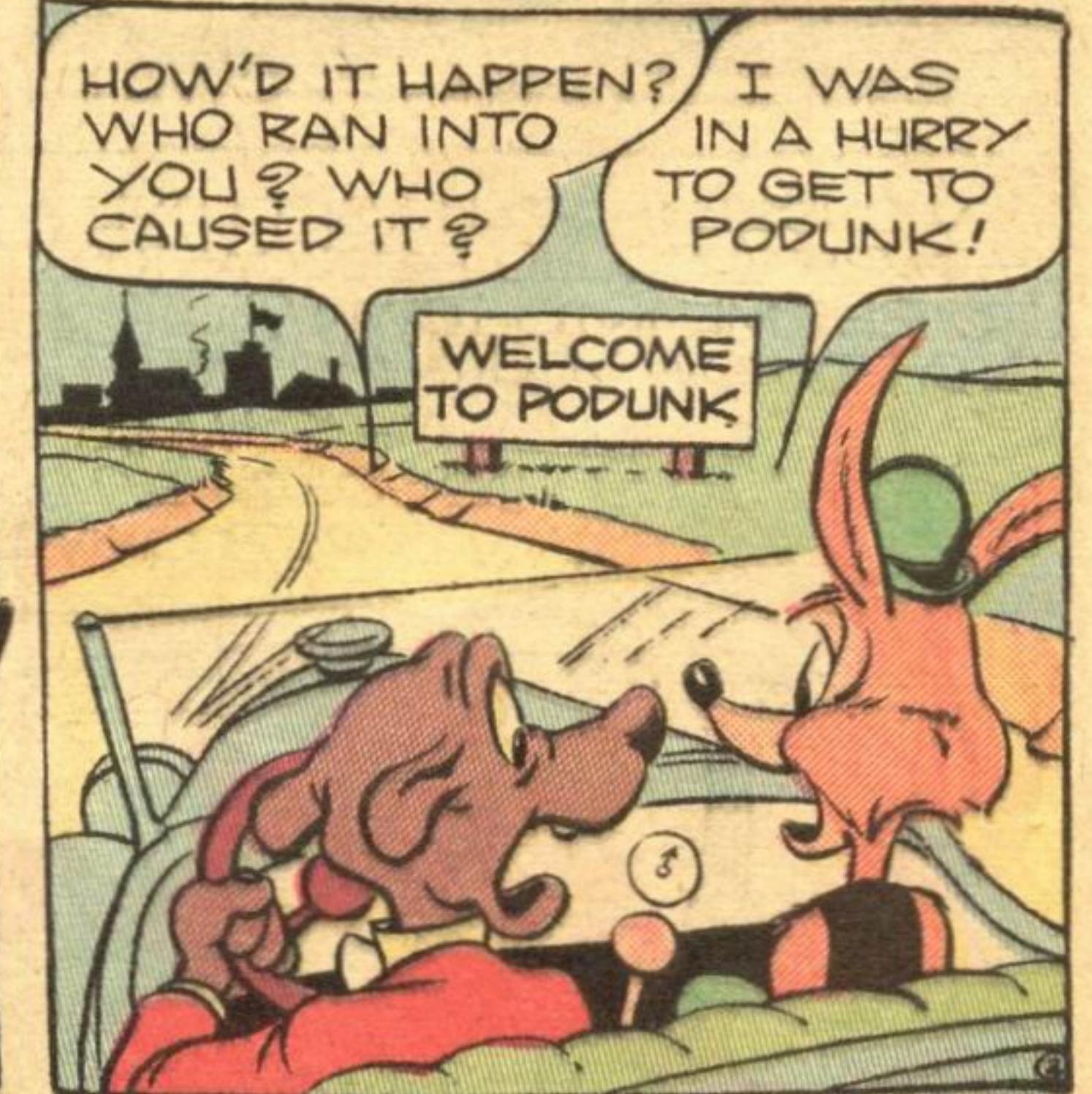
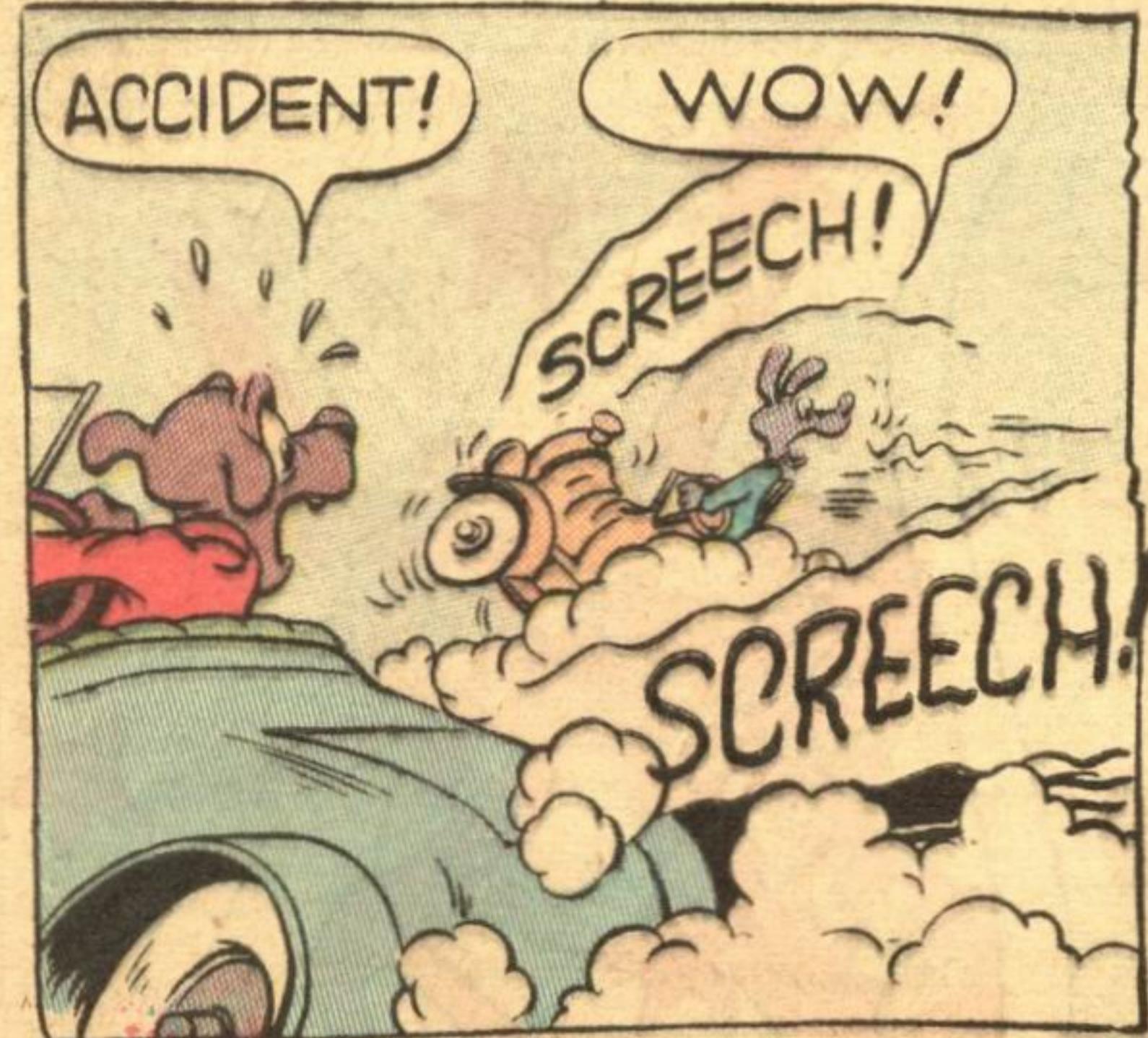
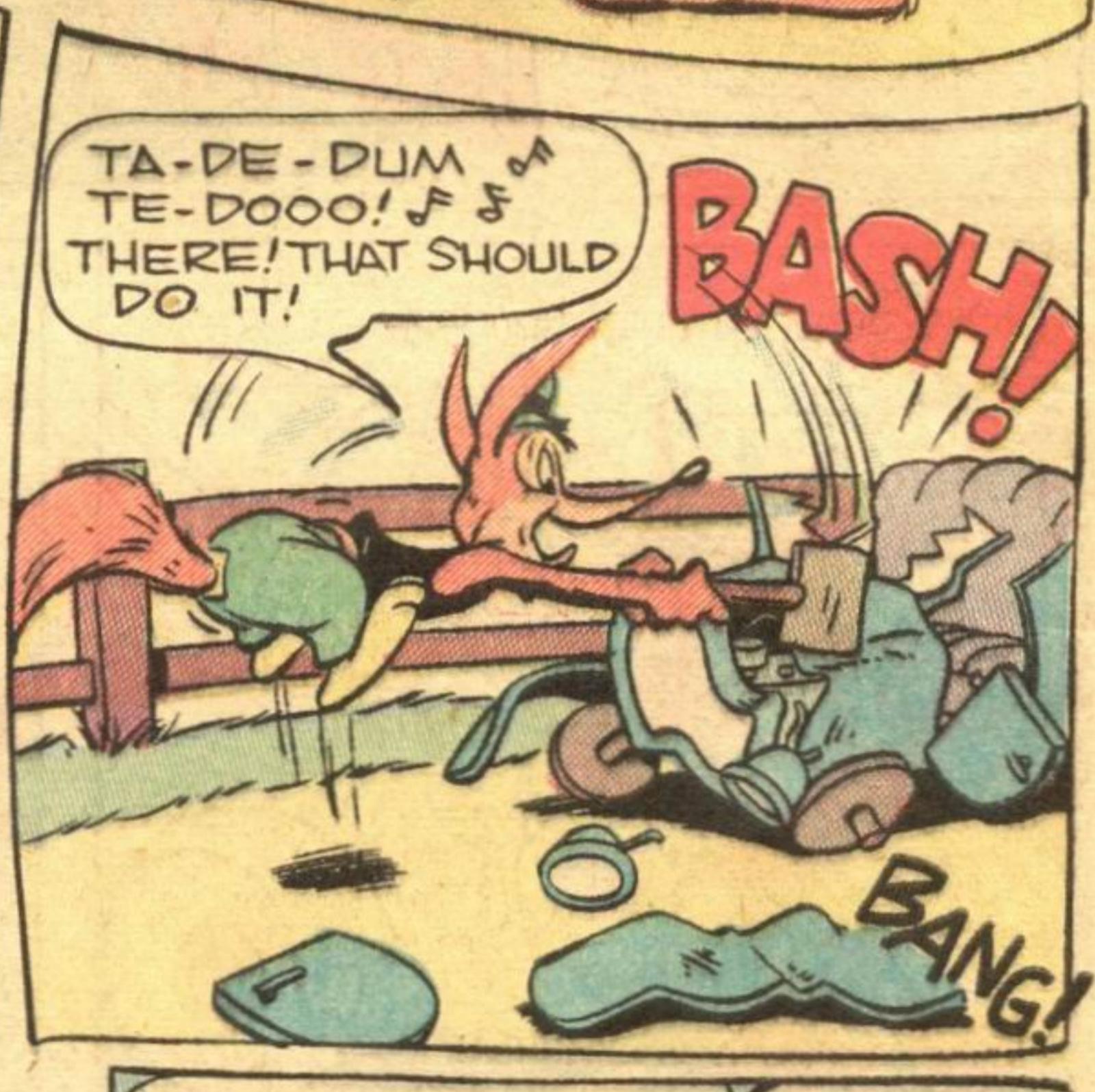
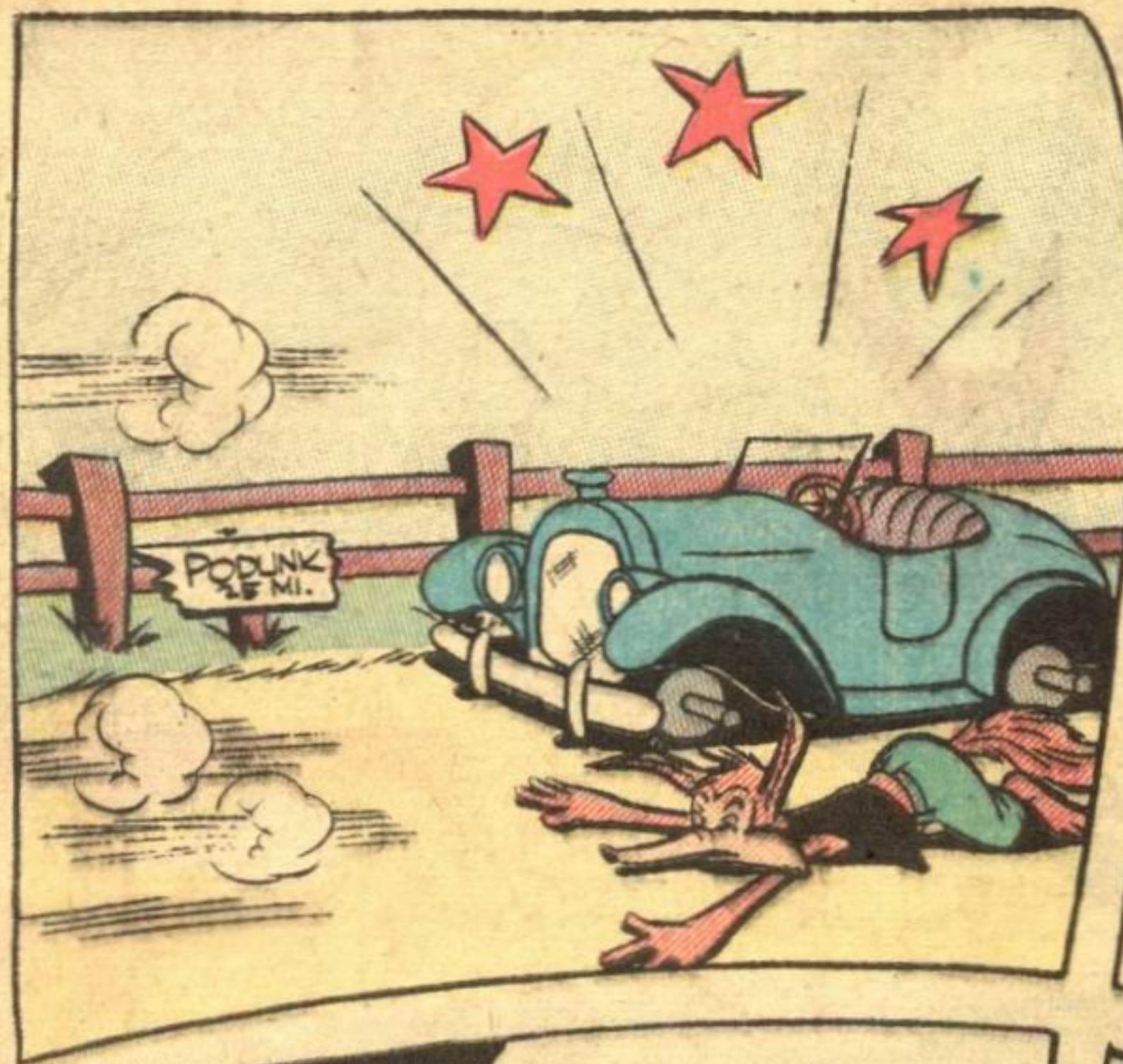




The End

FOXY





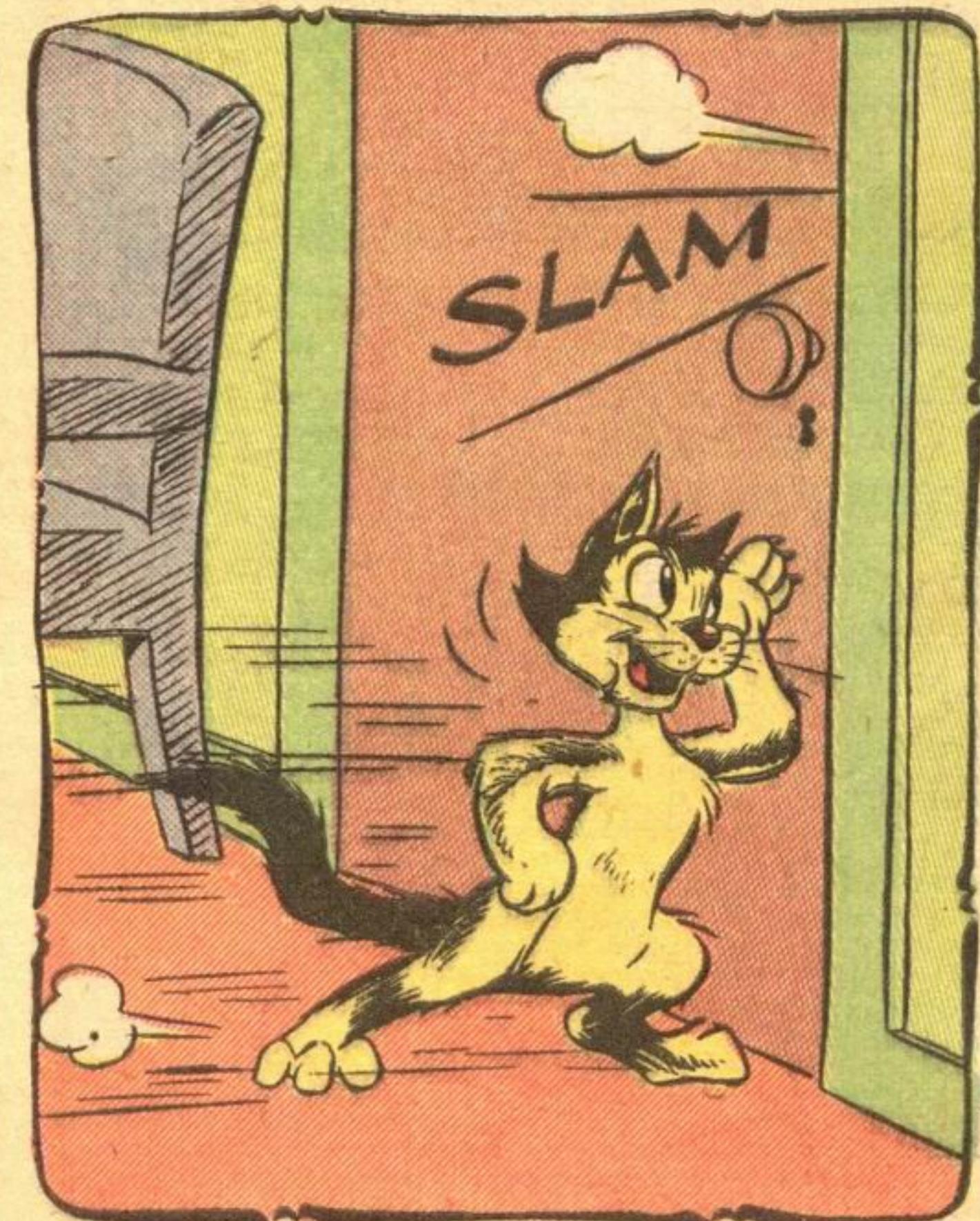
SPUD

NOW LISTEN TO ME!
I'M GOING DOWN TOWN,
AND I DON'T WANT YOU
BRINGING YOUR ROWDY
FRIENDS IN HERE OR
RAIDING THE ICE BOX!



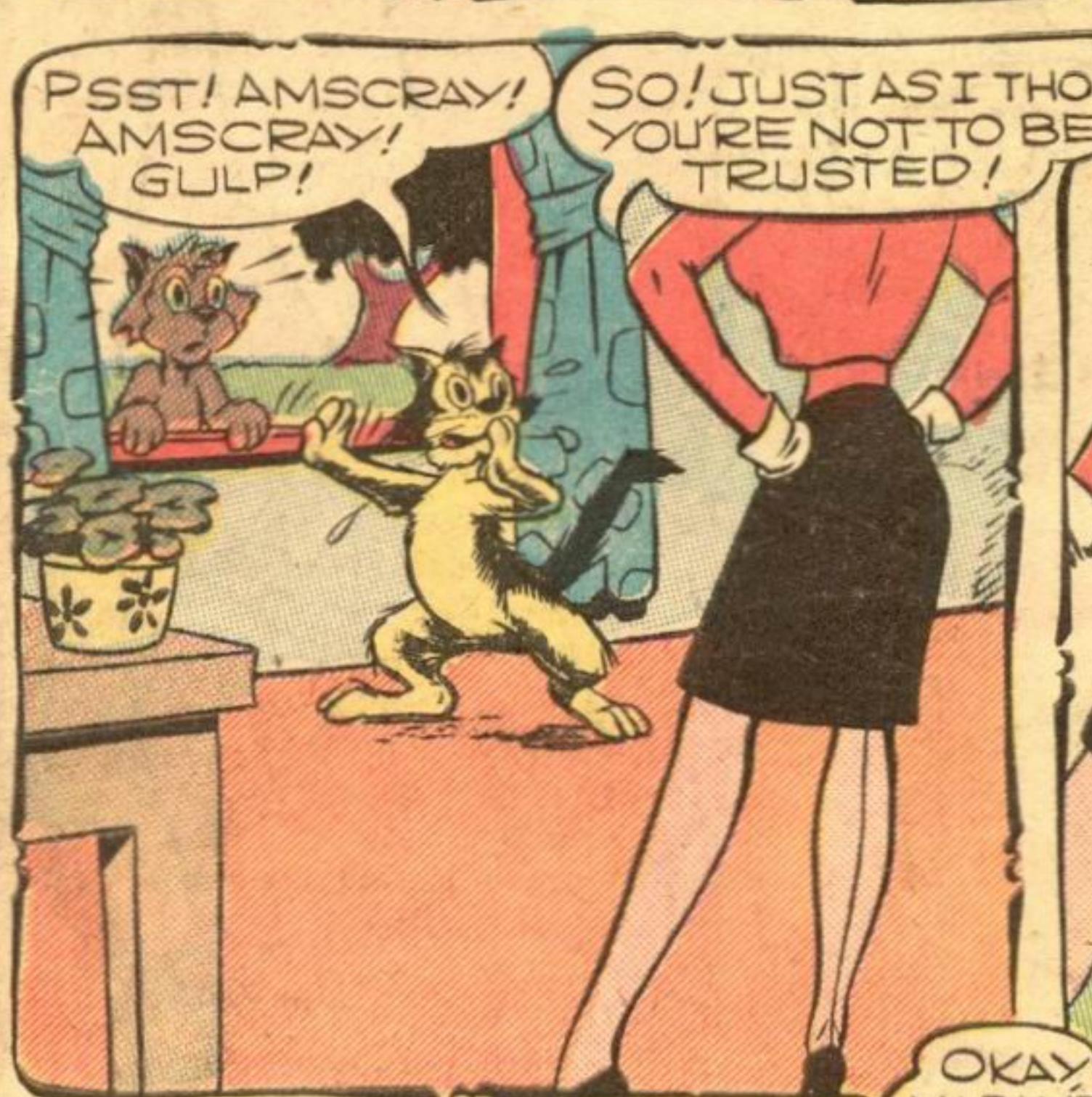
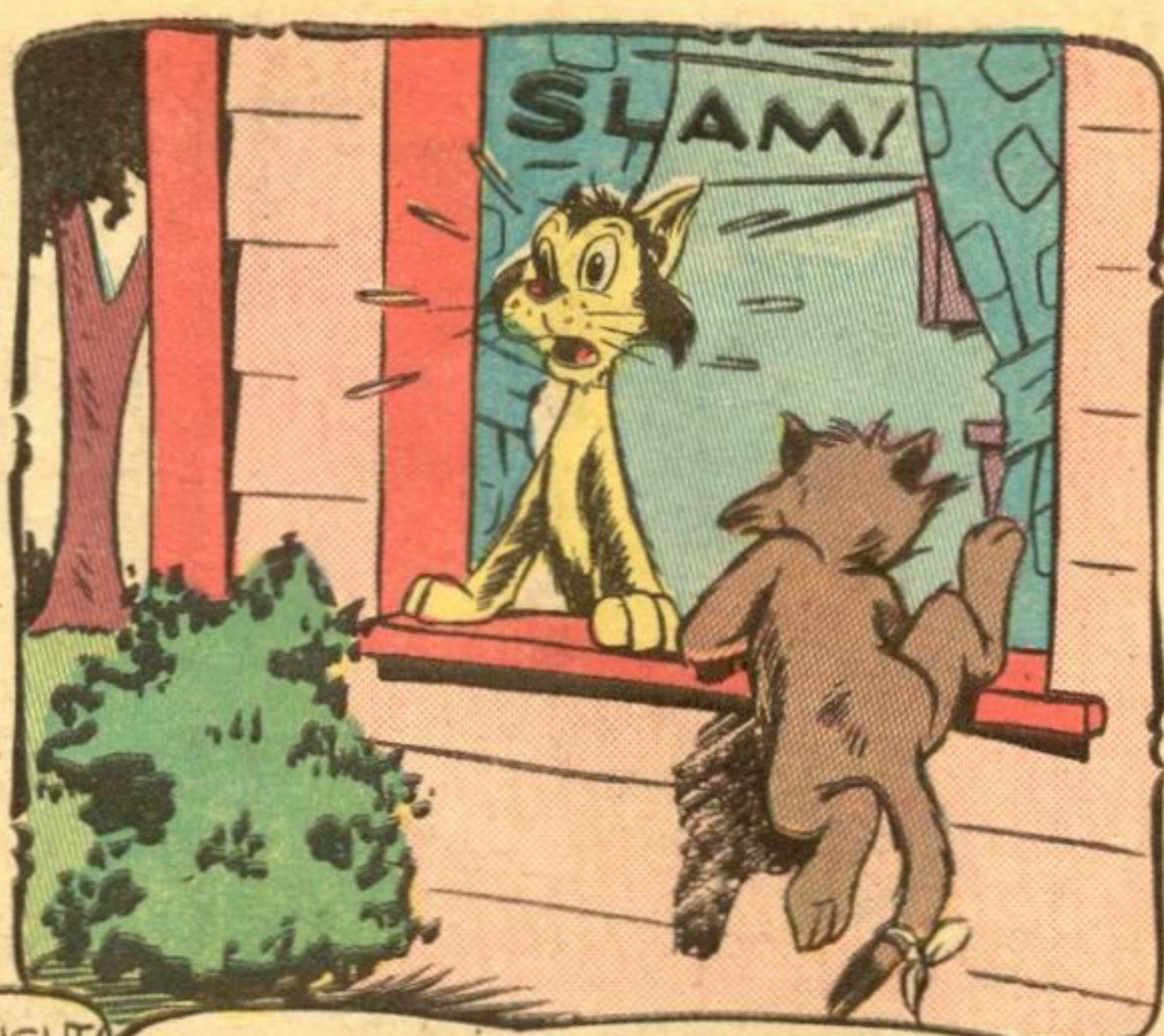
Lynn Karp

SLAM

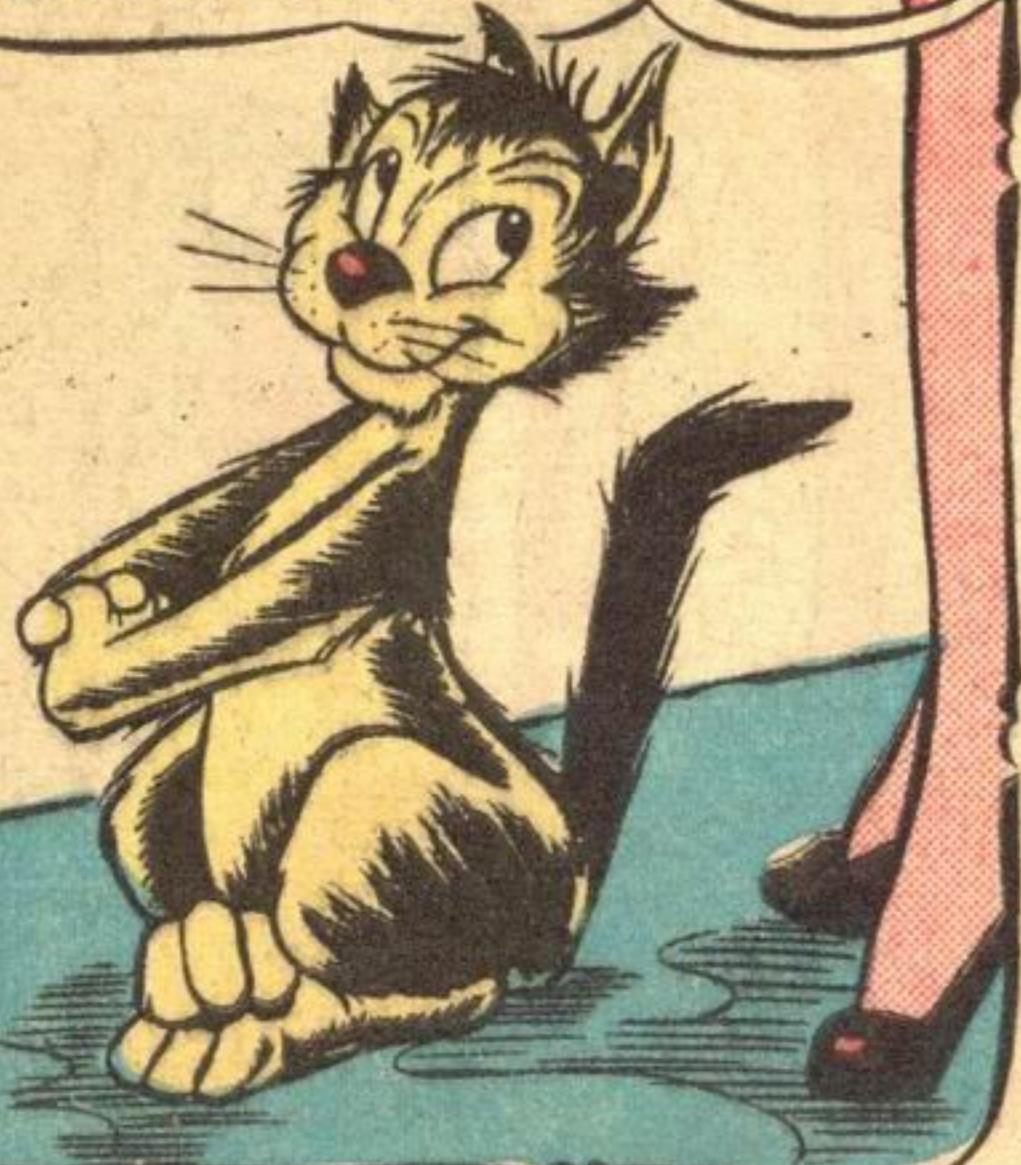


Z-Z-Z-ZIP!





ALL RIGHT! YOU DON'T HAVE TO
STAY HERE! I HAVE A
BETTER IDEA!



MR. ZILCH, I WANT TO
BUY THIS PARROT!

VERY WELL!
THAT WILL BE
\$ 25.00!



NOW WHAT
DID SHE BUY
THAT LAD
FOR? HMM!

NOW, POLLY, I'M GOING
DOWN TOWN AND I WANT
YOU TO WATCH HIM
AND TELL ME, WHEN I
GET BACK, IF HE
BEHAVED!

IS SHE
KIDDING?

WOW!
ME FOR THE
REFRIGERATOR!



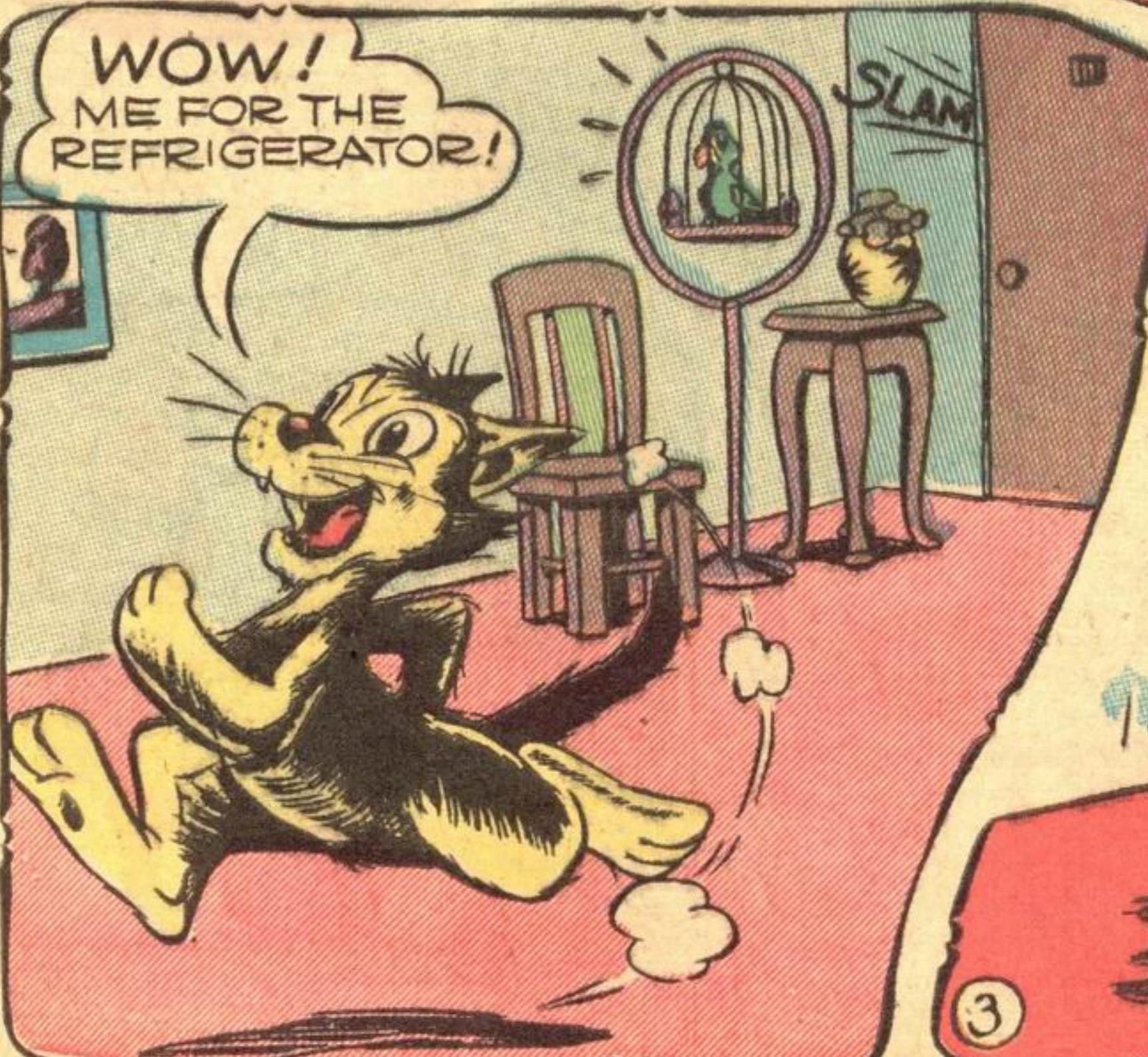
SLAM

I WOULDN'T DO THAT IF
I WERE YOU, PUSS!

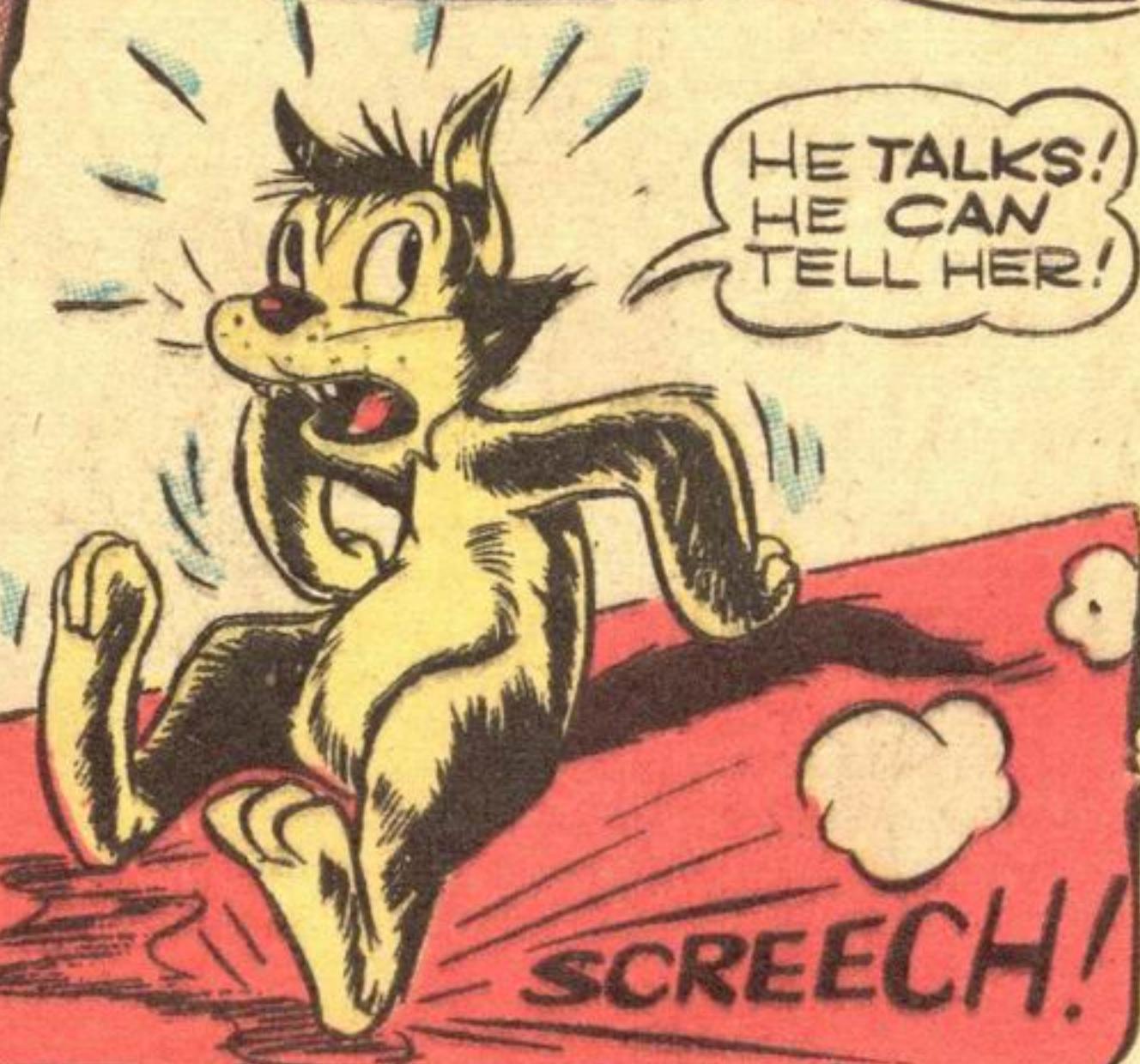
HE TALKS!
HE CAN
TELL HER!

③

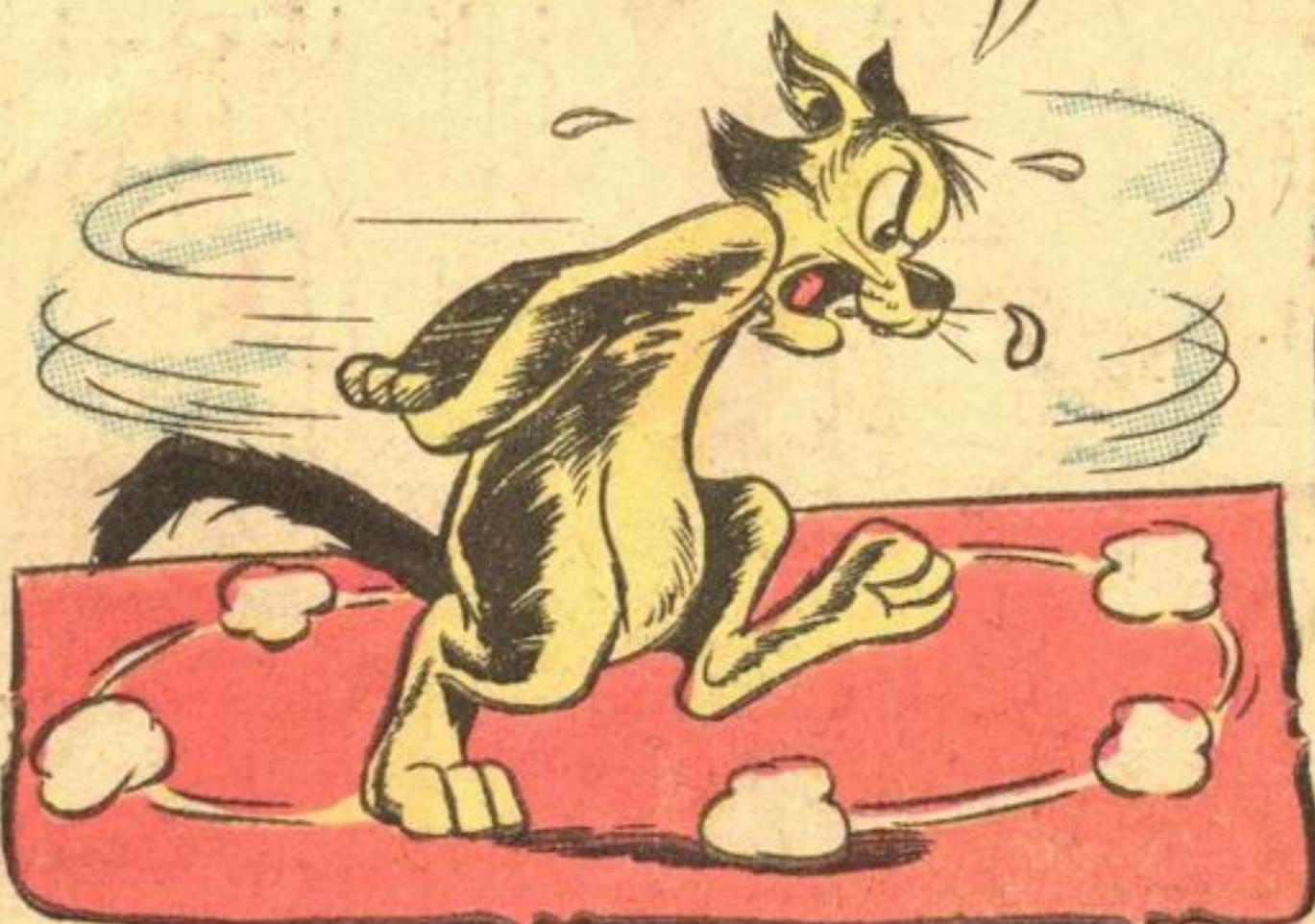
SCREECH!



③

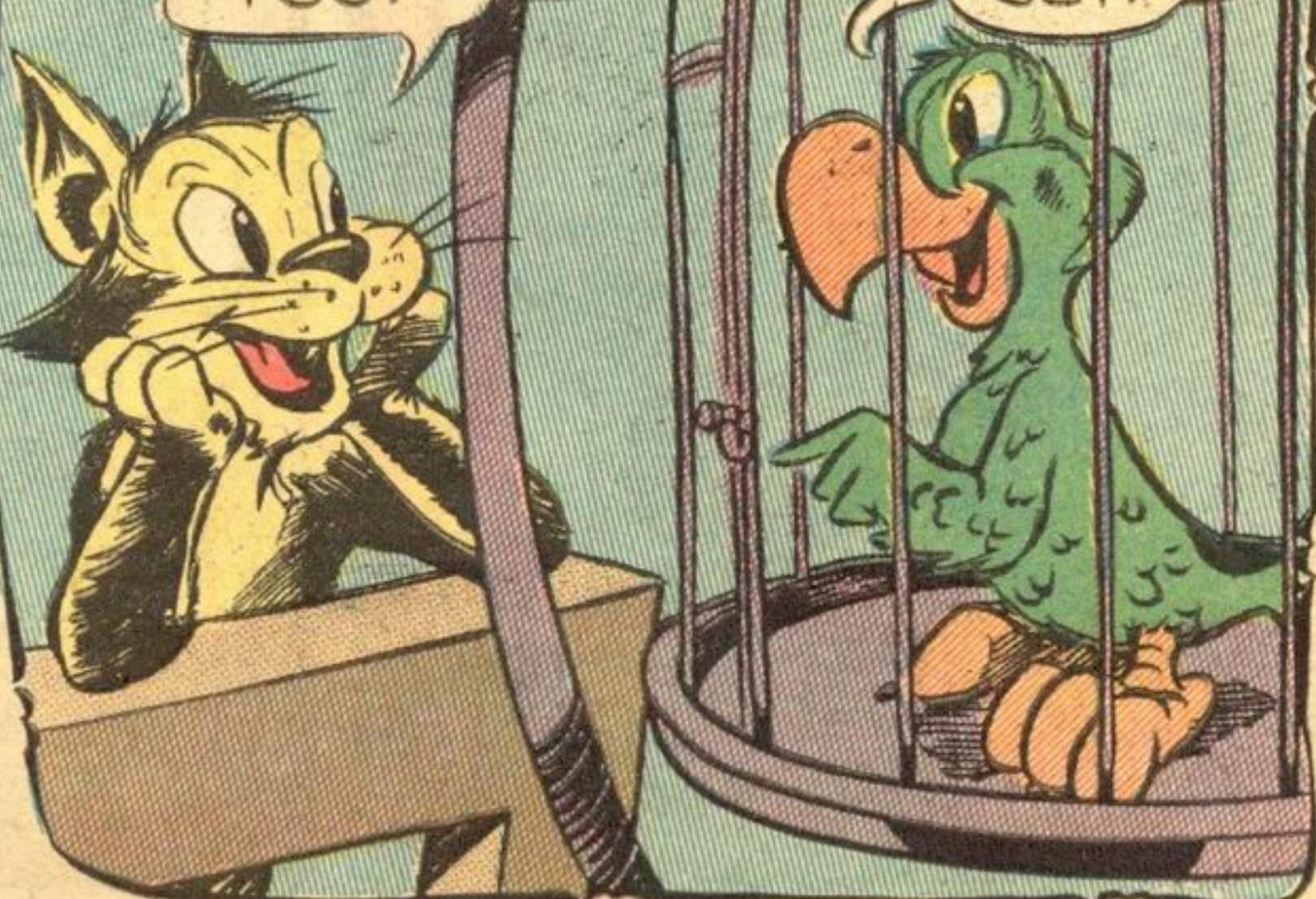


THAT SETTLES IT! I'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY OF SHUTTIN' HIM UP! HM! I KNOW!



LOOK, MAC, HOW ABOUT JOINING ME IN A SNACK? AFTER ALL, YOU LIKE TO EAT, TOO!

SURE, WHY NOT? BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO LET ME OUT!



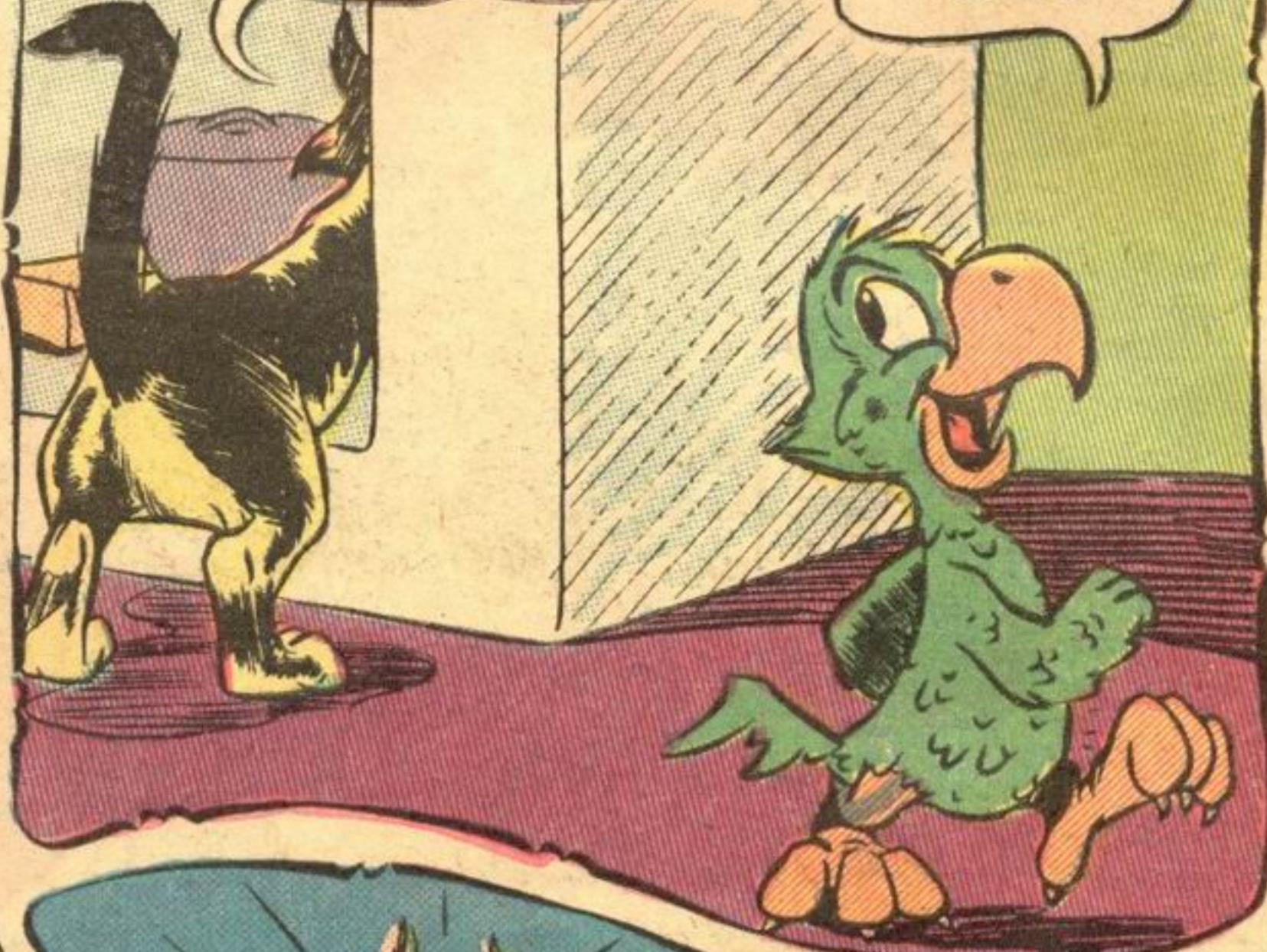
MORE CHEESE? BOLOGNA?

OH, NO!
NO, THANKS!
I'VE HAD PLENTY!



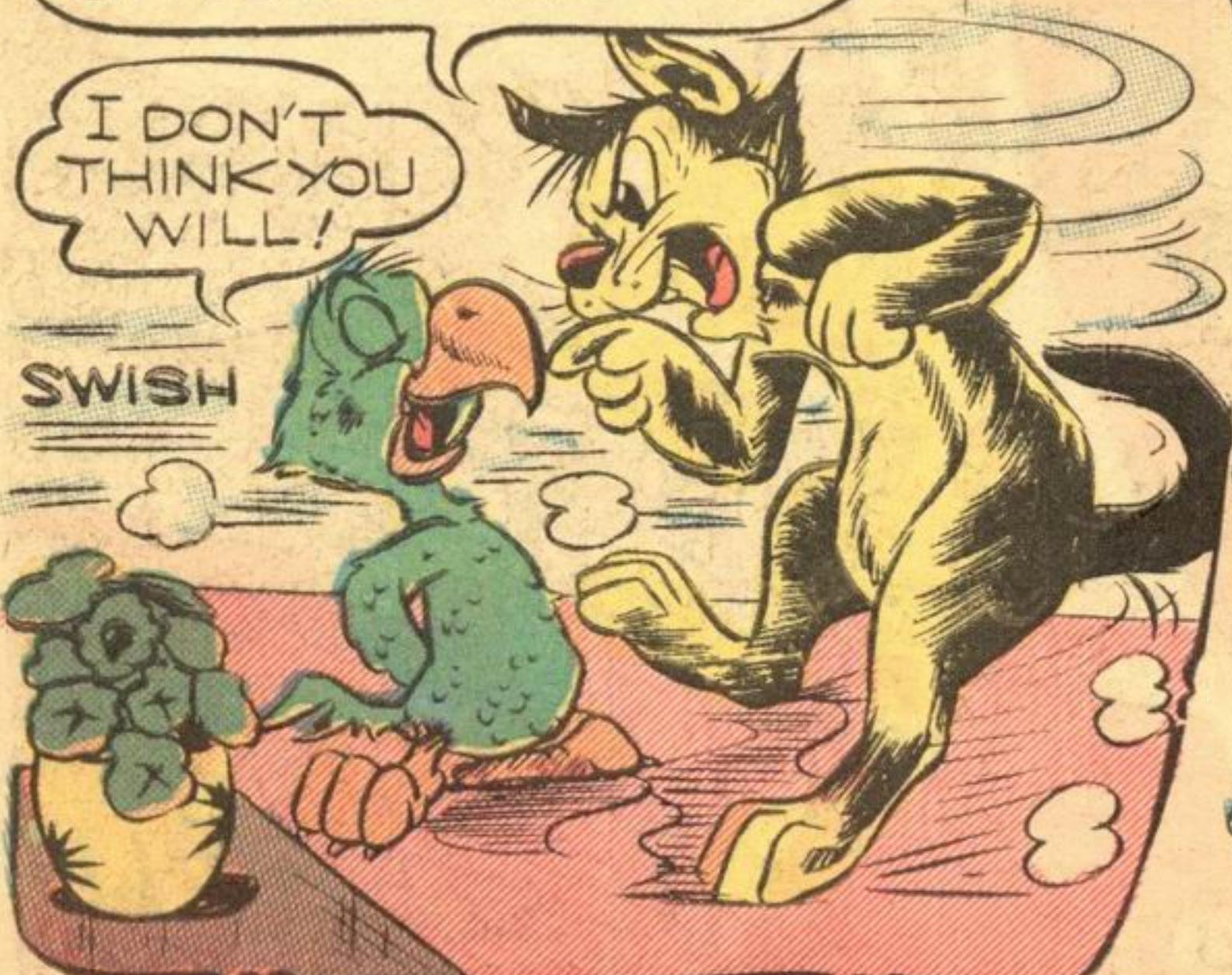
WELL, THEN I THINK I'LL HAVE A BITE!

I WOULDN'T IF I WERE YOU, PUSS!

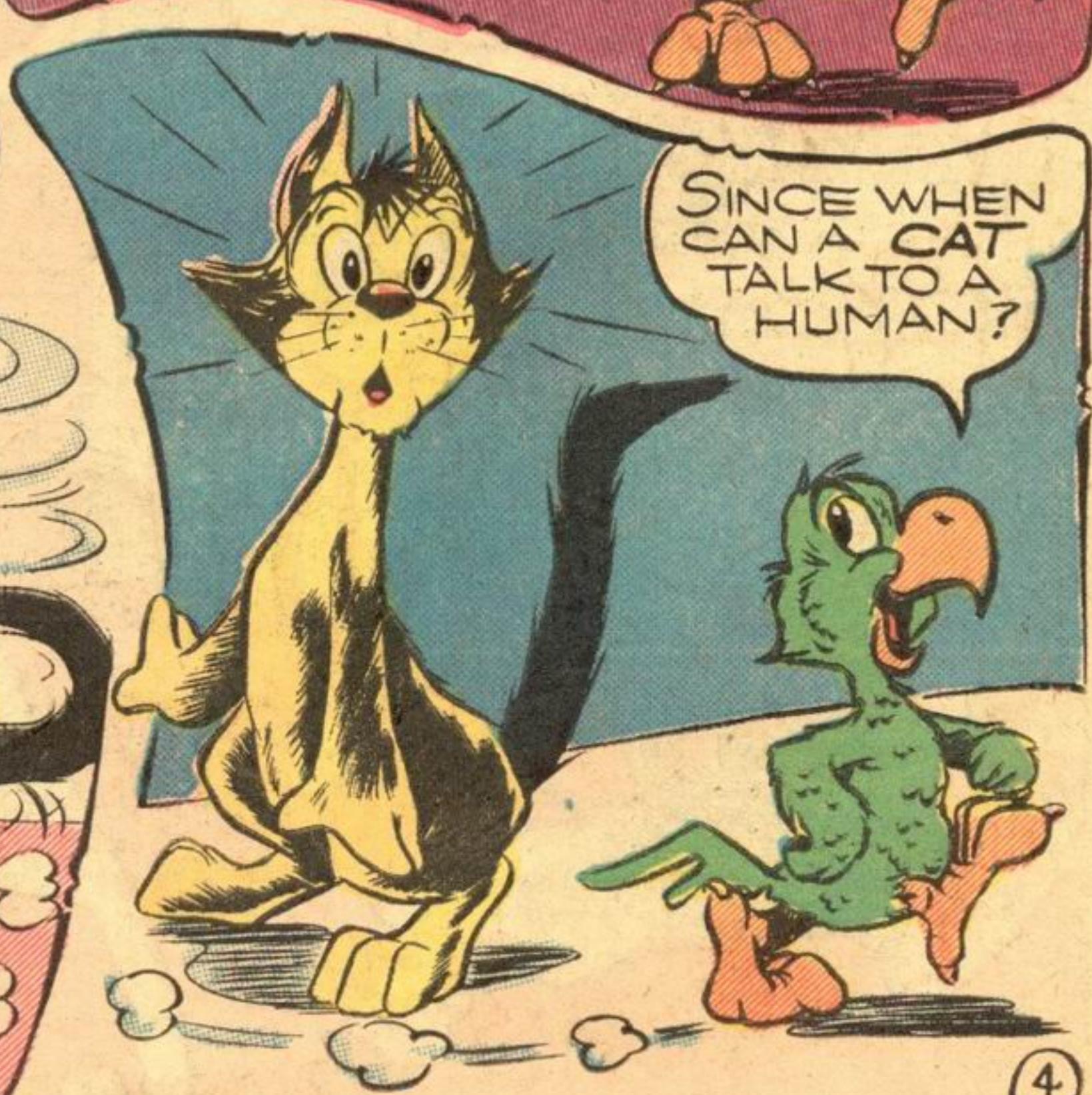


OH, NO? I THOUGHT YOU'D PULL THAT, BUT I OUT-SMARTED YOU! YOU ATE TOO! SO YOU CAN'T TALK, OR I'LL DO A LITTLE SPILLING MYSELF!

I DON'T THINK YOU WILL!



Since when can a CAT talk to a HUMAN?



I'LL FIGURE OUT SOME WAY
TO EAT WITHOUT THIS LAD
KNOWING IT! HM! AH!

YOU KNOW—
YOU'RE NOT
A BAD CHAP!
PRETTY
SMART, IN
FACT! HOW
ABOUT
BEING
PALS?

I'D BE HAPPY
TO BE YOUR FRIEND!

FINE! HOW ABOUT
PLAYING A LITTLE
GAME OF BLIND
MAN'S BUFF, JUST
FOR SOMETHING
TO DO?

SOUNDS
LIKE
GREAT SPORT!
I'LL COME
RIGHT OUT!

NOW I BLINDFOLD YOU LIKE THIS,
AND THEN YOU FEEL AROUND!
WHEN YOU CATCH ME, I'M
'IT'! GOT IT?

READY?
GO!

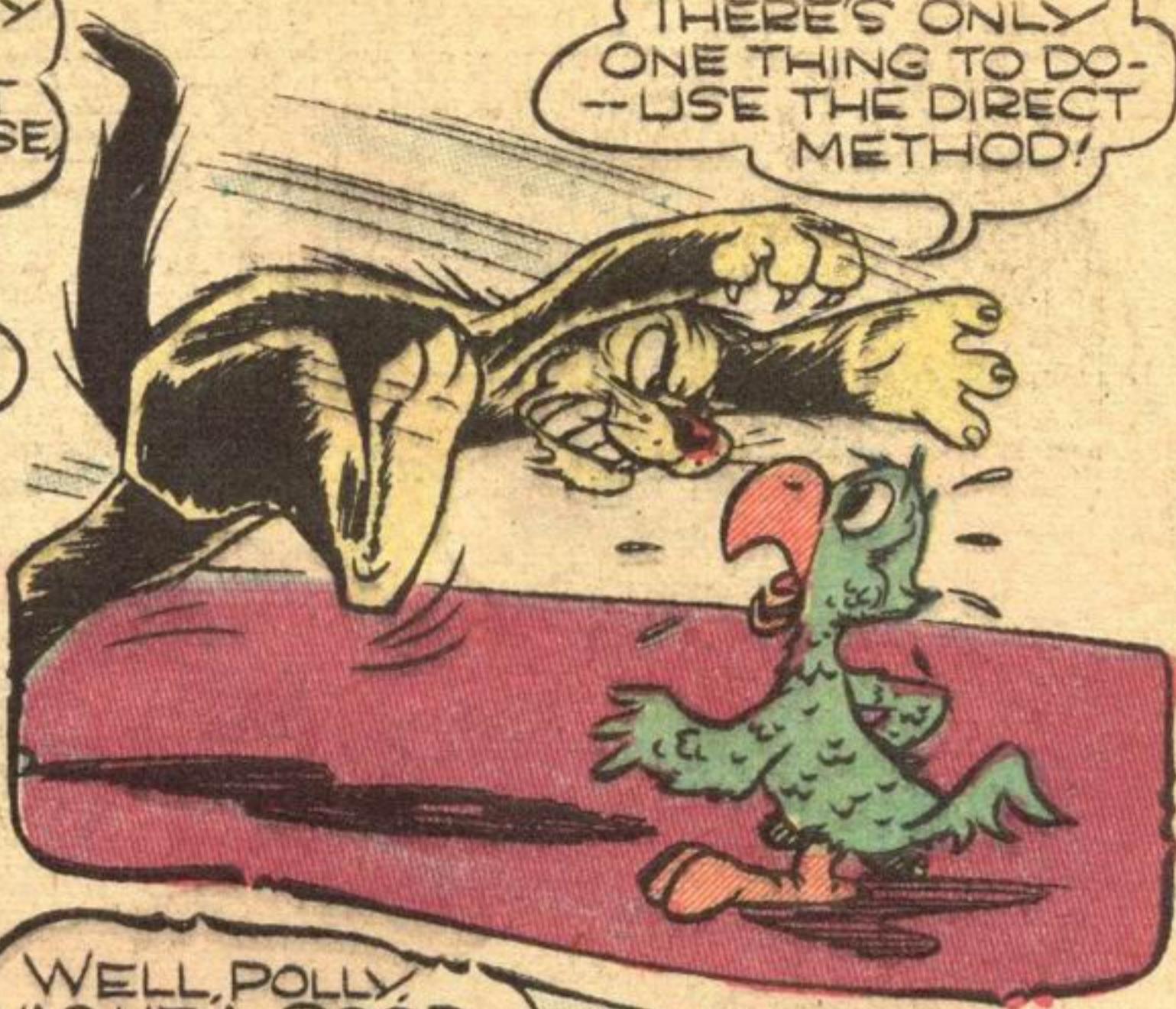
NOW I JUST TURN
OFF THIS LIGHT!

YOU'RE IT!

HUH?

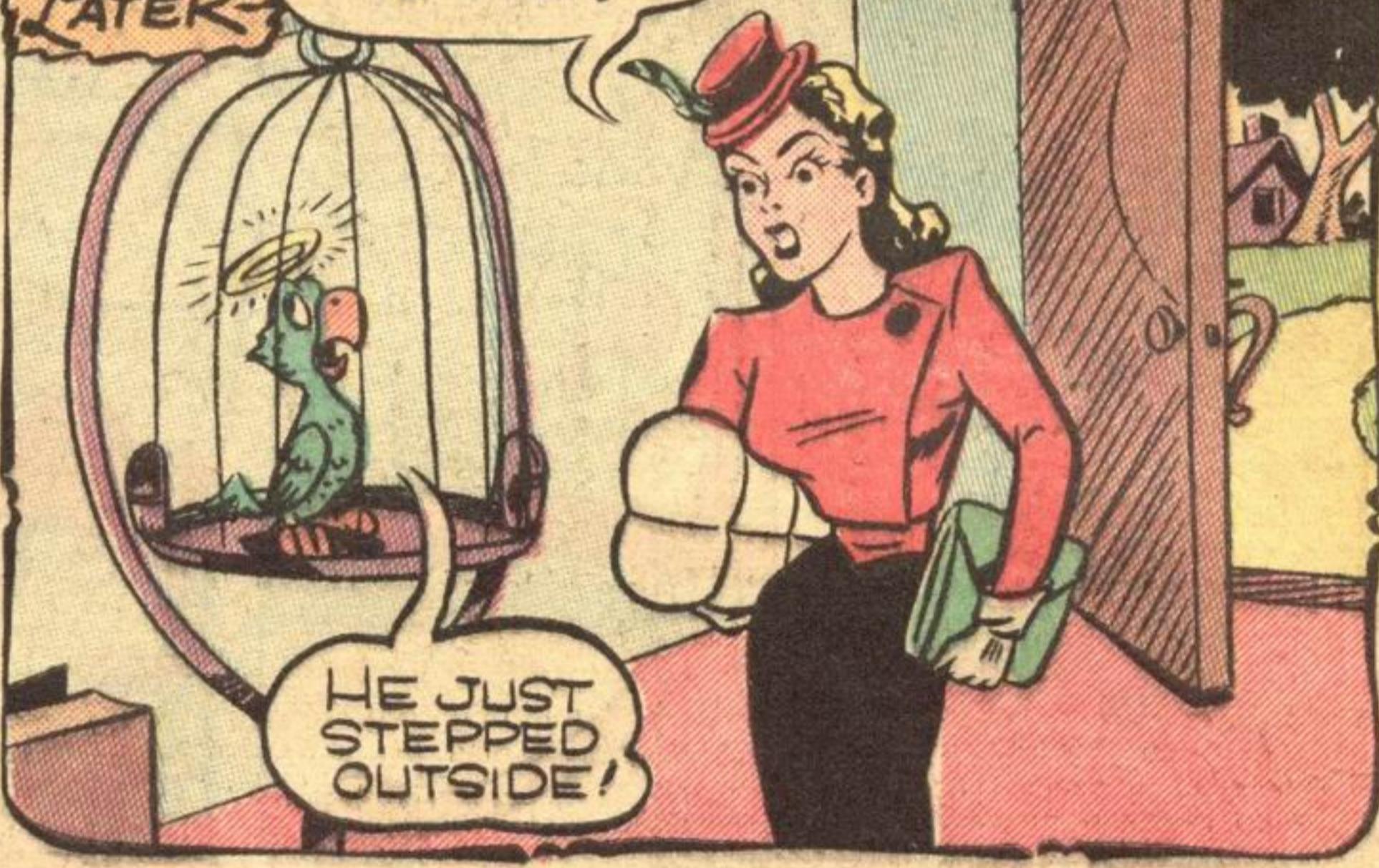
WASN'T I LUCKY
TO CATCH YOU
THE VERY FIRST
TIME? OF COURSE
I DID SORT
OF FIGURE
YOU'D BE
NEAR THE
REFRIGERATOR!

THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING TO DO
-- USE THE DIRECT
METHOD!



WELL, POLLY,
WAS HE A GOOD-
--- WHY, WHERE
IS HE?

LATER



SPUD! HERE, SPUD!
WHERE CAN HE BE?

HE'S OVER
HERE,
MISS PERT!

HE CAME RUNNING
IN HERE A WHILE
AGO AND LOCKED
HIMSELF IN THE
CAGE! SUCH A
CAT!

SPUD! LET GO! A
WHILE AGO YOU DIDN'T
WANT TO STAY HERE!
WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU?

JOE'S
PET
SHOP





BUNK!

NOBODY IS JUST "Naturally"

SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day And I'll
Give YOU A NEW BODY

WOULD you believe it? I was once a skinny 97-pound NATURAL weakling. People used to laugh at my spindly build. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered at me behind my back. Folks said I was just "naturally-born skinny!"

Then I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title, "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

ARE YOU
Skinny and run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in Confidence?
Constipated?
Suffering from bad breath?
Do you want to gain weight?
WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told on this page!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, natural method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel full of zip, ambition, self-confidence, and new energy!

"Dynamic Tension" Builds You NATURALLY

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give

you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body. In a very short time, you'll watch it grow and multiply into real, solid, rippling, LIVE MUSCLE.

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS!

FREE BOOK

Mail coupon now. I'll send my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Mail coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2-J 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



HOWERS

Charles
Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in an international contest.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2-J

115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name _____ Age _____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

LOOK AT THESE 4 WONDER BARGAINS

3! REAL SEWING MACHINE

GEE, THIS IS FUN! I MADE THIS DRESS WITH IT, AND I'LL MAKE HUNDREDS MORE!

READY FOR ACTION
NOW YOU CAN MAKE MANY LOVELY DRESSES FOR YOURSELF AND YOUR DOLLS, OR MAKE EXTRA MONEY SELLING THINGS YOU MAKE! COMPLETE WITH TABLE CLAMP, SPOOL, THREAD AND NEEDLE.

IT'S ONLY **\$2.98**

1! ELECTRIC MOVIE PROJECTOR

REAL LIVE ACTION MOVIES! HERE'S WHAT YOU GET... A REAL PROJECTOR, 1 FILM, A STAGE AND SCREEN...

WHERE ARE YOUR TWO BROTHERS?

ALL FOR ONLY \$2.98
3 EXTRA FILMS... \$1.00

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NOW YOU DON'T HAVE TO READ MUSIC!
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- STURDY SHOULDER STRAP
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AND A **FREE INSTRUCTION BOOK**

THAT SCIENTIFICALLY MINIMIZES YOUR LEARNING TIME TO A FEW SHORT HOURS!

A GREAT BUY AT ONLY **\$3.49**

4! LIFE LIKE SANDY

THE NEWEST IN NEAR-HUMAN DOLLS
SHE HAS WONDER SKIN - JUST LIKE A REAL BABY'S... LIFE-LIKE HAIR! SHE CAN DRINK, WET, SLEEP, AND HAVE HER HAIR WAVED!

IMAGINE ONLY \$3.98

and **FREE** **FREE** **FREE** **A WAVE-A-DOLL HAIR KIT**



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